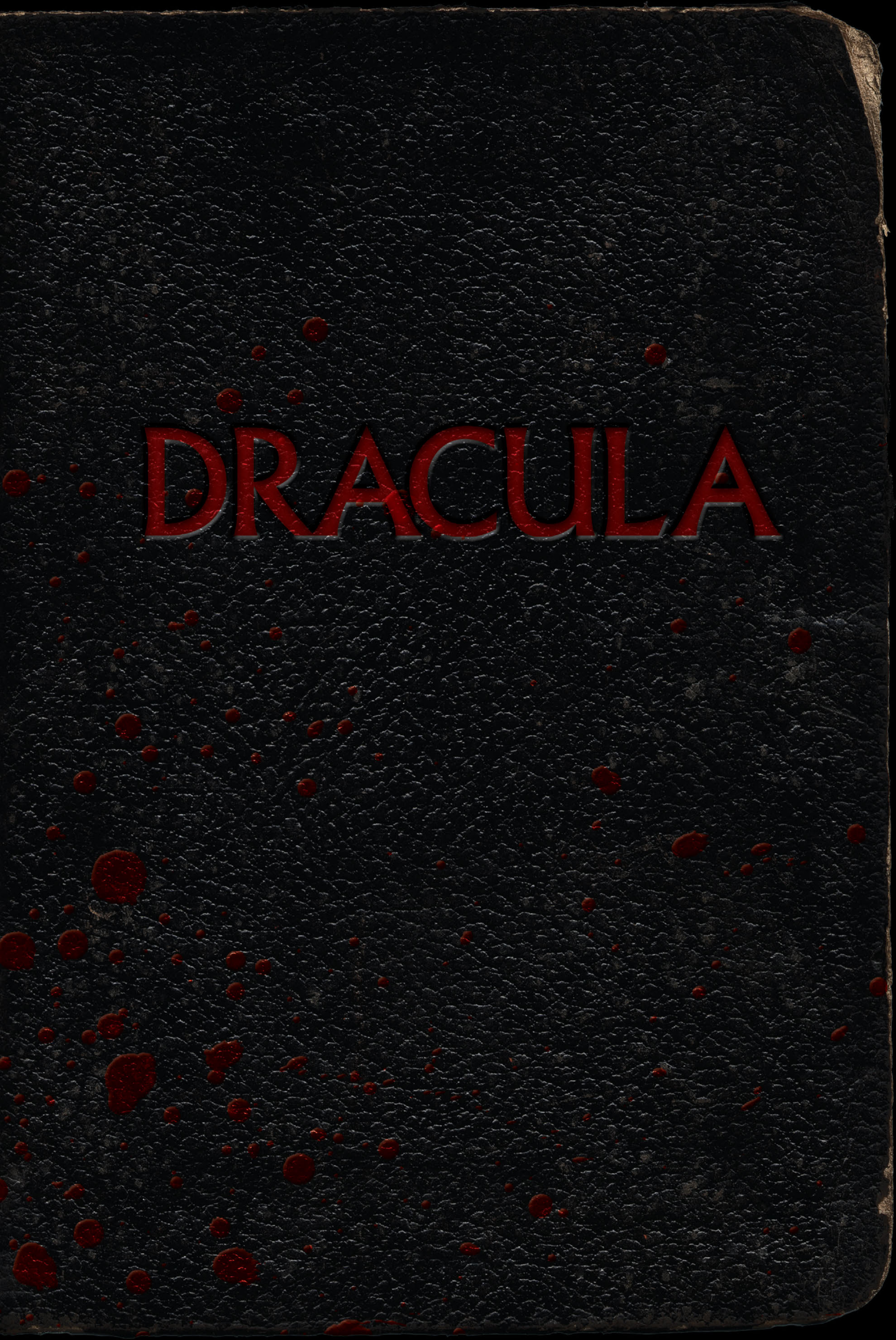
MARVEL

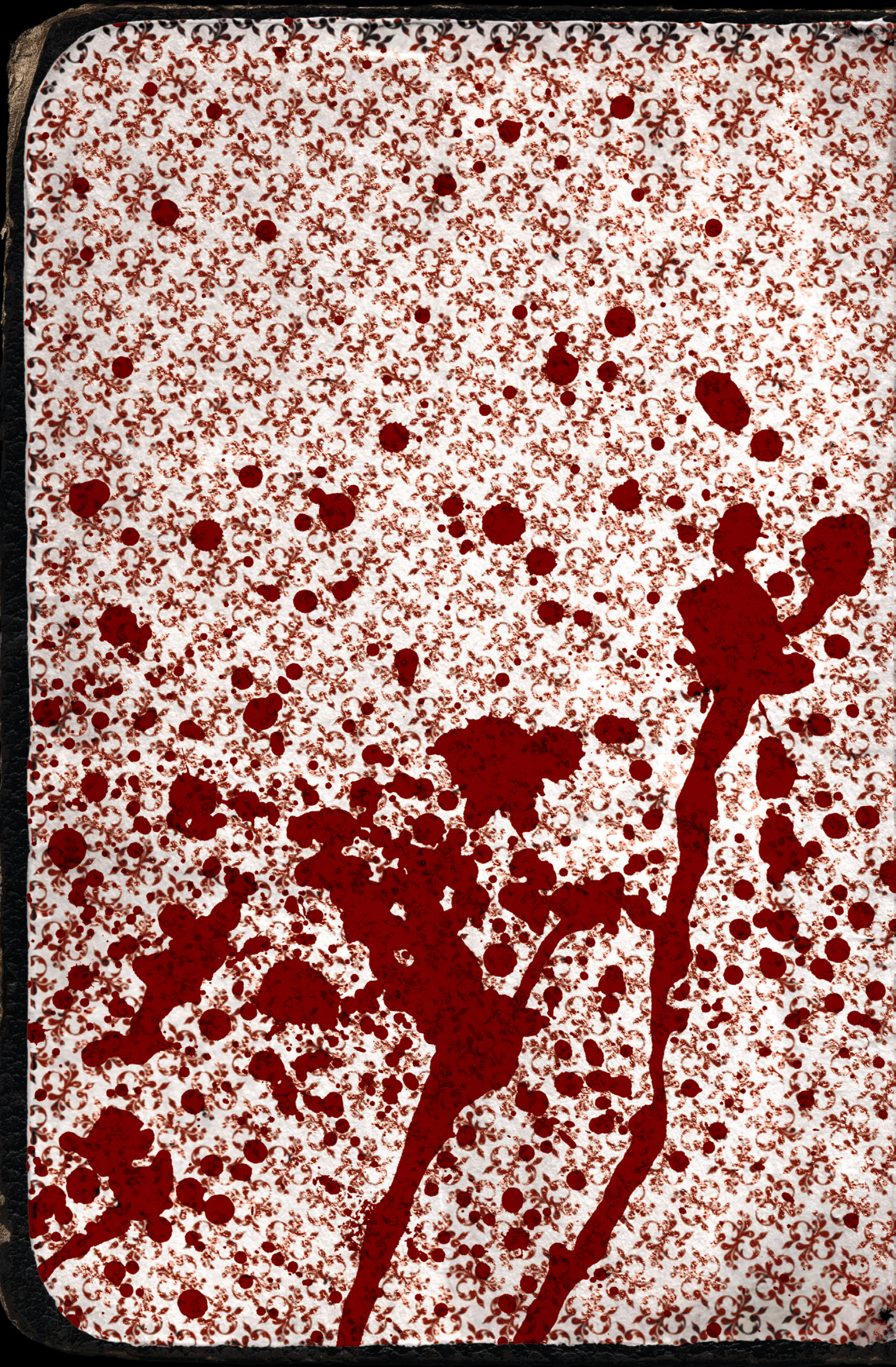
DRACULA®

ADAPTED FROM THE NOVEL BY BRAM STOKER

ADAPTED BY
ROY THOMAS & DICK GIORDANO



DRACULA



Marvel Comics presents:

DRACULA

Adapted by

ROY THOMAS & DICK GIORDANO

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– *MDB*

DEDICATED TO DICK GIORDANO (1932-2010)

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Dracula Lives—Again!

DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE WAS THE TITLE OF one of the later Hammer Dracula films starring Christopher Lee. *Dracula Lives!* was the name of a black-&-white comic magazine published by Marvel during the mid-1970s.

Either of those could have served as the moniker of the series you hold in your hot (or cold) little hand. For this adaptation of Bram Stoker's 1897 novel was conceived and begun in 1974, and is now coming to fruition almost exactly three decades later. That's a long gestation period even for a nearly 200-page comic book, graphic novel, or whatever else they're calling them these days. A bit of history, since that's what I'm here for. Think back to 1974:

Since 1955 and the regrettable anti-comics movement led by Dr. Frederic Wertham, vampires (along with werewolves and other types of ghoulies) had been *verboten* in comic books that were "Approved by the Comics Code Authority." In 1964 publisher James Warren had brought them back by the side door, in his "magazines" *Creepy* and *Eerie* (which were really just oversized black-&-white comic books), but mainstream color comics publishers like Marvel, DC, et al., had to steer clear of them.

Then, in 1971, the assembled comics publishers finally noticed that the world had changed more since 1955 than they (or their Comics Code) had, and the Code was duly liberalized so that vampires and their ilk could sink their teeth into comics readers again. The first result of this at Marvel was a quasi-vampire christened Morbius, the Living Vampire, whom Gil Kane and I stuck into *Amazing Spider-Man* #101 at editor Stan Lee's behest. A few months later, Stan decided Marvel would launch a color comic starring the most famous vampire of all. Stan came up with a two-sentence verbal concept, I (anonymously) plotted the story, Gene Colan drew it, and writer Gerry Conway scripted it. Since the name "Dracula" by itself couldn't be trademarked, the comic was christened *The Tomb of Dracula.*

Ironically, above the *Tomb of Dracula* title on the cover was another phrase, which I'm fairly sure was first scribbled out by Stan himself:

"*Dracula Lives!*"

Tomb of Dracula became a modest hit, especially after Marv Wolfman (writer), Gene Colan (penciler), and Tom Palmer (inker) settled in as the creative team. And so, around spring of 1973, Stan felt it was time to take the next step—to launch the king of vampires in a black-&-white comic magazine in order to concoct slightly stronger, non-Comics-Code-approved stories. By then Stan had been named Marvel's publisher, and I was serving as its editor-in-chief, albeit under his ever-watchful eye.

It was Stan, again, who came up with the format for the new mag, which he named *Dracula Lives!*—probably not even recalling he'd used that phrase on the cover of the very first issue of *Tomb of Dracula*. Our Leader decreed that each issue (along with 1950s reprints and text features to cut expenses) would contain several stories of Dracula, set in different time periods. Well, why not? After all, Vlad Dracul of Transylvania, the historical personage on whom Stoker had partly based his fictional creation, had lived in the 15th century, and thus had nearly 600 years to play around in, being undead and all. The first issue of *Dracula Lives!* (dated simply "1973," but actually for "June 1973") featured stories of the vampire taking a 20th-century bite out of the Big Apple... somehow getting to America to affect the Salem witch trials... and romping amid 19th-century Vienna.

Looking back on it, the purist side of me cringes at what we did in those early issues. After all, one of the major tenets of Stoker's novel is that the Count *hasn't* traveled much, living or dead—which is why young Jonathan Harker is summoned to Castle Dracula. But we wouldn't have had much of a comic—er, excuse me, *magazine*—if all Drac had been able to do for six centuries was terrify the Transylvanian and Wallachian peasants. So we bent the rules, and *Dracula Lives!* sold reasonably well for a time, with stories written by all and sundry (including yours truly, who scripted that Salem story) and art by the likes of Gene Colan, Neal Adams, John Buscema, and others of Marvel's best. Being increasingly busy with Marvel's expansion plans (which had recently led it to surpass DC as the largest comic book company), I quickly became less involved in the production of the magazine, turning most of the editorial tasks over to Marv Wolfman.

Still, *Dracula*—the novel, far more than movies with Christopher Lee or even Bela Lugosi—was a passion of mine, and I kept wanting to do more writing for *Dracula Lives!* I had read Stoker's tome while in junior high or thereabouts, and had fallen in love with it. I can still vividly recall that I finished the novel one day while staying home from school with the flu or some such thing, and with a little machine called a Vaporizer spewing out hot and supposedly beneficial fumes next to my bed. As I was reading the climax of the novel, wherein the fearless vampire hunters overtake the Gypsies transporting Dracula back to his castle, and as one them plunges a dagger into Drac's evil heart, the Vaporizer suddenly let out a loud gurgle, which indicated it was in need of a new container full of water to boil into steam—and I nearly jumped out of my young skin!

By 1973, I'd read the novel once or twice more... so while I don't recall exactly how it came about, I decided I'd adapt *Dracula* into serialized comics form in *Dracula Lives!* I like to think that Marv didn't much mind losing one of his several stories each issue to a continuing feature, but even if he had, rank hath its privileges, and I was suddenly launched on a dream project.

I've no recollection how Dick Giordano came to be the artist of the adaptation, but he was definitely my choice. I don't recall if Dick had ever told me before that he loved the novel—but when I approached him, his enthusiasm matched mine. Besides being a friend of mine since those 1965 days when he had just assumed the mantle of editor of Charlton Comics and we used to have lunch from time to time, Dick was an artist I'd enjoyed working with on *Conan the Barbarian* and elsewhere. He had the kind of illustrative approach I thought perfect for the adaptation, and was someone I could depend upon to do his dead-level best to deliver the material we needed every two months.

I went out and bought several copies of a recent Dell paperback edition of *Dracula*, whose black-white-&-blue cover sported a handsome profile of a white-mustachioed, white-haired, fanged Count. That way, when writing my synopses from which Dick would draw the story, I could both quote liberally from the novel *and* indicate particular pages therein where Dick could go for more inspiration. Since I was editor as well as writer of the adaptation, I was free to make each chapter as long as it needed to be, and ten to twelve pages seemed a length that Dick could handle, and wouldn't interfere with the rest of *Dracula Lives!*

I honestly can't say I recall a lot about the process of adapting *Dracula*, because Dick and I rarely conferred on it. I simply typed out my synopsis for each chapter and sent it to him, and he delivered beautiful rough pencils, which I then scripted. I commandeered as letterer the inestimable Joe Rosen, because he could letter smaller than any man alive, and could thus squeeze in the most copy and still leave room for the art. I was fiercely protective of Joe, and mailed my scripts and the original art to him personally, so that no other letterer could be substituted by an uncaring production manager. Then Dick would be sent the lettered pencils, so that he could ink them and add the grey "wash" that would help give the story its somber mood.

From the outset, both Dick and I had in mind that one day, hopefully not *too* far in the future, the whole adaptation—which I'd roughly estimated would come out to 200 pages or so—would be reprinted in book form. Not that Marvel was doing anything like that in 1974, but we could dream, couldn't we? And if and when it happened, we wanted the writing, the art, the lettering, to all be one of a piece, as seamless as we could make it.

To that end, Dick and I came up with a pair of devices that would help the adaptation work both as a chapter in *Dracula Lives!* and later in a one-volume reprinting. At the end of each chapter, Dick arranged for the space where I'd write "Next:" and the name of the following chapter to be in an area that he would later otherwise fill with black. That way, to make that lettering disappear from a collected version, all that was needed was to black in the lettering. (And that's been done this time around, so it must've been an idea that worked!)

In addition, we didn't want any captions in the actual chapters to have to recap preceding ones, because that would be awkward if (*when!*) the adaptation was reprinted. So, with Marv's blessing, we arranged that, starting with chapter two, Dick would do a paste-up of a couple of pages of Photostats of art from the preceding chapter, for which I would write partly new captions. When these "drop-pages" were omitted, the story would flow smoothly from one chapter into another, with no summarizing. Those introductions appeared at the start of each *Dracula* chapter except the first, but of course are omitted here, just as they were intended to be.

Things went along reasonably smoothly, although both Dick and I were busy enough that putting together even just 10-12 pages for each *Dracula Lives!* became a bit "tricksy," as Gollum would say. The adaptation began in issue #5, continued in #6-8. The magazine had a "reader's poll" each issue, and our chapters almost invariably ranked first as voted by letter-writers. For some reason Dick and I had to skip #9—I've no idea why—but we were back in #10. By this time I had stepped down as editor-in-chief, but was contractually a "writer-editor" for Marvel, and in any event there was never a moment's friction between Marv Wolfman and me over anything to do with the adaptation. I was a teeny bit annoyed that, at the end of the chapter in #10, besides the next issue's title, someone also stuck on a "FINIS" blurb, but I assumed this was just an error, for in our own minds Dick and I were anything but finished. Issue #11 contained yet another chapter, but then for some reason there was none in either #12 or #13—

And then, while we were working on Chapter VII, *Dracula Lives!* was abruptly cancelled, after #13, cover-dated July 1975. However, all was not lost. Marvel had inventory on the shelf and other stories in the works, so a brand new also-bimonthly title was started, with the title *The Legion of Monsters.* Neal Adams' cover depicted the Frankenstein Monster, a new creature called the Manphibian, and Dracula together in a swamp scene lit by lightning; but if it was ever intended that these three would become an actual, functioning "Legion," I never heard about it. All I cared about was that Dick and I had a berth for our ongoing *Dracula* adaptation. Since by now it had been half a year since Chapter VI, Tony Isabella (both a good friend and the new mag's editor) asked us to do a five-page pasted-up intro to the new entry, which we duly did.

But there we had to leave it, with Lucy Westenra still alive but increasingly victimized by Dracula's noctural visits, while a gentleman from Amsterdam named Van Helsing had recently arrived with theories of his own. For *Legion of Monsters*, alas, was cancelled after a single issue, and so it seemed that Chapter VIII, "The Hour of the Wolf," which I had plotted but Dick had not yet drawn, might never appear.

Over the years, Dick and I talked many times about finding a way to continue our adaptation. We hoped at one stage to "lease" the rights from Marvel to publish it elsewhere, and once in the 1990s we met with some powers-that-were at Marvel to discuss that very thing. But Marvel announced it wanted us to finish the adaptation for *them*, which was fine by us, and an enthusiastic editor whose name I have forgotten swore he was going to "make it happen." But it didn't.

And then, amazingly, unbelievably, earlier this year Marvel editor Mark Beazley, whom neither Dick or I had even met, suddenly contacted us out of the blue and invited us to complete the adaptation, for serialization by Marvel in several issues. Details were quickly worked out, difficulties were overcome, good "film" of our original nearly 80 pages was mercifully located (after first being thought lost), and Dick, Mark, and I set to work. Mark, whose vision jibed with Dick's and mine, was determined that even the Joe Rosen lettering would be matched, although sadly Joe himself is no longer with us. This time, we had a finite length for the adaptation—and we've had to finish it in perhaps a dozen or so fewer pages than if we'd done so in the 1970s, but length was always flexible, and the telescoping was relatively easy.

Now it's for readers to judge whether Dick and I have succeeded in what was always our ambition: to draw and script the most faithful adaptation ever done, in any medium, of Bram Stoker's Dracula.

Ah, if only Bela Lugosi were alive (or something) to star in a film version!

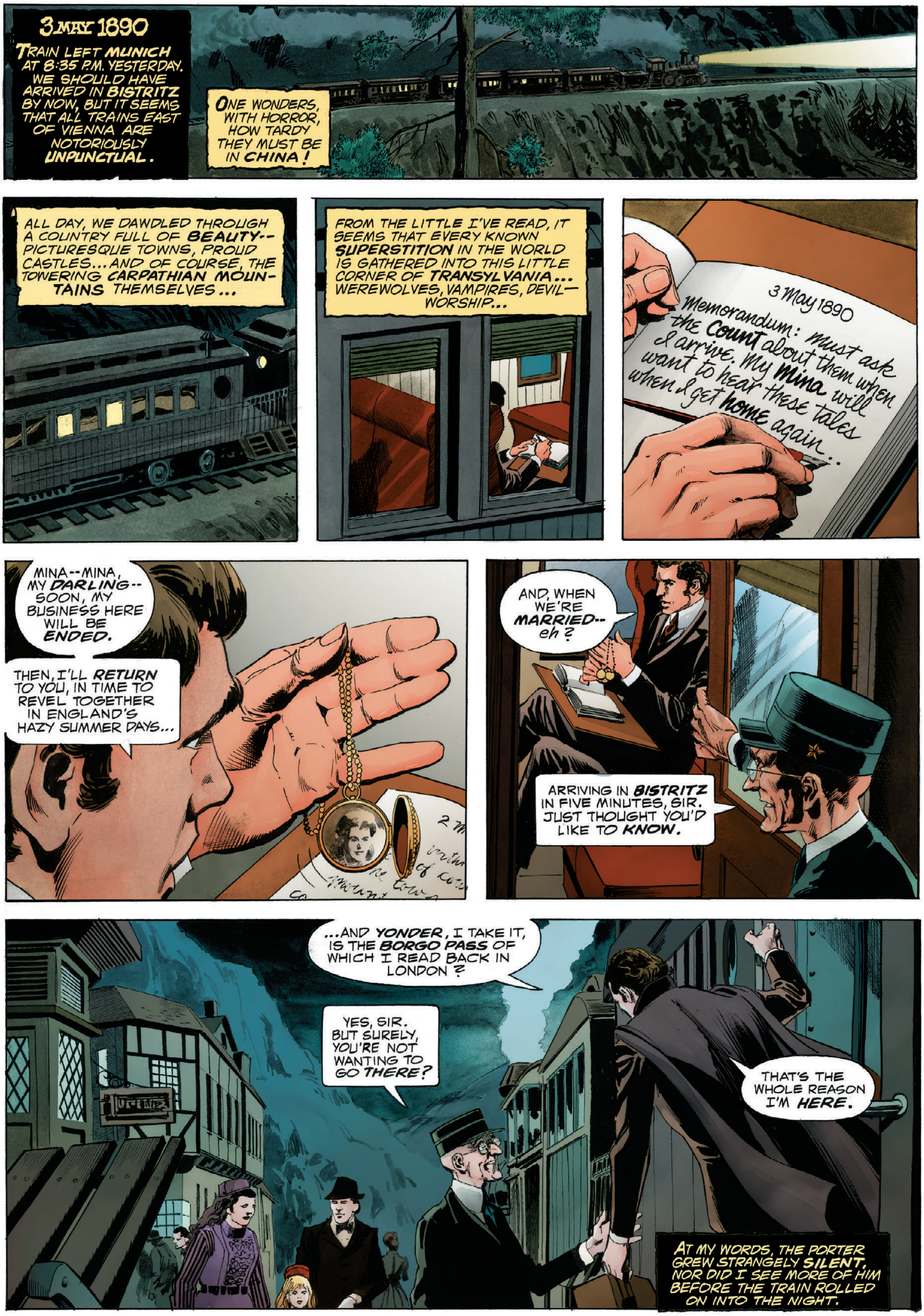
Roy

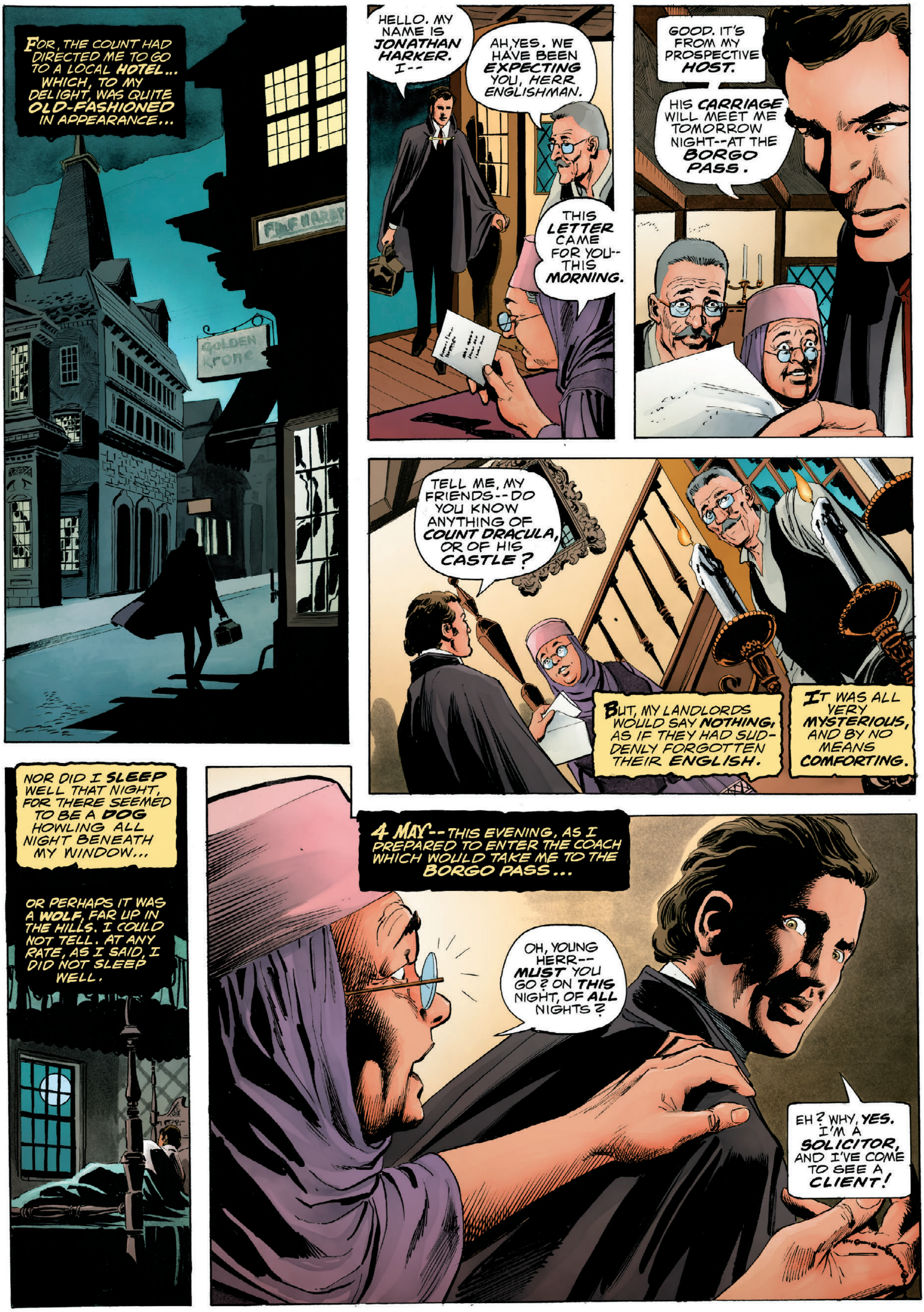
Roy Thomas
September 2004

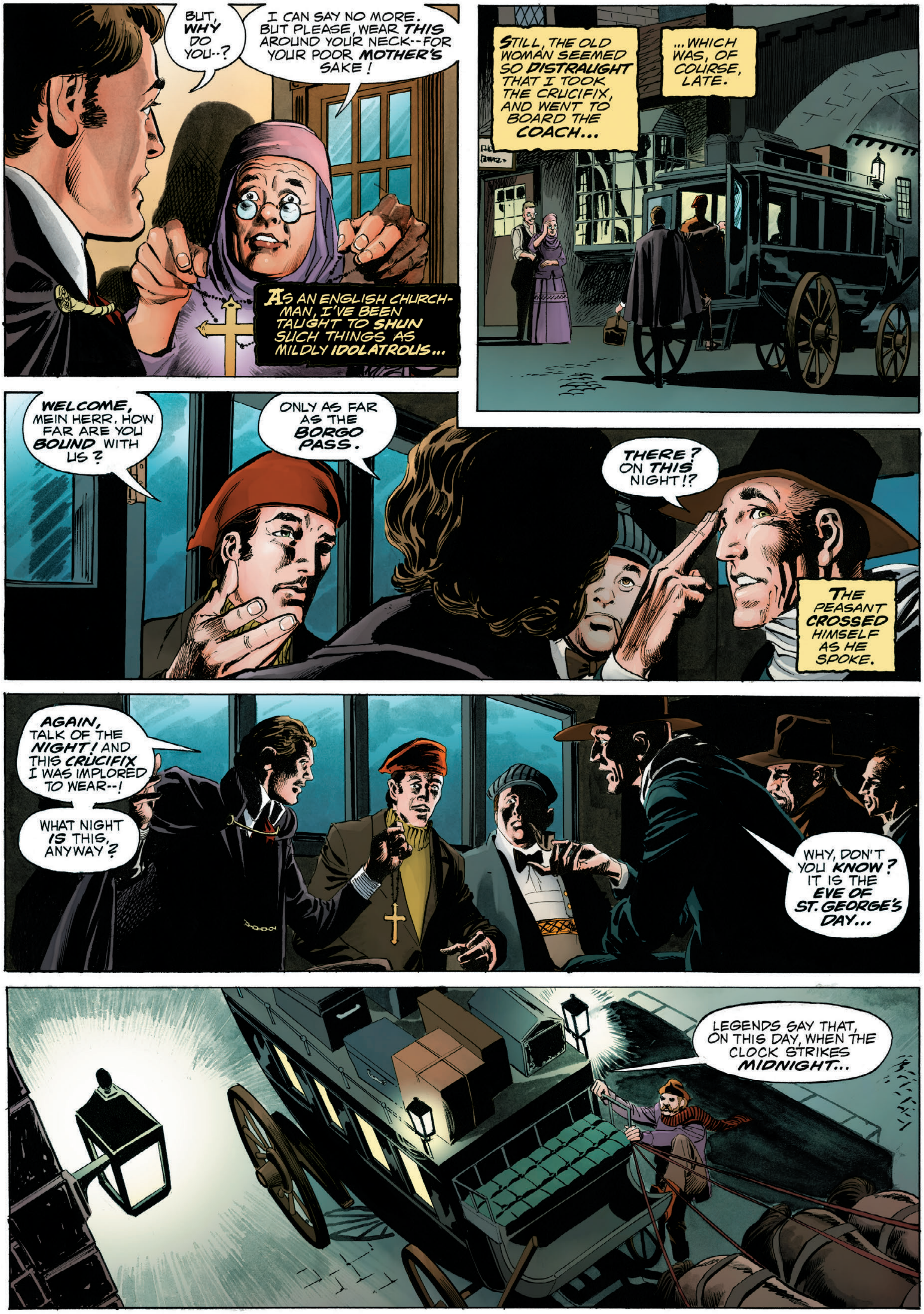
[Roy Thomas has been writing comics since 1965, when he went to work for Stan Lee. Among major series he's scripted for Marvel are Conan the Barbarian, The Incredible Hulk, The X-Men, The Avengers, Fantastic Four, Daredevil, Sub-Mariner, Thor, The Invaders, even Amazing Spider-Man, *but few things will ever please him more than finally seeing his and Dick Giordano's adaptation of Dracula completed, thirty years after its commencement.]*

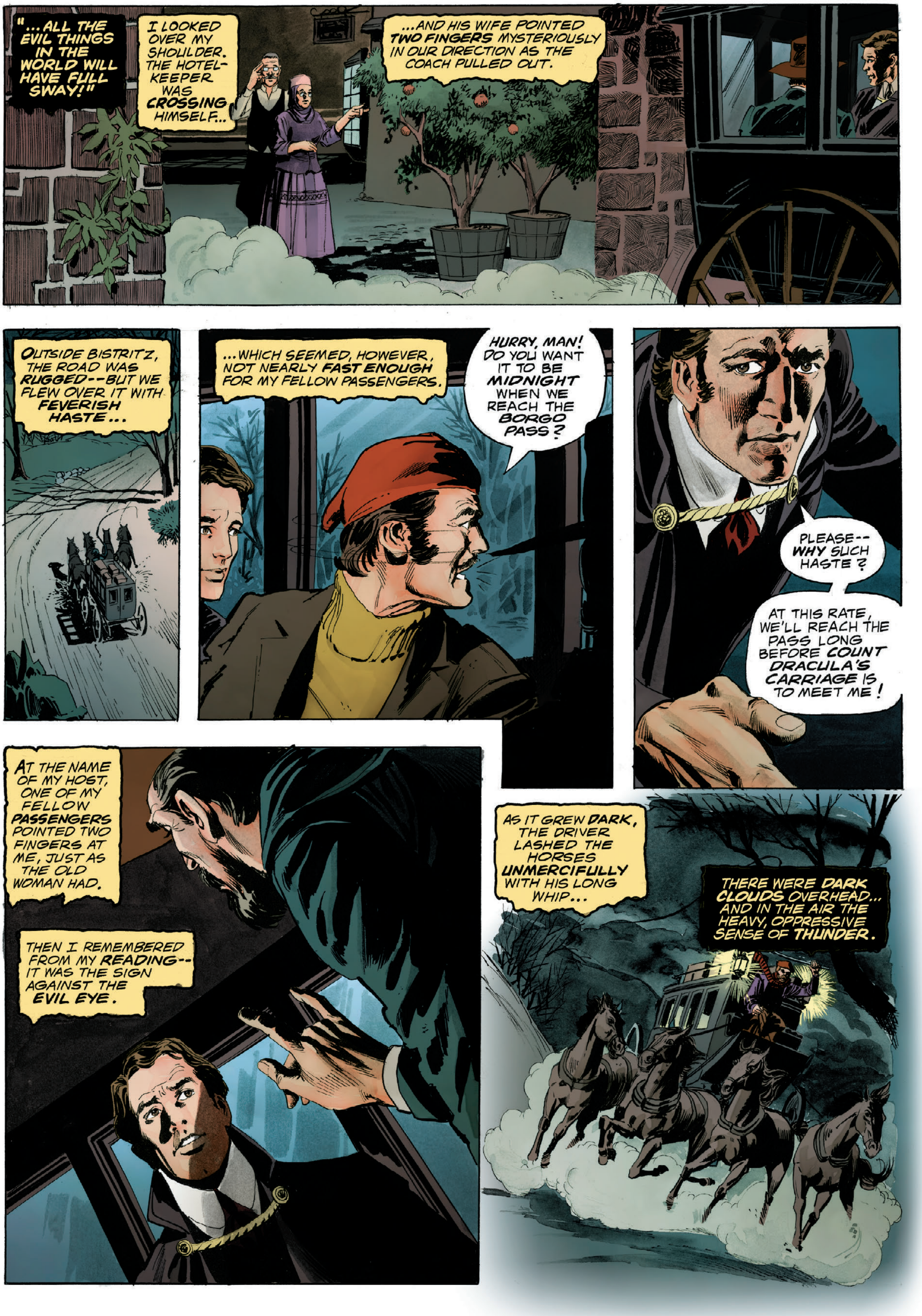
How these papers have been placed in sequence will be made manifest in the reading of them. All needless matters have been eliminated, so that a history almost at variance with the possibilities of latter-day belief may stand forth as simple fact. There is throughout no statement of past events wherein memory may err, for all the records chosen are exactly contemporary, given from the standpoints and within the range of knowledge of those who made them.

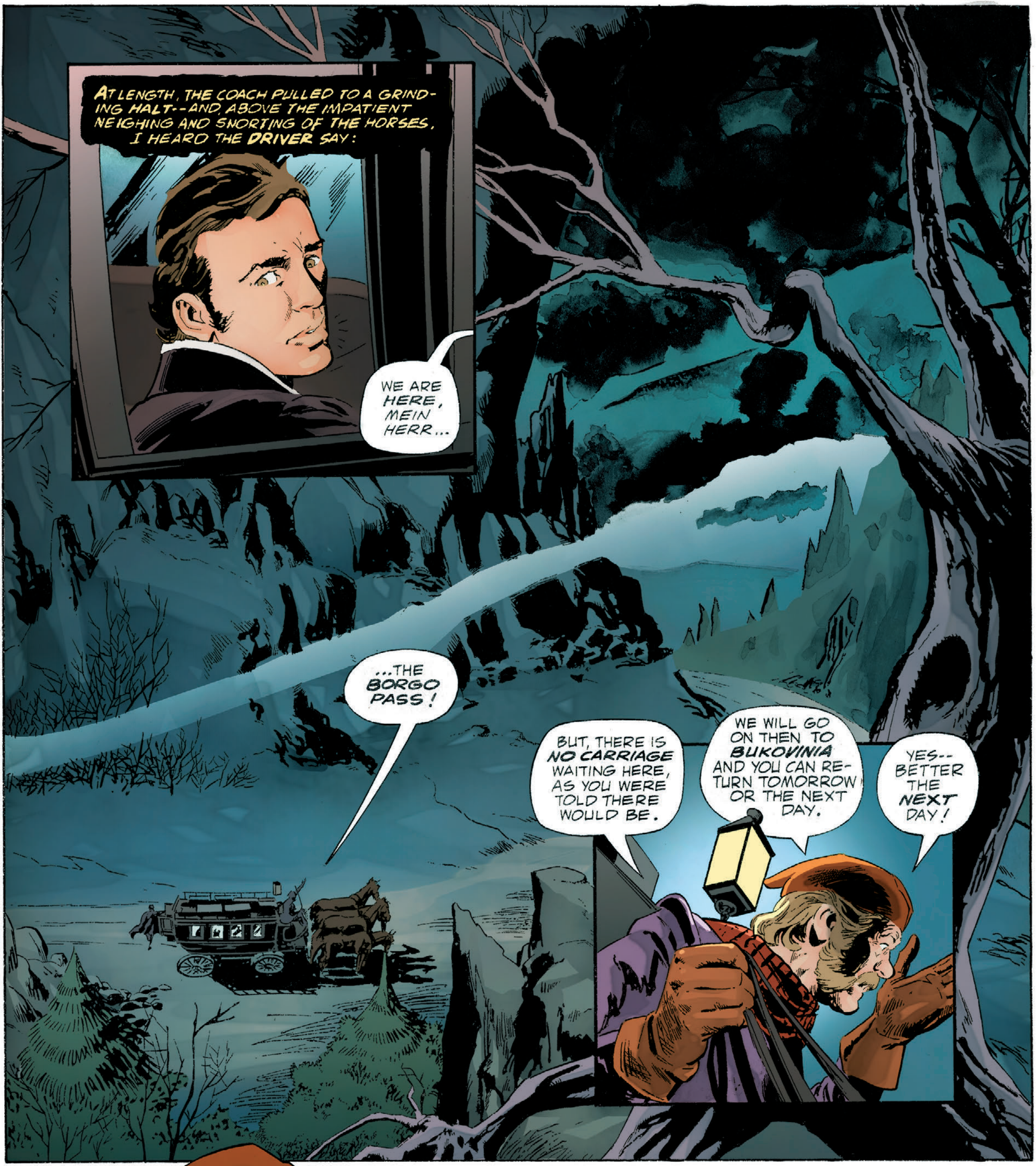
DRACULA

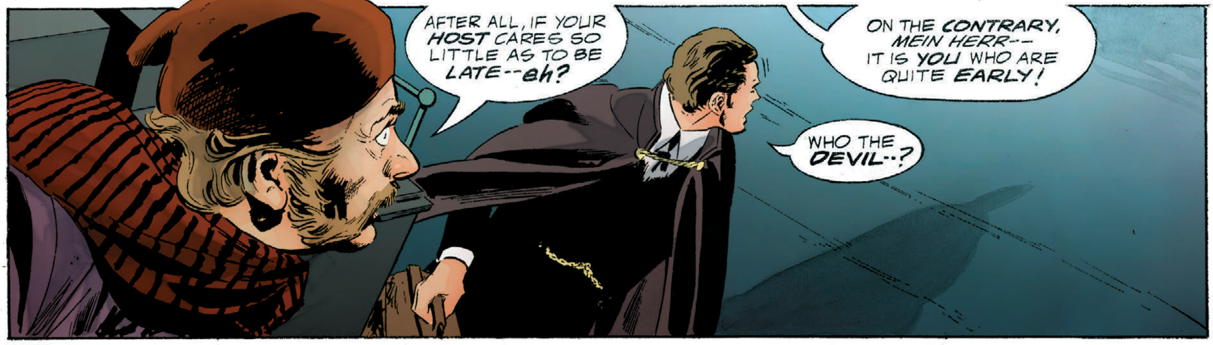

3 MAY 1890
TRAIN LEFT MUNICH AT 8:35 P.M. YESTERDAY. WE SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED IN BISTRITZ BY NOW, BUT IT SEEMS THAT ALL TRAINS EAST OF VIENNA ARE NOTORIOUSLY UNPUNCTUAL.
ONE WONDERS, WITH HORROR, HOW TARDY THEY MUST BE IN CHINA!
ALL DAY, WE DAWDLED THROUGH A COUNTRY FULL OF BEAUTY-- PICTURESQUE TOWNS, PROUD CASTLES... AND OF COURSE, THE TOWERING CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS THEMSELVES...
FROM THE LITTLE I'VE READ, IT SEEMS THAT EVERY KNOWN SUPERSTITION IN THE WORLD IS GATHERED INTO THIS LITTLE CORNER OF TRANSYLVANIA... WEREWOLVES, VAMPIRES, DEVIL—WORSHIP...
3 May 1890
Memorandum: must ask the Count about them when I arrive. My Mina will want to hear these tales when I get home again...
MINA--MINA, MY DARLING-- SOON, MY BUSINESS HERE WILL BE ENDED.
THEN, I'LL RETURN TO YOU, IN TIME TO REVEL TOGETHER IN ENGLAND'S HAZY SUMMER DAYS...
AND, WHEN WE'RE MARRIED-- eh?
ARRIVING IN BISTRITZ IN FIVE MINUTES, SIR. JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW.
...AND YONDER, I TAKE IT, IS THE BORGO PASS OF WHICH I READ BACK IN LONDON?
YES, SIR. BUT SURELY, YOU'RE NOT WANTING TO GO THERE?
THAT'S THE WHOLE REASON I'M HERE.
AT MY WORDS, THE PORTER GREW STRANGELY SILENT, NOR DID I SEE MORE OF HIM BEFORE THE TRAIN ROLLED ON INTO THE NIGHT.

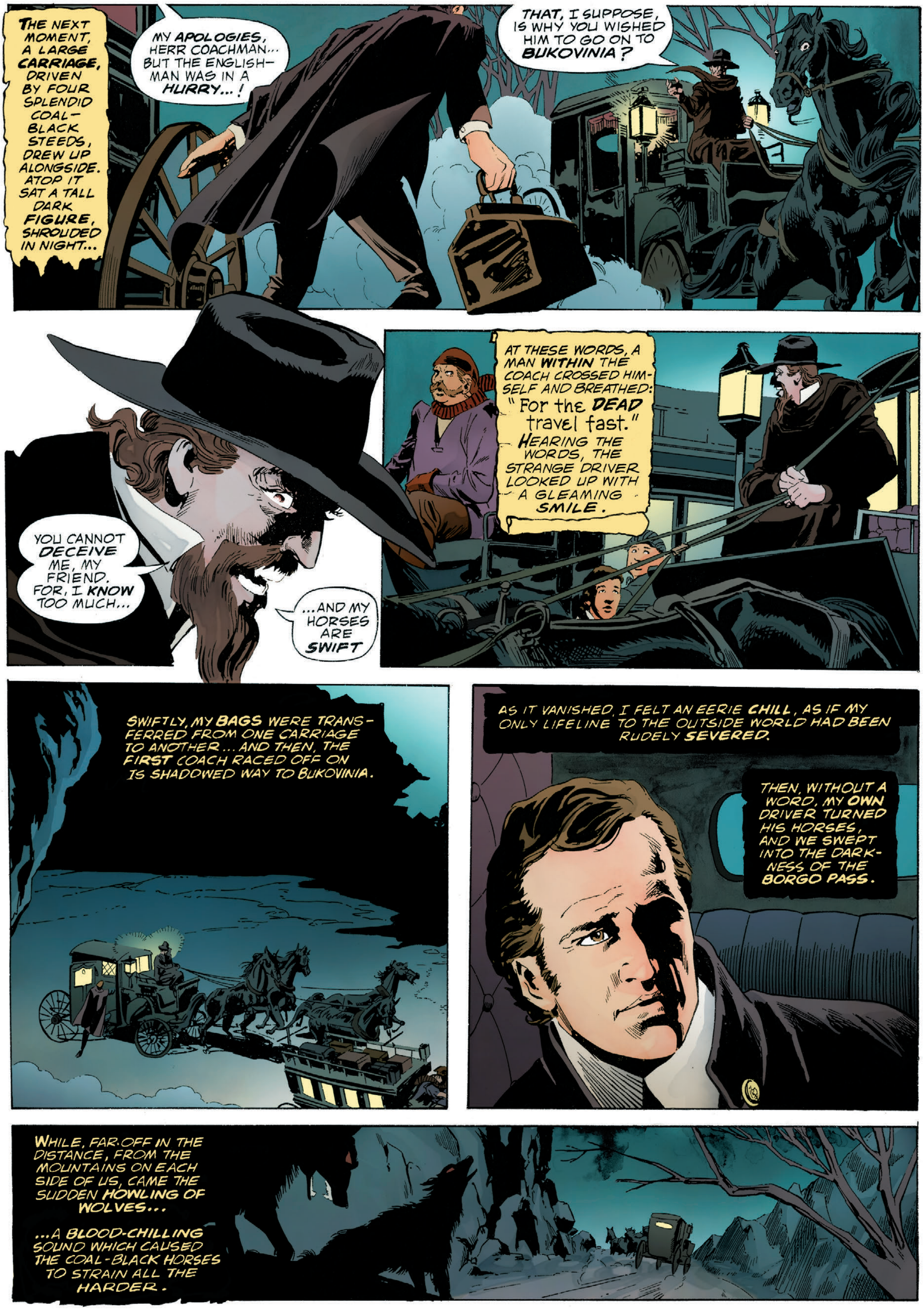

FOR, THE COUNT HAD DIRECTED ME TO GO TO A LOCAL **HOTEL**... WHICH, TO MY DELIGHT, WAS QUITE **OLD-FASHIONED** IN APPEARANCE...
GOLDEN Krone
HELLO. MY NAME IS **JONATHAN HARKER.** I--
AH, YES. WE HAVE BEEN **EXPECTING** YOU, HERR ENGLISHMAN.
THIS **LETTER** CAME FOR YOU-- THIS **MORNING.**
GOOD. IT'S FROM MY PROSPECTIVE **HOST.**
HIS **CARRIAGE** WILL MEET ME TOMORROW NIGHT--AT THE **BORGO PASS.**
TELL ME, MY FRIENDS--DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING OF **COUNT DRACULA,** OR OF HIS **CASTLE?**
BUT, MY LANDLORDS WOULD SAY **NOTHING,** AS IF THEY HAD SUDDENLY FORGOTTEN THEIR **ENGLISH.**
IT WAS ALL VERY **MYSTERIOUS,** AND BY NO MEANS **COMFORTING.**
NOR DID I **SLEEP** WELL THAT NIGHT, FOR THERE SEEMED TO BE A **DOG** HOWLING ALL NIGHT BENEATH MY WINDOW...
OR PERHAPS IT WAS A **WOLF,** FAR UP IN THE **HILLS.** I COULD NOT TELL. AT ANY RATE, AS I SAID, I DID NOT SLEEP WELL.
4 MAY--THIS EVENING, AS I PREPARED TO ENTER THE COACH WHICH WOULD TAKE ME TO THE **BORGO PASS...**
OH, YOUNG HERR-- **MUST** YOU GO? ON **THIS** NIGHT, OF **ALL** NIGHTS?
EH? WHY, **YES.** I'M A **SOLICITOR,** AND I'VE COME TO SEE A **CLIENT!**

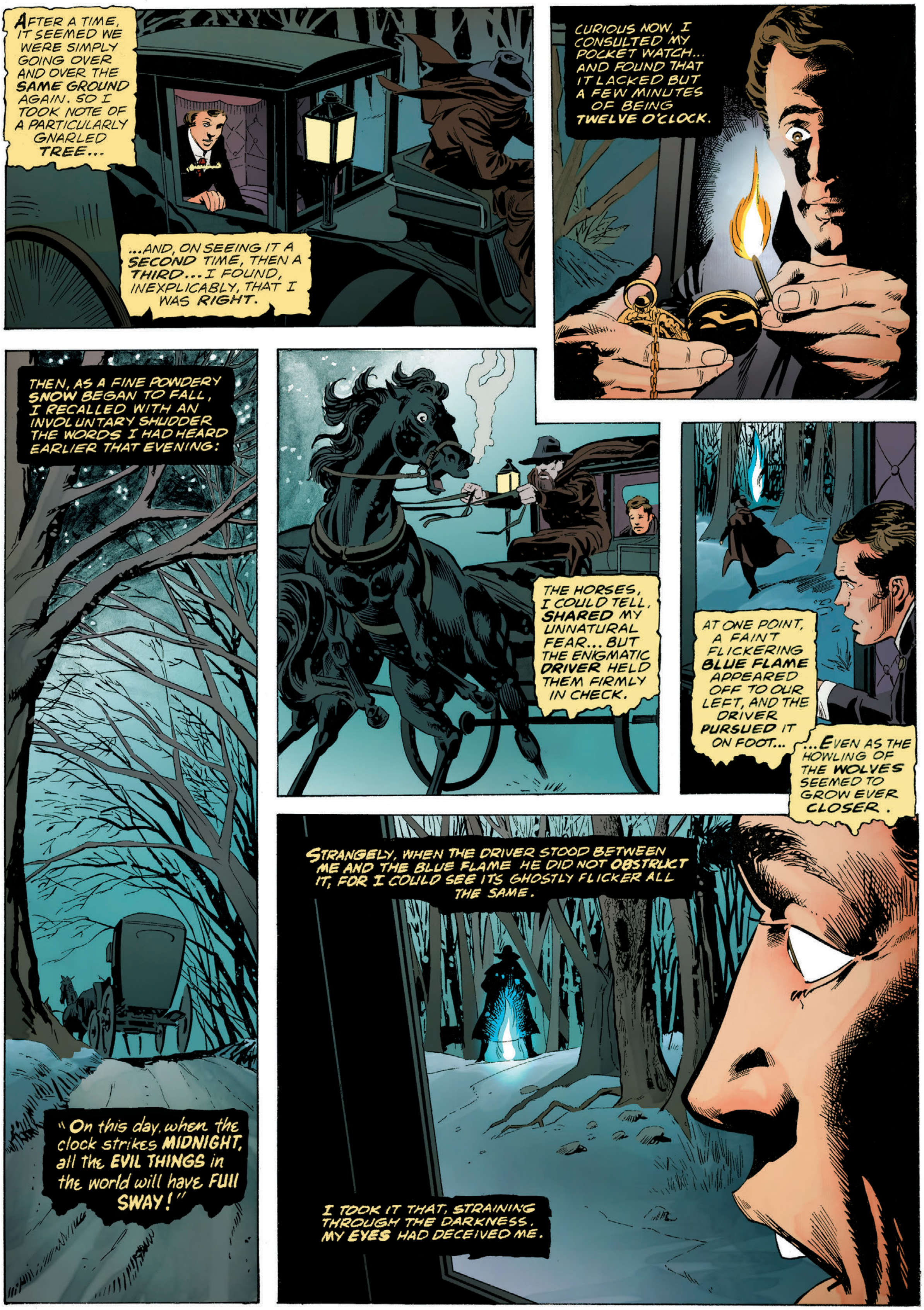

BUT, WHY DO YOU--?
I CAN SAY NO MORE. BUT PLEASE, WEAR THIS AROUND YOUR NECK--FOR YOUR POOR MOTHER'S SAKE!
AS AN ENGLISH CHURCHMAN, I'VE BEEN TAUGHT TO SHUN SUCH THINGS AS MILDLY IDOLATROUS...
STILL, THE OLD WOMAN SEEMED SO DISTRAUGHT THAT I TOOK THE CRUCIFIX, AND WENT TO BOARD THE COACH...
...WHICH WAS, OF COURSE, LATE.
WELCOME, MEIN HERR. HOW FAR ARE YOU BOUND WITH US?
ONLY AS FAR AS THE BORGO PASS.
THERE? ON THIS NIGHT!?
THE PEASANT CROSSED HIMSELF AS HE SPOKE.
AGAIN, TALK OF THE NIGHT! AND THIS CRUCIFIX I WAS IMPLORED TO WEAR--!
WHAT NIGHT IS THIS, ANYWAY?
WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW? IT IS THE EVE OF ST. GEORGE'S DAY...
LEGENDS SAY THAT, ON THIS DAY, WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT...

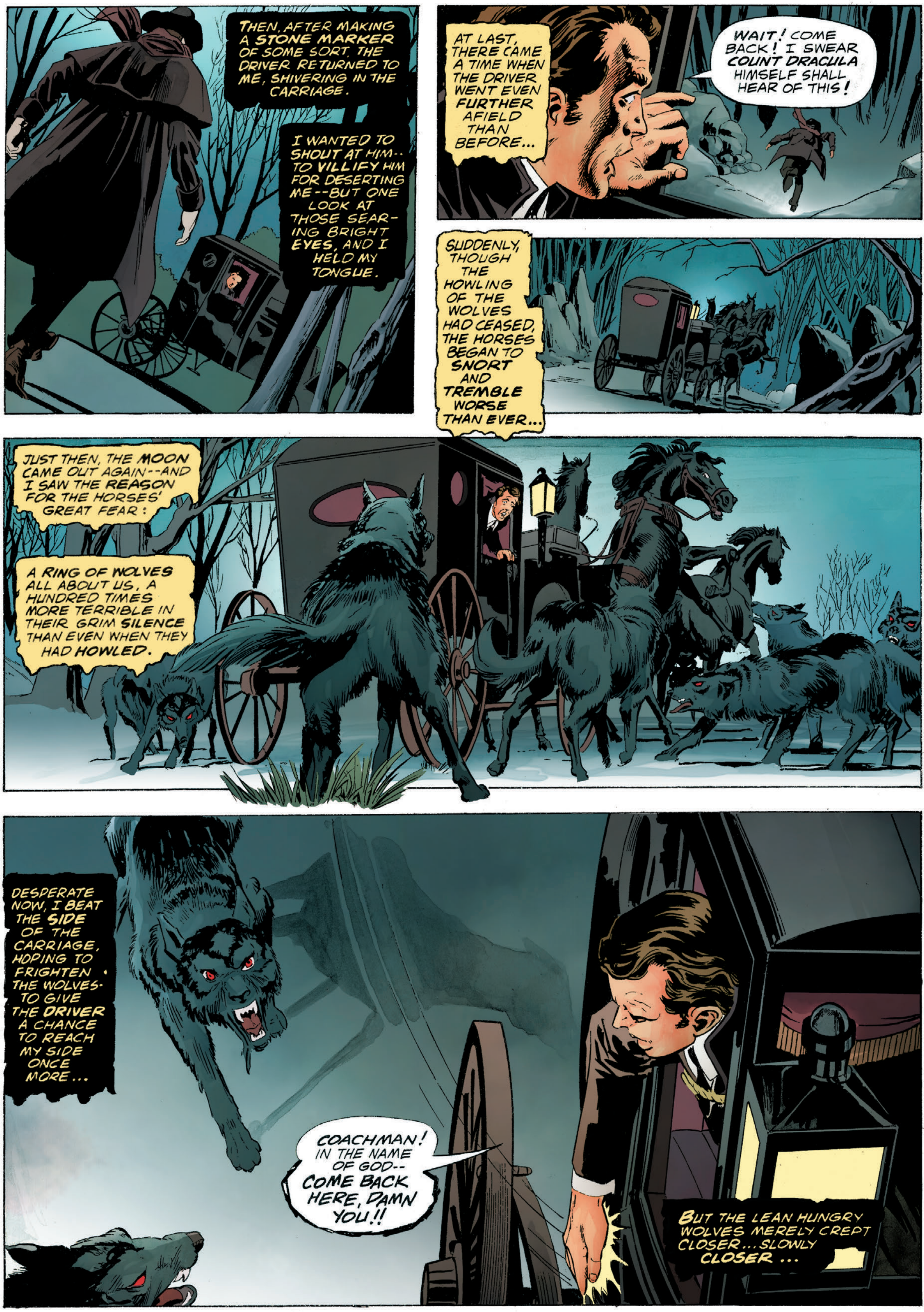

"...ALL THE EVIL THINGS IN THE WORLD WILL HAVE FULL SWAY!"
I LOOKED OVER MY SHOULDER. THE HOTEL-KEEPER WAS CROSSING HIMSELF...
...AND HIS WIFE POINTED TWO FINGERS MYSTERIOUSLY IN OUR DIRECTION AS THE COACH PULLED OUT.
OUTSIDE BISTRITZ, THE ROAD WAS RUGGED--BUT WE FLEW OVER IT WITH FEVERISH HASTE...
...WHICH SEEMED, HOWEVER, NOT NEARLY FAST ENOUGH FOR MY FELLOW PASSENGERS.
HURRY, MAN! DO YOU WANT IT TO BE MIDNIGHT WHEN WE REACH THE BORGO PASS?
PLEASE--WHY SUCH HASTE?
AT THIS RATE, WE'LL REACH THE PASS LONG BEFORE COUNT DRACULA'S CARRIAGE IS TO MEET ME!
AT THE NAME OF MY HOST, ONE OF MY FELLOW PASSENGERS POINTED TWO FINGERS AT ME, JUST AS THE OLD WOMAN HAD.
THEN I REMEMBERED FROM MY READING--IT WAS THE SIGN AGAINST THE EVIL EYE.
AS IT GREW DARK, THE DRIVER LASHED THE HORSES UNMERCIFULLY WITH HIS LONG WHIP...
THERE WERE DARK CLOUDS OVERHEAD... AND IN THE AIR THE HEAVY, OPPRESSIVE SENSE OF THUNDER.

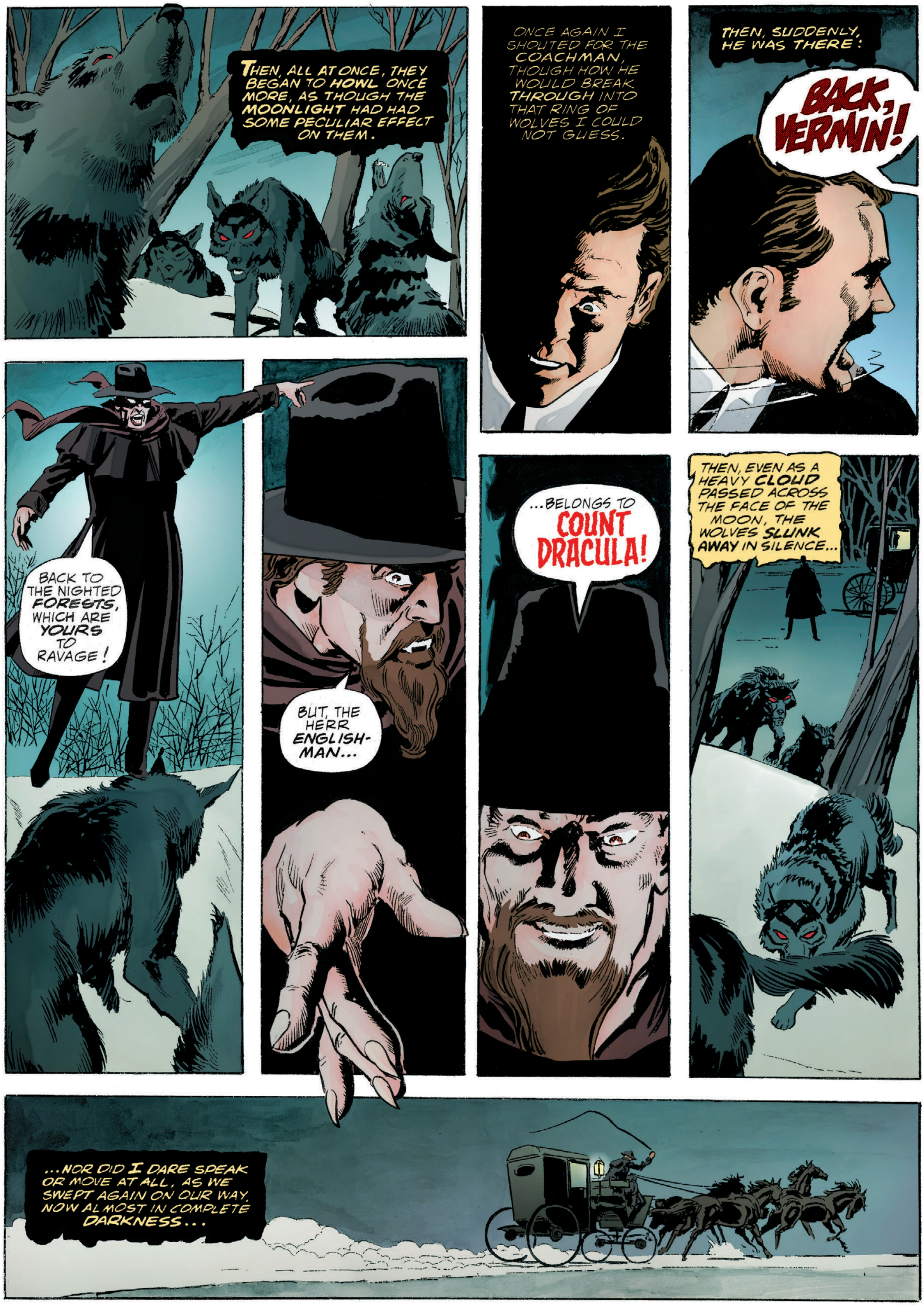

AT LENGTH, THE COACH PULLED TO A GRINDING HALT--AND, ABOVE THE IMPATIENT NEIGHING AND SNORTING OF THE HORSES, I HEARD THE DRIVER SAY:
WE ARE HERE, MEIN HERR...
...THE BORGO PASS!
BUT, THERE IS NO CARRIAGE WAITING HERE, AS YOU WERE TOLD THERE WOULD BE.
WE WILL GO ON THEN TO BUKOVINIA AND YOU CAN RETURN TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY.
YES--BETTER THE NEXT DAY!

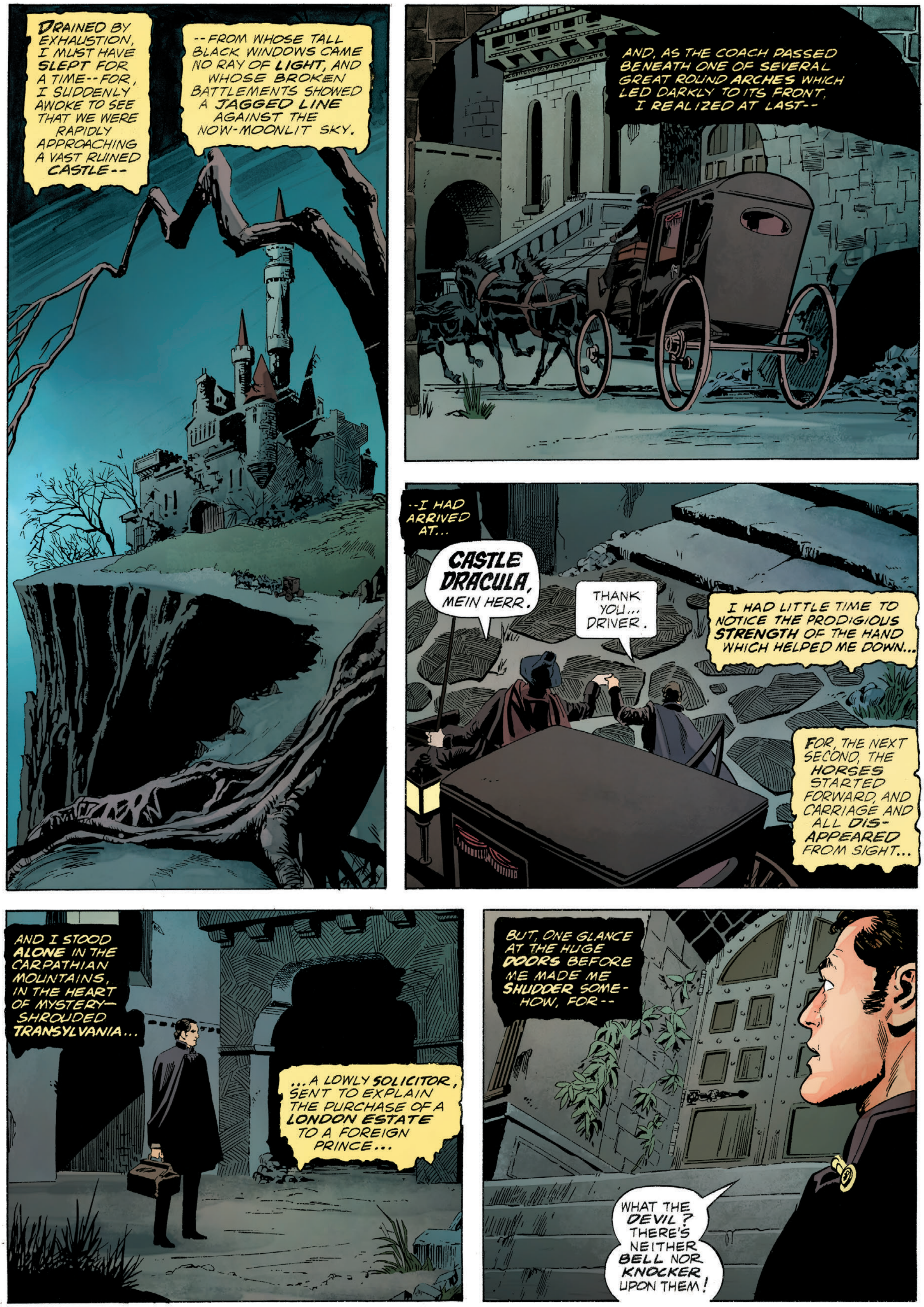

AFTER ALL, IF YOUR HOST CARES SO LITTLE AS TO BE LATE--eh?
ON THE CONTRARY, MEIN HERR--IT IS YOU WHO ARE QUITE EARLY!
WHO THE DEVIL--?

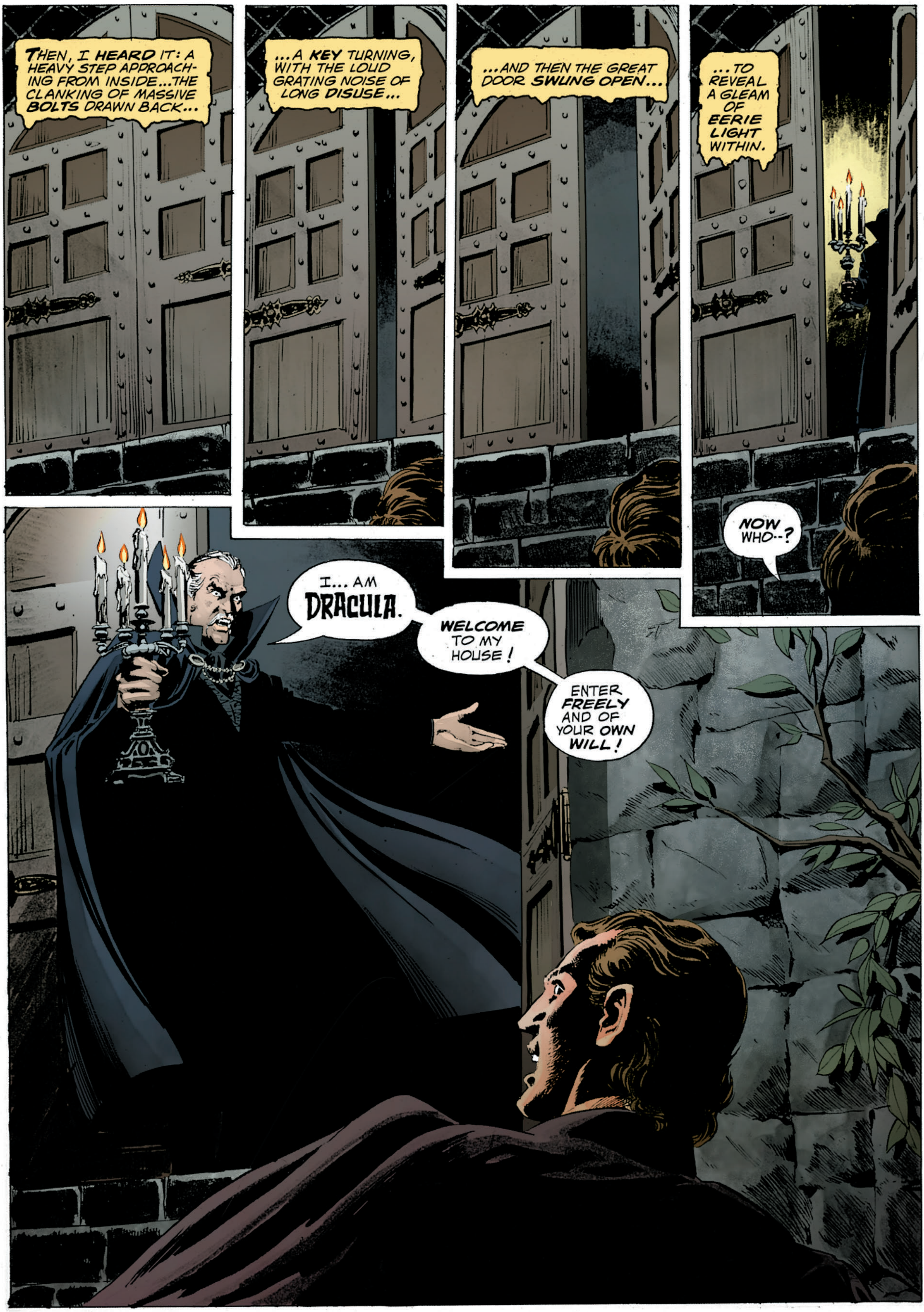

THE NEXT MOMENT, A LARGE CARRIAGE, DRIVEN BY FOUR SPLENDID COAL-BLACK STEEDS, DREW UP ALONGSIDE. ATOP IT SAT A TALL DARK FIGURE, SHROUDED IN NIGHT...
MY APOLOGIES, HERR COACHMAN... BUT THE ENGLISHMAN WAS IN A HURRY...!
THAT, I SUPPOSE, IS WHY YOU WISHED HIM TO GO ON TO BUKOVINIA?
YOU CANNOT DECEIVE ME, MY FRIEND. FOR, I KNOW TOO MUCH...
...AND MY HORSES ARE SWIFT
AT THESE WORDS, A MAN WITHIN THE COACH CROSSED HIMSELF AND BREATHED: "For the DEAD travel fast." HEARING THE WORDS, THE STRANGE DRIVER LOOKED UP WITH A GLEAMING SMILE.
SWIFTLY, MY BAGS WERE TRANSFERRED FROM ONE CARRIAGE TO ANOTHER... AND THEN, THE FIRST COACH RACED OFF ON IS SHADOWED WAY TO BUKOVINIA.
AS IT VANISHED, I FELT AN EERIE CHILL, AS IF MY ONLY LIFELINE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD HAD BEEN RUDELY SEVERED.
THEN, WITHOUT A WORD, MY OWN DRIVER TURNED HIS HORSES, AND WE SWEPT INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE BORGO PASS.
WHILE, FAR-OFF IN THE DISTANCE, FROM THE MOUNTAINS ON EACH SIDE OF US, CAME THE SUDDEN HOWLING OF WOLVES...
...A BLOOD-CHILLING SOUND WHICH CAUSED THE COAL-BLACK HORSES TO STRAIN ALL THE HARDER.


AFTER A TIME, IT SEEMED WE WERE SIMPLY GOING OVER AND OVER THE SAME GROUND AGAIN. SO I TOOK NOTE OF A PARTICULARLY GNARLED TREE...
...AND, ON SEEING IT A SECOND TIME, THEN A THIRD... I FOUND, INEXPLICABLY, THAT I WAS RIGHT.
CURIOUS NOW, I CONSULTED MY POCKET WATCH... AND FOUND THAT IT LACKED BUT A FEW MINUTES OF BEING TWELVE O'CLOCK.
THEN, AS A FINE POWDERY SNOW BEGAN TO FALL, I RECALLED WITH AN INVOLUNTARY SHUDDER THE WORDS I HAD HEARD EARLIER THAT EVENING:
"On this day, when the clock strikes MIDNIGHT, all the EVIL THINGS in the world will have FULL SWAY!"
THE HORSES, I COULD TELL, SHARED MY UNNATURAL FEAR... BUT THE ENIGMATIC DRIVER HELD THEM FIRMLY IN CHECK.
AT ONE POINT, A FAINT FLICKERING BLUE FLAME APPEARED OFF TO OUR LEFT, AND THE DRIVER PURSUED IT ON FOOT...
...EVEN AS THE HOWLING OF THE WOLVES SEEMED TO GROW EVER CLOSER.
STRANGELY, WHEN THE DRIVER STOOD BETWEEN ME AND THE BLUE FLAME HE DID NOT OBSTRUCT IT, FOR I COULD SEE ITS GHOSTLY FLICKER ALL THE SAME.
I TOOK IT THAT, STRAINING THROUGH THE DARKNESS, MY EYES HAD DECEIVED ME.


THEN, AFTER MAKING A STONE MARKER OF SOME SORT, THE DRIVER RETURNED TO ME, SHIVERING IN THE CARRIAGE.
I WANTED TO SHOUT AT HIM-- TO VILLIFY HIM FOR DESERTING ME--BUT ONE LOOK AT THOSE SEARING BRIGHT EYES, AND I HELD MY TONGUE.
AT LAST, THERE CAME A TIME WHEN THE DRIVER WENT EVEN FURTHER AFIELD THAN BEFORE...
WAIT! COME BACK! I SWEAR COUNT DRACULA HIMSELF SHALL HEAR OF THIS!
SUDDENLY, THOUGH THE HOWLING OF THE WOLVES HAD CEASED, THE HORSES BEGAN TO SNORT AND TREMBLE WORSE THAN EVER...
JUST THEN, THE MOON CAME OUT AGAIN--AND I SAW THE REASON FOR THE HORSES' GREAT FEAR:
A RING OF WOLVES ALL ABOUT US, A HUNDRED TIMES MORE TERRIBLE IN THEIR GRIM SILENCE THAN EVEN WHEN THEY HAD HOWLED.
DESPERATE NOW, I BEAT THE SIDE OF THE CARRIAGE, HOPING TO FRIGHTEN THE WOLVES-- TO GIVE THE DRIVER A CHANCE TO REACH MY SIDE ONCE MORE...
COACHMAN! IN THE NAME OF GOD-- COME BACK HERE, DAMN YOU!!
BUT THE LEAN HUNGRY WOLVES MERELY CREPT CLOSER...SLOWLY CLOSER...

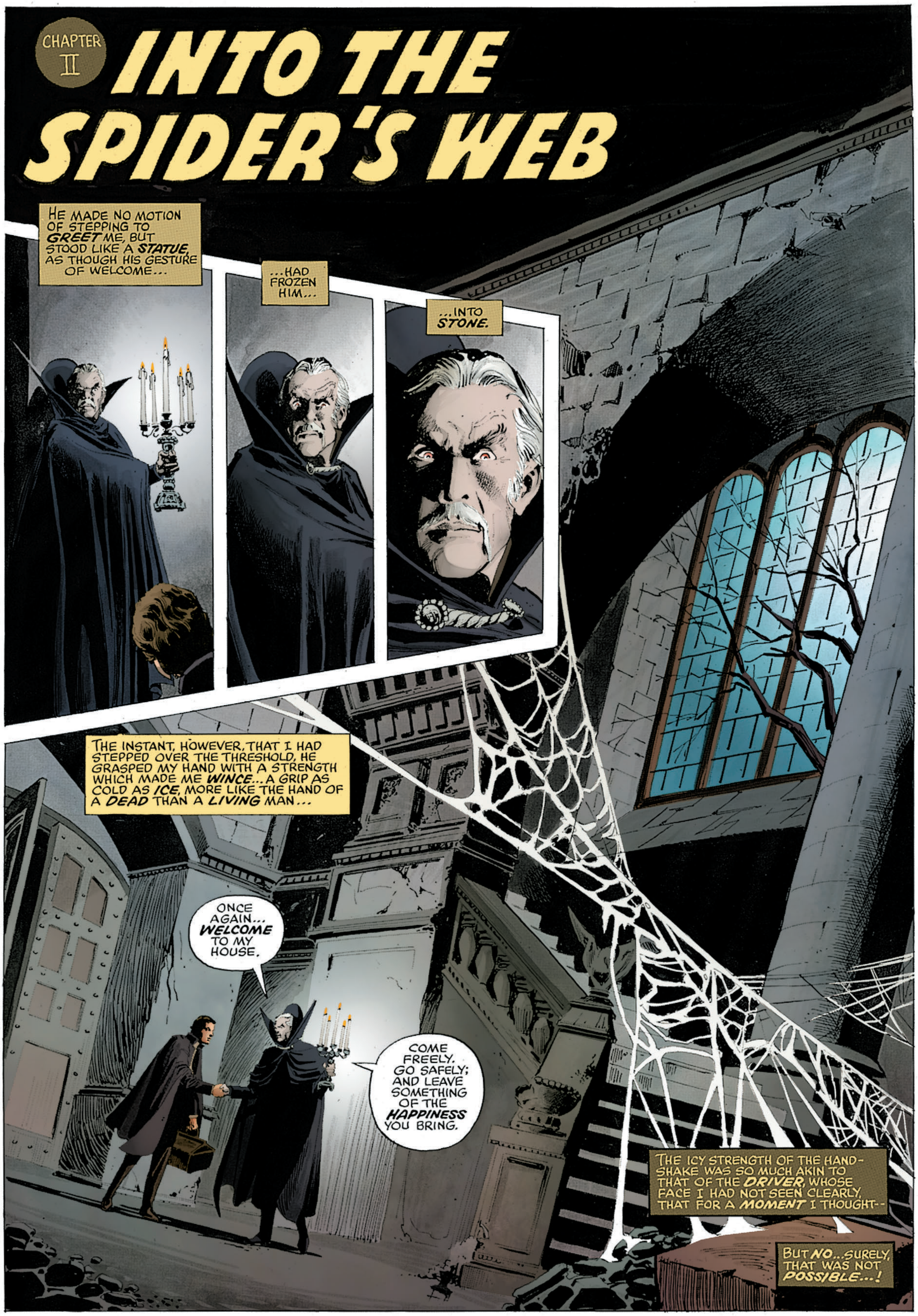

THEN, ALL AT ONCE, THEY BEGAN TO HOWL ONCE MORE, AS THOUGH THE MOONLIGHT HAD HAD SOME PECULIAR EFFECT ON THEM.
ONCE AGAIN I SHOUTED FOR THE COACHMAN, THOUGH HOW HE WOULD BREAK THROUGH INTO THAT RING OF WOLVES I COULD NOT GUESS.
THEN, SUDDENLY, HE WAS THERE:
BACK, VERMIN!
BACK TO THE NIGHTED FORESTS, WHICH ARE YOURS TO RAVAGE!
BUT, THE HERR ENGLISHMAN...
...BELONGS TO COUNT DRACULA!
THEN, EVEN AS A HEAVY CLOUD PASSED ACROSS THE FACE OF THE MOON, THE WOLVES SLUNK AWAY IN SILENCE...
...NOR DID I DARE SPEAK OR MOVE AT ALL, AS WE SWEPT AGAIN ON OUR WAY, NOW ALMOST IN COMPLETE DARKNESS...

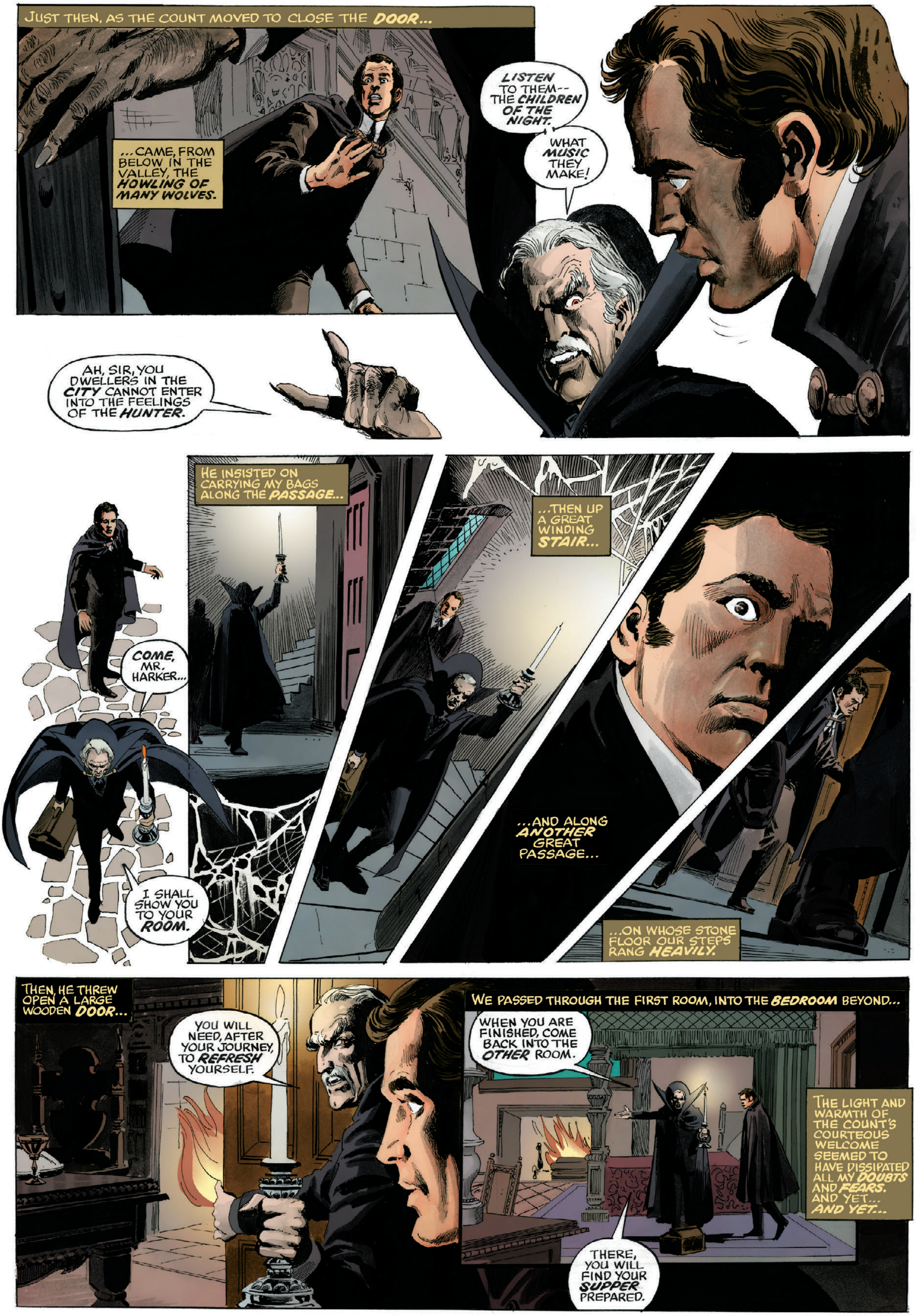

DRAINED BY EXHAUSTION, I MUST HAVE SLEPT FOR A TIME--FOR, I SUDDENLY AWOKE TO SEE THAT WE WERE RAPIDLY APPROACHING A VAST RUINED CASTLE--
--FROM WHOSE TALL BLACK WINDOWS CAME NO RAY OF LIGHT, AND WHOSE BROKEN BATTLEMENTS SHOWED A JAGGED LINE AGAINST THE NOW-MOONLIT SKY.
AND, AS THE COACH PASSED BENEATH ONE OF SEVERAL GREAT ROUND ARCHES WHICH LED DARKLY TO ITS FRONT, I REALIZED AT LAST--
--I HAD ARRIVED AT...
CASTLE DRACULA, MEIN HERR.
THANK YOU... DRIVER.
I HAD LITTLE TIME TO NOTICE THE PRODIGIOUS STRENGTH OF THE HAND WHICH HELPED ME DOWN...
FOR, THE NEXT SECOND, THE HORSES STARTED FORWARD, AND CARRIAGE AND ALL DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT...
AND I STOOD ALONE IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS, IN THE HEART OF MYSTERY-SHROUDED TRANSYLVANIA...
...A LOWLY SOLICITOR, SENT TO EXPLAIN THE PURCHASE OF A LONDON ESTATE TO A FOREIGN PRINCE...
BUT, ONE GLANCE AT THE HUGE DOORS BEFORE ME MADE ME SHUDDER SOMEHOW, FOR--
WHAT THE DEVIL? THERE'S NEITHER BELL NOR KNOCKER UPON THEM!

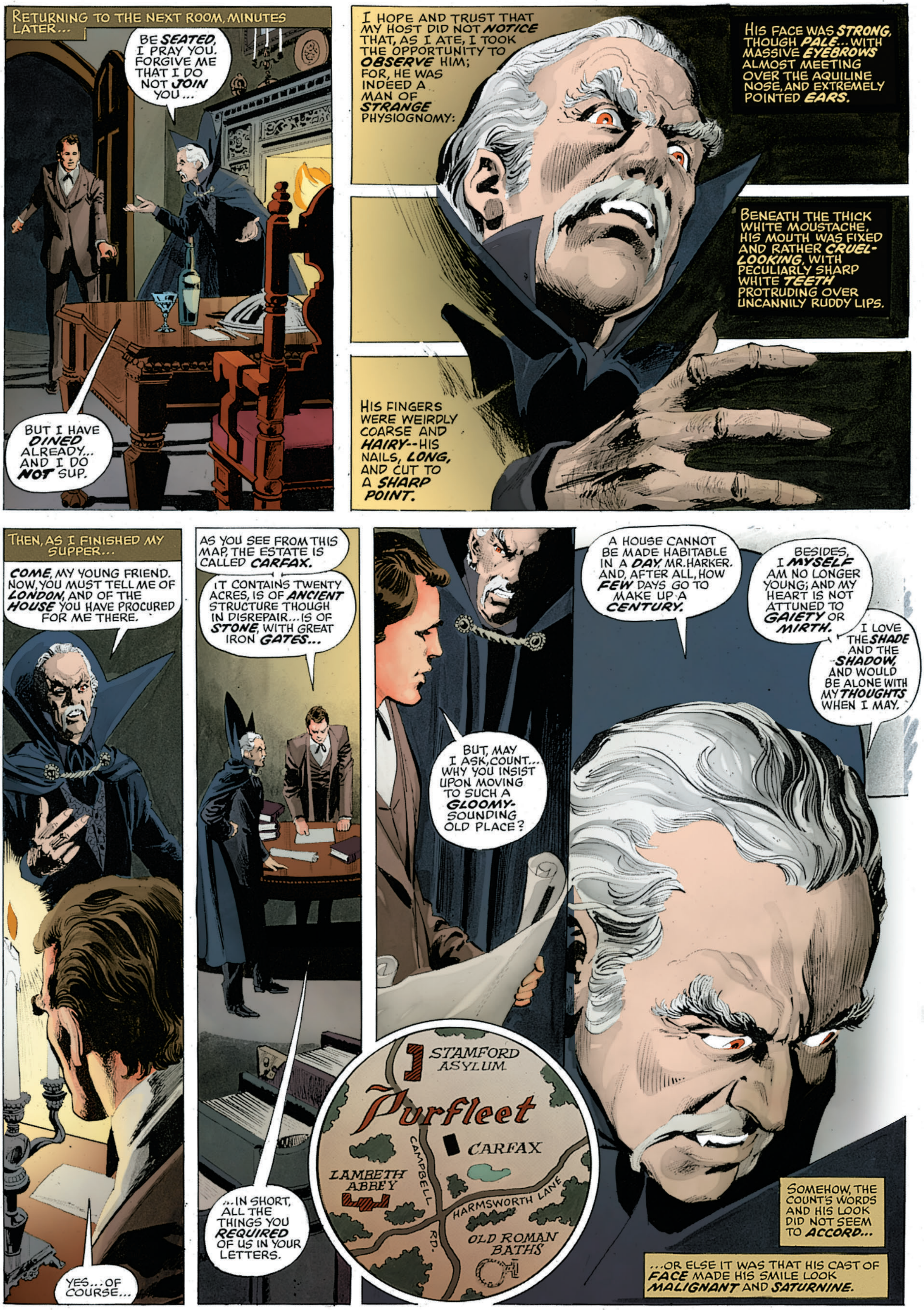

THEN, I HEARD IT: A HEAVY STEP APPROACHING FROM INSIDE... THE CLANKING OF MASSIVE BOLTS DRAWN BACK...
...A KEY TURNING, WITH THE LOUD GRATING NOISE OF LONG DISUSE...
...AND THEN THE GREAT DOOR SWUNG OPEN...
...TO REVEAL A GLEAM OF EERIE LIGHT WITHIN.
NOW WHO--?
I... AM DRACULA.
WELCOME TO MY HOUSE!
ENTER FREELY AND OF YOUR OWN WILL!

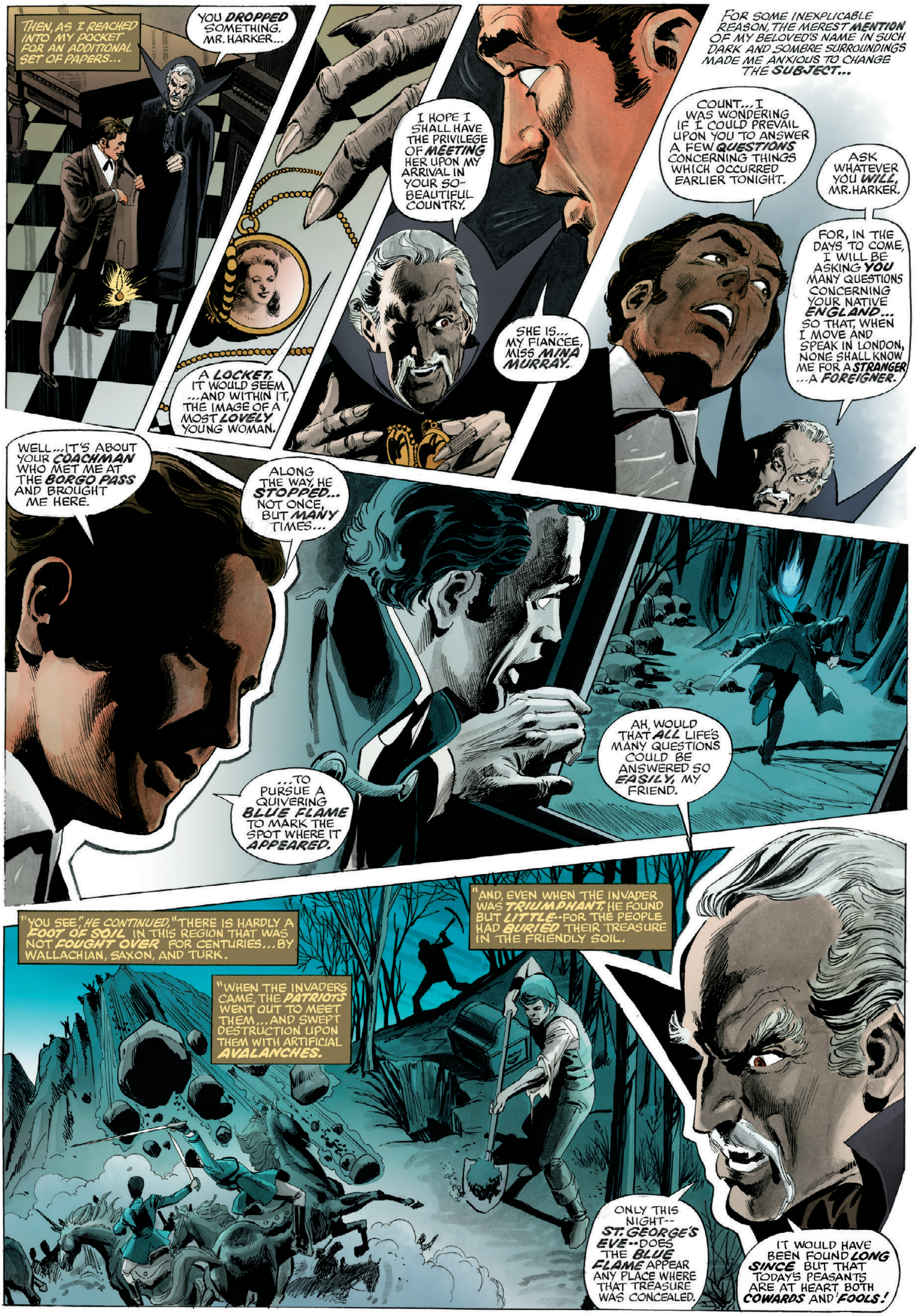
CHAPTER II

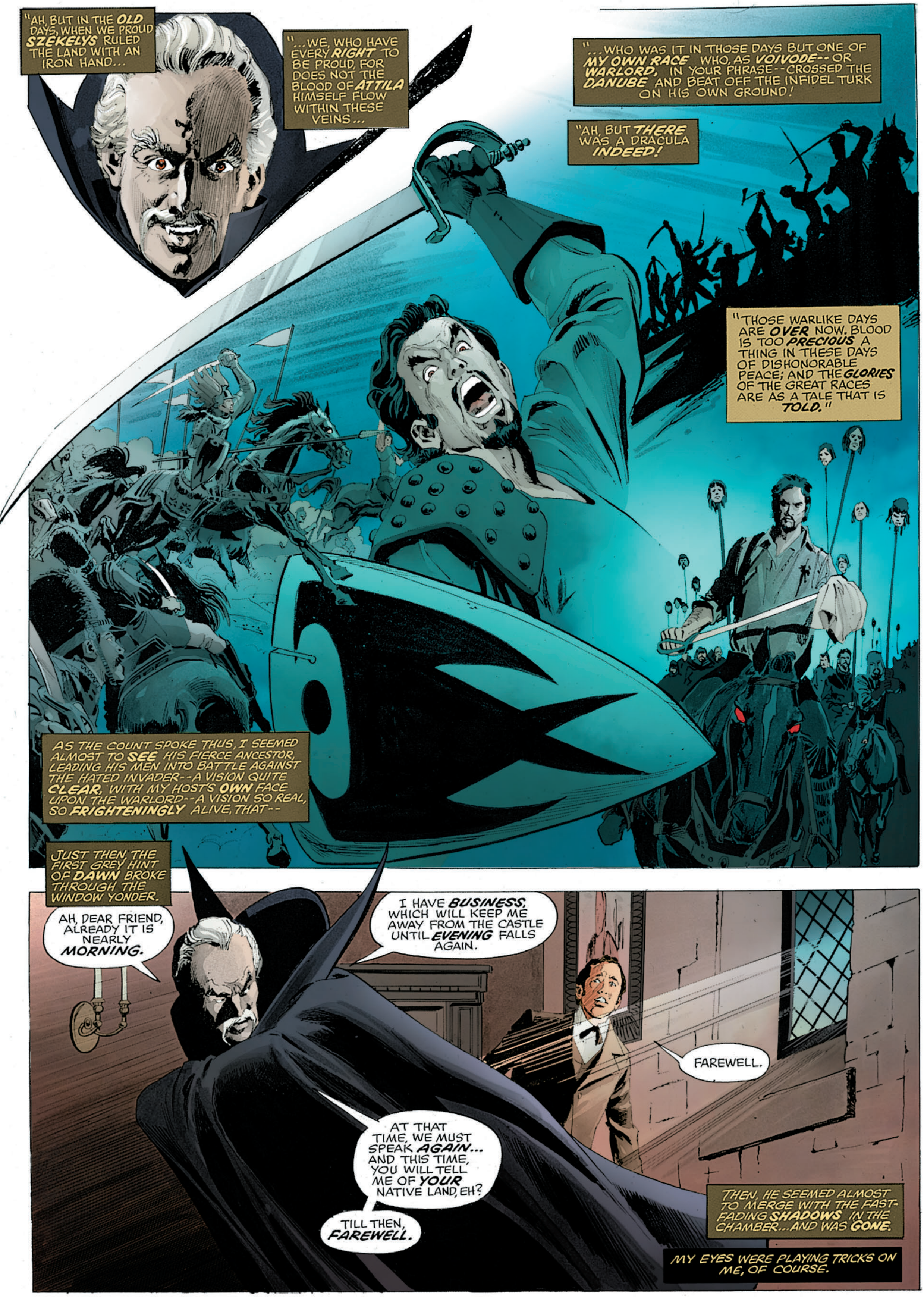
INTO THE SPIDER'S WEB

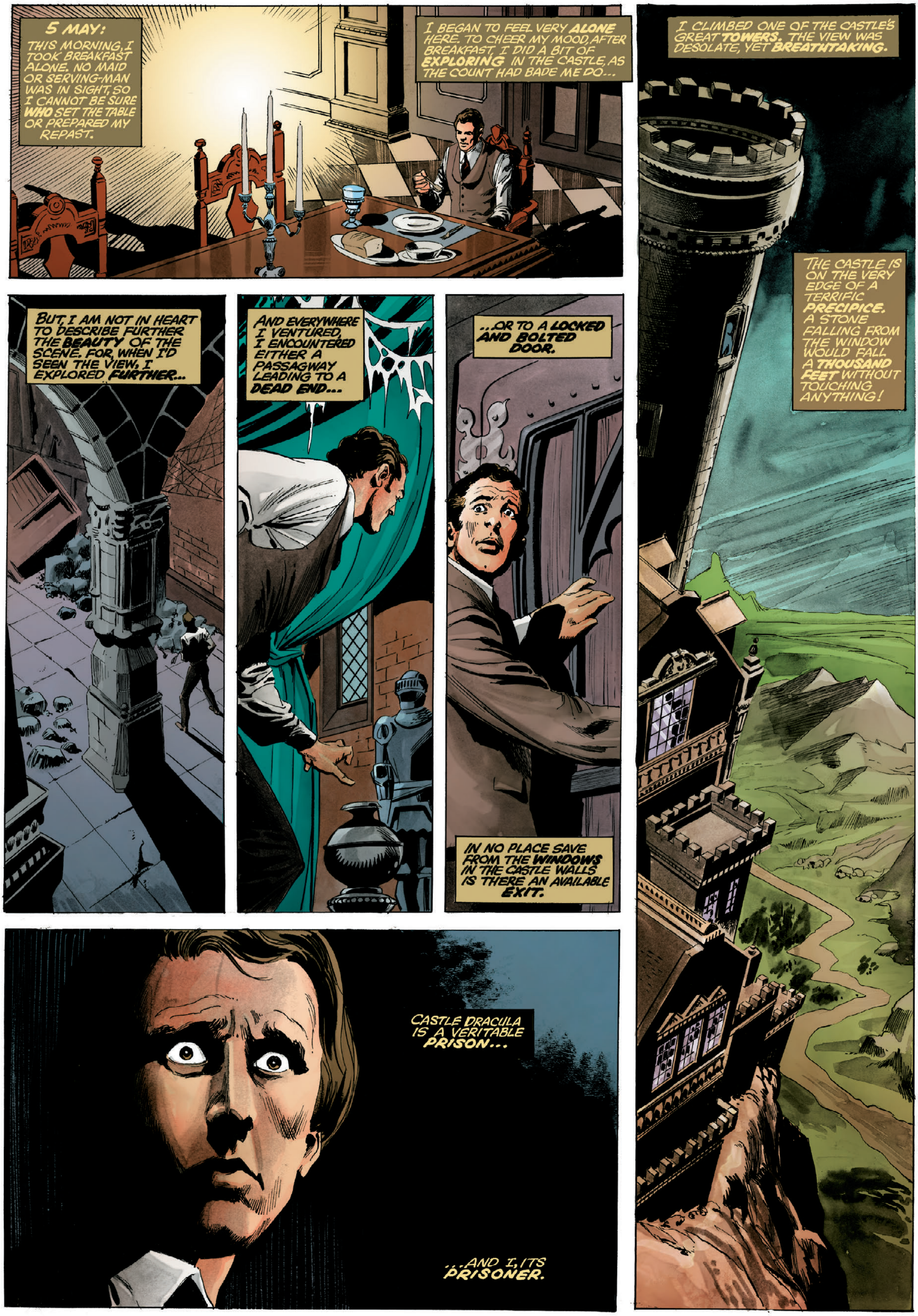

HE MADE NO MOTION OF STEPPING TO *GREET* ME, BUT STOOD LIKE A *STATUE*, AS THOUGH HIS GESTURE OF WELCOME...
...HAD FROZEN HIM...
...INTO *STONE*.
THE INSTANT, HOWEVER, THAT I HAD STEPPED OVER THE THRESHOLD, HE GRASPED MY HAND WITH A STRENGTH WHICH MADE ME *WINCE*... A GRIP AS COLD AS *ICE*, MORE LIKE THE HAND OF A *DEAD* THAN A *LIVING* MAN...
ONCE AGAIN... *WELCOME* TO MY HOUSE.
COME FREELY. GO SAFELY; AND LEAVE SOMETHING OF THE *HAPPINESS* YOU BRING.
THE ICY STRENGTH OF THE HANDSHAKE WAS SO MUCH AKIN TO THAT OF THE *DRIVER*, WHOSE FACE I HAD NOT SEEN CLEARLY, THAT FOR A *MOMENT* I THOUGHT--
BUT *NO*... SURELY, THAT WAS NOT *POSSIBLE*...!

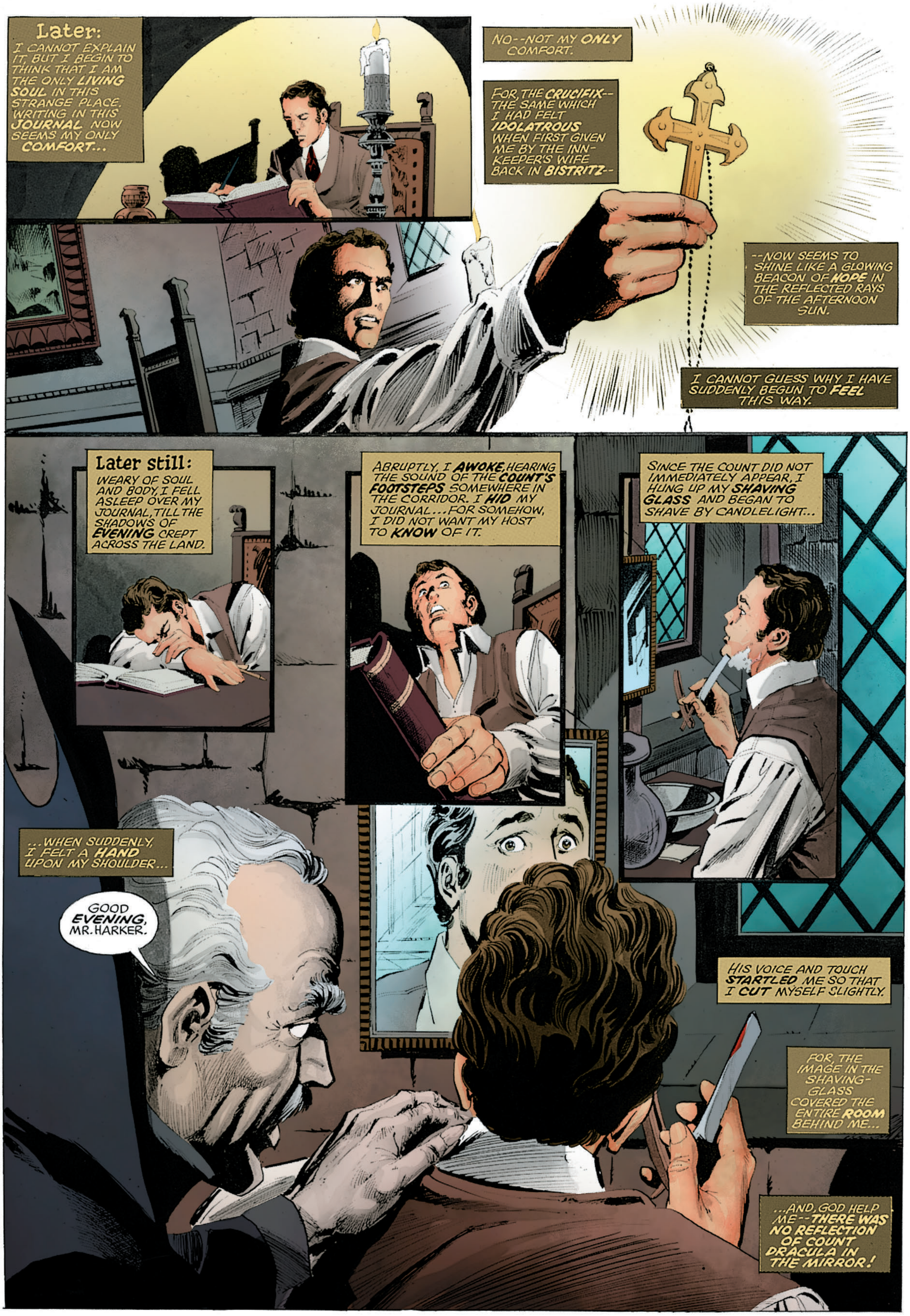

JUST THEN, AS THE COUNT MOVED TO CLOSE THE DOOR...
...CAME, FROM BELOW IN THE VALLEY, THE HOWLING OF MANY WOLVES.
LISTEN TO THEM-- THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT.
WHAT MUSIC THEY MAKE!
AH, SIR, YOU DWELLERS IN THE CITY CANNOT ENTER INTO THE FEELINGS OF THE HUNTER.
COME, MR. HARKER...
I SHALL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM.
HE INSISTED ON CARRYING MY BAGS ALONG THE PASSAGE...
...THEN UP A GREAT WINDING STAIR...
...AND ALONG ANOTHER GREAT PASSAGE...
...ON WHOSE STONE FLOOR OUR STEPS RANG HEAVILY.
THEN, HE THREW OPEN A LARGE WOODEN DOOR...
YOU WILL NEED, AFTER YOUR JOURNEY, TO REFRESH YOURSELF.
WE PASSED THROUGH THE FIRST ROOM, INTO THE BEDROOM BEYOND...
WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED, COME BACK INTO THE OTHER ROOM.
THERE, YOU WILL FIND YOUR SUPPER PREPARED.
THE LIGHT AND WARMTH OF THE COUNT'S COURTEOUS WELCOME SEEMED TO HAVE DISSIPATED ALL MY DOUBTS AND FEARS. AND YET... AND YET...

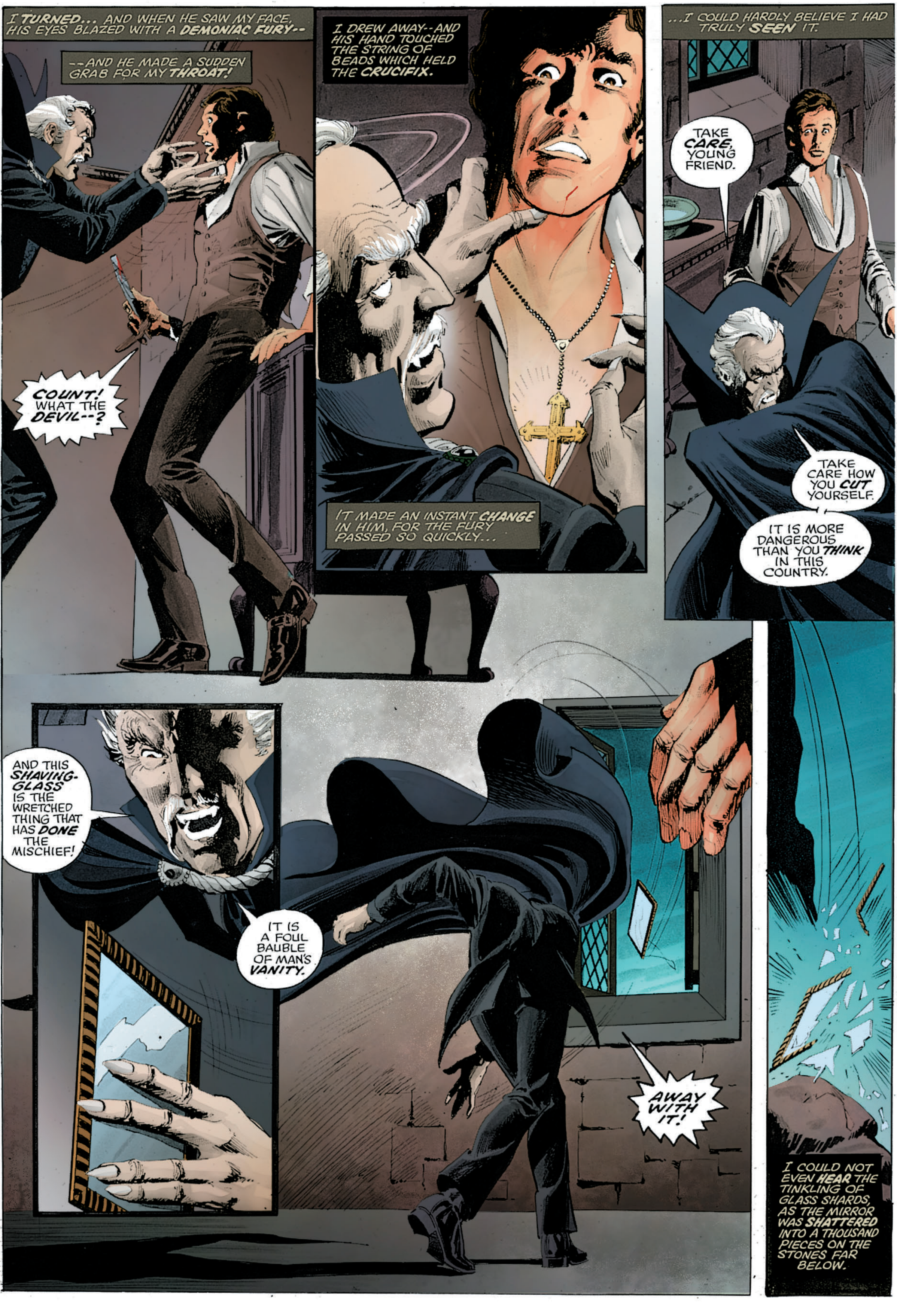

RETURNING TO THE NEXT ROOM, MINUTES LATER...
BE **SEATED**, I PRAY YOU. FORGIVE ME THAT I DO NOT **JOIN** YOU...
BUT I HAVE **DINED** ALREADY... AND I DO **NOT** SUP.
I HOPE AND TRUST THAT MY HOST DID NOT **NOTICE** THAT, AS I ATE, I TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO **OBSERVE** HIM; FOR, HE WAS INDEED A MAN OF **STRANGE** PHYSIOGNOMY:
HIS FACE WAS **STRONG**, THOUGH **PALE**... WITH MASSIVE **EYEBROWS** ALMOST MEETING OVER THE AQUILINE NOSE, AND EXTREMELY POINTED **EARS.**
BENEATH THE THICK WHITE MOUSTACHE, HIS MOUTH WAS FIXED AND RATHER **CRUEL-LOOKING**, WITH PECULIARLY SHARP WHITE **TEETH** PROTRUDING OVER UNCANNILY RUDDY LIPS.
HIS FINGERS WERE WEIRDLY COARSE AND **HAIRY**--HIS NAILS, **LONG**, AND CUT TO A **SHARP POINT.**
THEN, AS I FINISHED MY SUPPER...
COME, MY YOUNG FRIEND. NOW, YOU MUST TELL ME OF **LONDON**, AND OF THE **HOUSE** YOU HAVE PROCURED FOR ME THERE.
YES... OF COURSE...
AS YOU SEE FROM THIS MAP, THE ESTATE IS CALLED **CARFAX.**
IT CONTAINS TWENTY ACRES, IS OF **ANCIENT** STRUCTURE THOUGH IN DISREPAIR... IS OF **STONE**, WITH GREAT IRON **GATES...**
...IN SHORT, ALL THE THINGS YOU **REQUIRED** OF US IN YOUR LETTERS.
STAMFORD ASYLUM
Purfleet
CARFAX
CAMPBELL RD.
LAMBETH ABBEY
HARMSWORTH LANE
OLD ROMAN BATHS
BUT, MAY I ASK, COUNT... WHY YOU INSIST UPON MOVING TO SUCH A **GLOOMY-**SOUNDING OLD PLACE?
A HOUSE CANNOT BE MADE HABITABLE IN A **DAY**, MR. HARKER. AND, AFTER ALL, HOW **FEW** DAYS GO TO MAKE UP A **CENTURY.**
BESIDES, I **MYSELF** AM NO LONGER YOUNG; AND MY HEART IS NOT ATTUNED TO **GAIETY** OR **MIRTH.**
I LOVE THE **SHADE** AND THE **SHADOW**, AND WOULD BE ALONE WITH MY **THOUGHTS** WHEN I MAY.
SOMEHOW, THE COUNT'S WORDS AND HIS LOOK DID NOT SEEM TO **ACCORD...**
...OR ELSE IT WAS THAT HIS CAST OF **FACE** MADE HIS SMILE LOOK **MALIGNANT** AND **SATURNINE.**

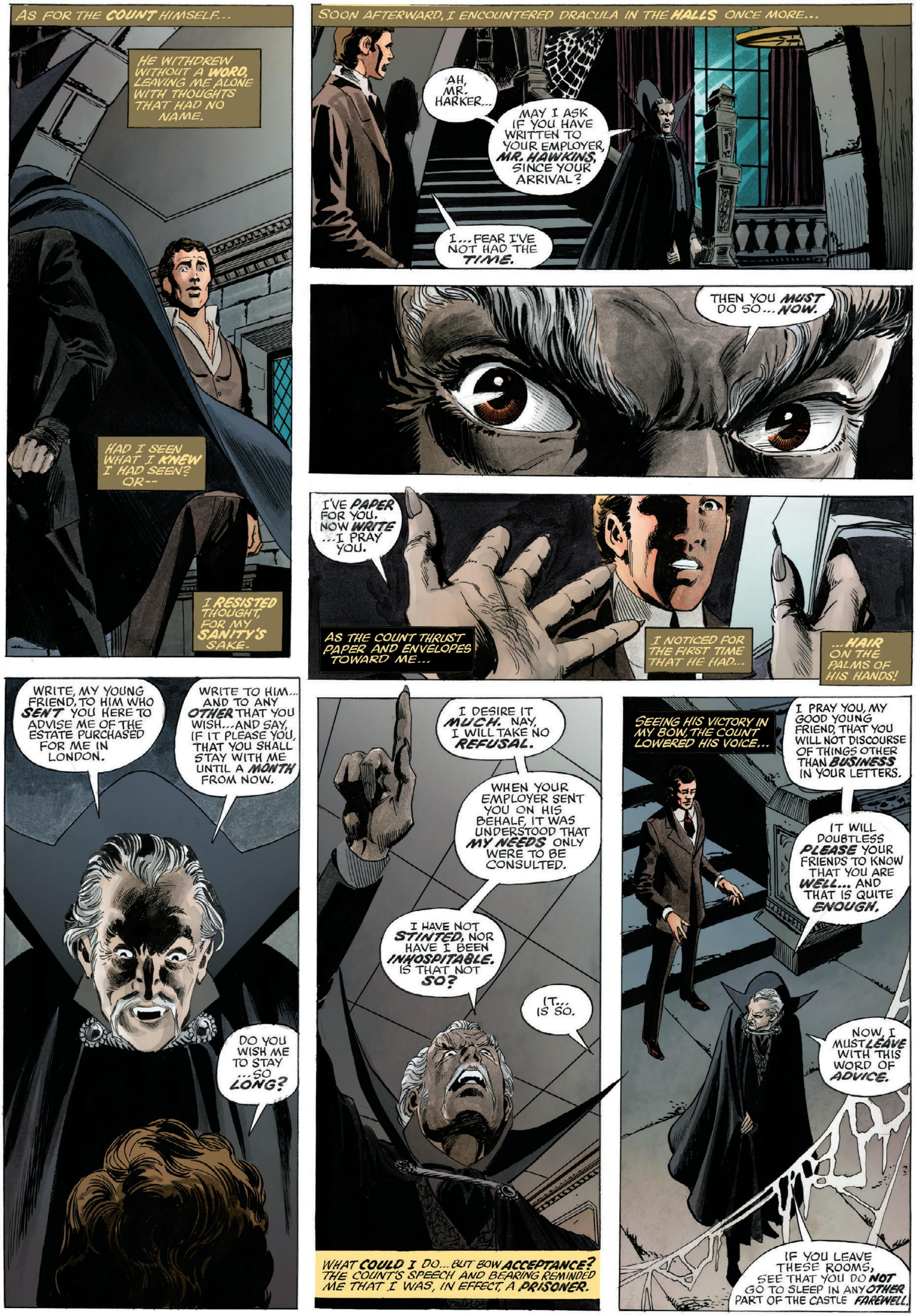

THEN, AS I REACHED INTO MY POCKET FOR AN ADDITIONAL SET OF PAPERS...
YOU DROPPED SOMETHING, MR. HARKER...
A LOCKET, IT WOULD SEEM ...AND WITHIN IT, THE IMAGE OF A MOST LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN.
I HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF MEETING HER UPON MY ARRIVAL IN YOUR SO-BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.
SHE IS... MY FIANCEE, MISS MINA MURRAY.
FOR SOME INEXPLICABLE REASON, THE MEREST MENTION OF MY BELOVED'S NAME IN SUCH DARK AND SOMBRE SURROUNDINGS MADE ME ANXIOUS TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT...
COUNT... I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD PREVAIL UPON YOU TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS CONCERNING THINGS WHICH OCCURRED EARLIER TONIGHT.
ASK WHATEVER YOU WILL, MR. HARKER.
FOR, IN THE DAYS TO COME, I WILL BE ASKING YOU MANY QUESTIONS CONCERNING YOUR NATIVE ENGLAND... SO THAT, WHEN I MOVE AND SPEAK IN LONDON, NONE SHALL KNOW ME FOR A STRANGER ...A FOREIGNER.
WELL... IT'S ABOUT YOUR COACHMAN WHO MET ME AT THE BORGO PASS AND BROUGHT ME HERE.
ALONG THE WAY, HE STOPPED... NOT ONCE, BUT MANY TIMES...
...TO PURSUE A QUIVERING BLUE FLAME TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE IT APPEARED.
AH, WOULD THAT ALL LIFE'S MANY QUESTIONS COULD BE ANSWERED SO EASILY, MY FRIEND.
"YOU SEE," HE CONTINUED, "THERE IS HARDLY A FOOT OF SOIL IN THIS REGION THAT WAS NOT FOUGHT OVER FOR CENTURIES... BY WALLACHIAN, SAXON, AND TURK.
"WHEN THE INVADERS CAME, THE PATRIOTS WENT OUT TO MEET THEM... AND SWEPT DESTRUCTION UPON THEM WITH ARTIFICIAL AVALANCHES.
"AND, EVEN WHEN THE INVADER WAS TRIUMPHANT, HE FOUND BUT LITTLE--FOR THE PEOPLE HAD BURIED THEIR TREASURE IN THE FRIENDLY SOIL.
ONLY THIS NIGHT-- ST. GEORGE'S EVE--DOES THE BLUE FLAME APPEAR ANY PLACE WHERE THAT TREASURE WAS CONCEALED.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOUND LONG SINCE, BUT THAT TODAY'S PEASANTS ARE AT HEART BOTH COWARDS AND FOOLS!

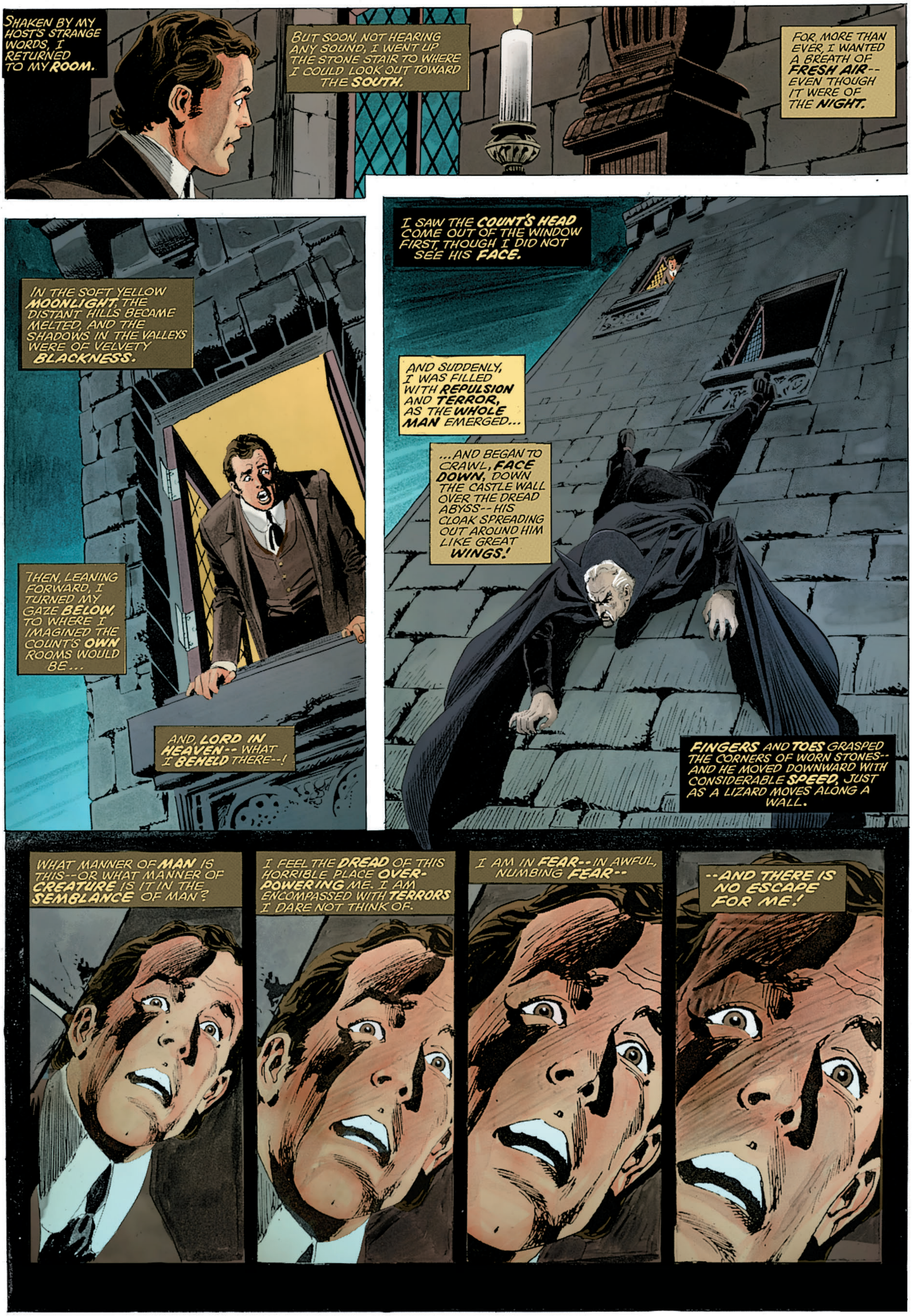

"AH, BUT IN THE OLD DAYS, WHEN WE PROUD SZEKELYS RULED THE LAND WITH AN IRON HAND...
"...WE, WHO HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE PROUD, FOR DOES NOT THE BLOOD OF ATTILA HIMSELF FLOW WITHIN THESE VEINS...
"...WHO WAS IT IN THOSE DAYS BUT ONE OF MY OWN RACE WHO, AS VOIVODE-- OR WARLORD, IN YOUR PHRASE--CROSSED THE DANUBE AND BEAT OFF THE INFIDEL TURK ON HIS OWN GROUND!
"AH, BUT THERE WAS A DRACULA INDEED!
"THOSE WARLIKE DAYS ARE OVER NOW. BLOOD IS TOO PRECIOUS A THING IN THESE DAYS OF DISHONORABLE PEACE; AND THE GLORIES OF THE GREAT RACES ARE AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD."
AS THE COUNT SPOKE THUS, I SEEMED ALMOST TO SEE HIS FIERCE ANCESTOR, LEADING HIS MEN INTO BATTLE AGAINST THE HATED INVADER--A VISION QUITE CLEAR, WITH MY HOST'S OWN FACE UPON THE WARLORD--A VISION SO REAL, SO FRIGHTENINGLY ALIVE, THAT--
JUST THEN, THE FIRST GREY HINT OF DAWN BROKE THROUGH THE WINDOW YONDER.
AH, DEAR FRIEND, ALREADY IT IS NEARLY MORNING.
I HAVE BUSINESS, WHICH WILL KEEP ME AWAY FROM THE CASTLE UNTIL EVENING FALLS AGAIN.
FAREWELL.
AT THAT TIME, WE MUST SPEAK AGAIN... AND THIS TIME, YOU WILL TELL ME OF YOUR NATIVE LAND, EH?
TILL THEN, FAREWELL.
THEN, HE SEEMED ALMOST TO MERGE WITH THE FAST-FADING SHADOWS IN THE CHAMBER... AND WAS GONE.
MY EYES WERE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME, OF COURSE.

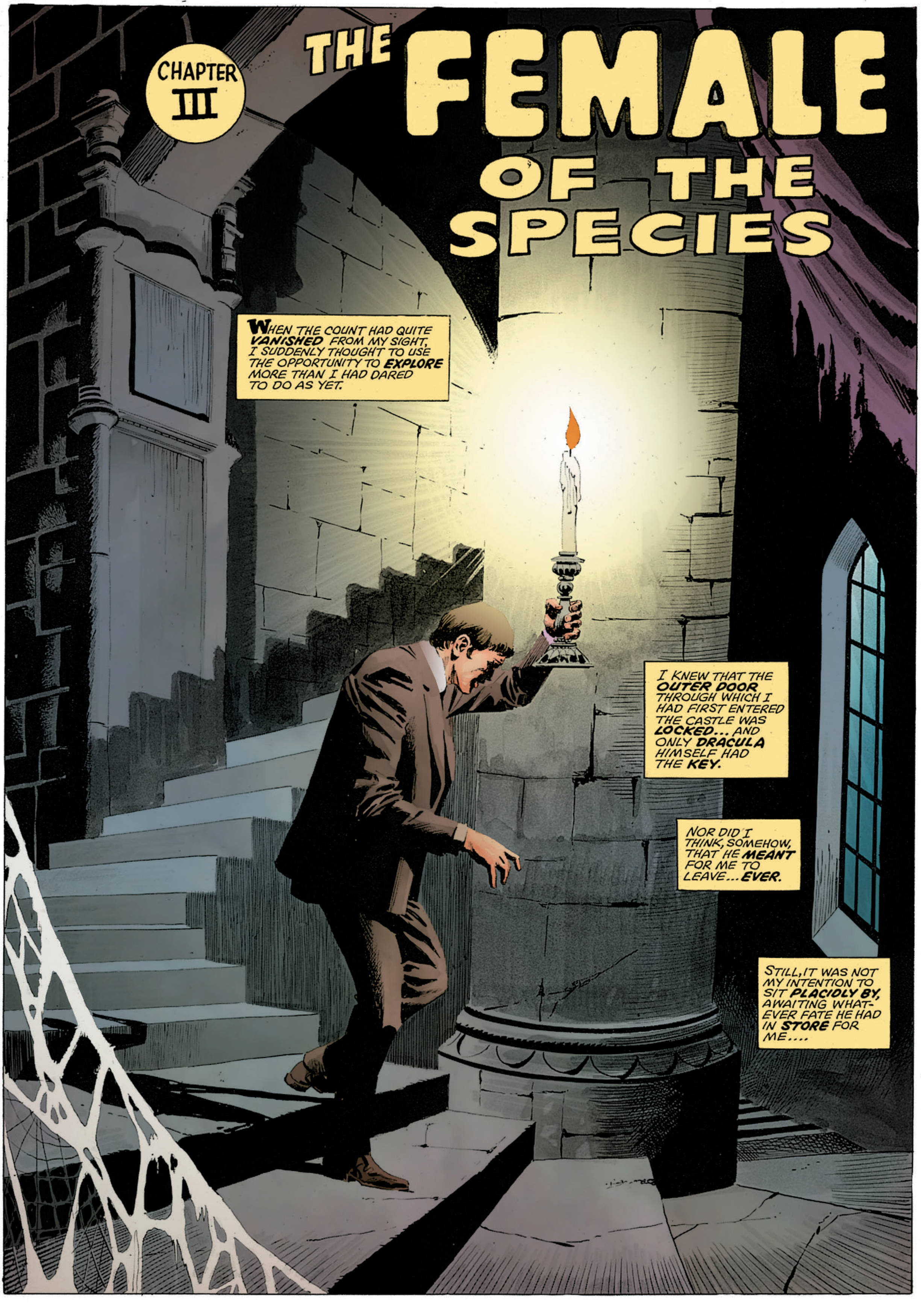

5 MAY:
THIS MORNING, I TOOK BREAKFAST ALONE. NO MAID OR SERVING-MAN WAS IN SIGHT, SO I CANNOT BE SURE WHO SET THE TABLE OR PREPARED MY REPAST.
I BEGAN TO FEEL VERY ALONE HERE. TO CHEER MY MOOD, AFTER BREAKFAST, I DID A BIT OF EXPLORING IN THE CASTLE, AS THE COUNT HAD BADE ME DO...
I CLIMBED ONE OF THE CASTLE'S GREAT TOWERS. THE VIEW WAS DESOLATE, YET BREATHTAKING.
THE CASTLE IS ON THE VERY EDGE OF A TERRIFIC PRECIPICE. A STONE FALLING FROM THE WINDOW WOULD FALL A THOUSAND FEET WITHOUT TOUCHING ANYTHING!
BUT, I AM NOT IN HEART TO DESCRIBE FURTHER THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE. FOR, WHEN I'D SEEN THE VIEW, I EXPLORED FURTHER...
AND EVERYWHERE I VENTURED, I ENCOUNTERED EITHER A PASSAGWAY LEADING TO A DEAD END...
...OR TO A LOCKED AND BOLTED DOOR.
IN NO PLACE SAVE FROM THE WINDOWS IN THE CASTLE WALLS IS THERE AN AVAILABLE EXIT.
CASTLE DRACULA IS A VERITABLE PRISON...
...AND I, ITS PRISONER.

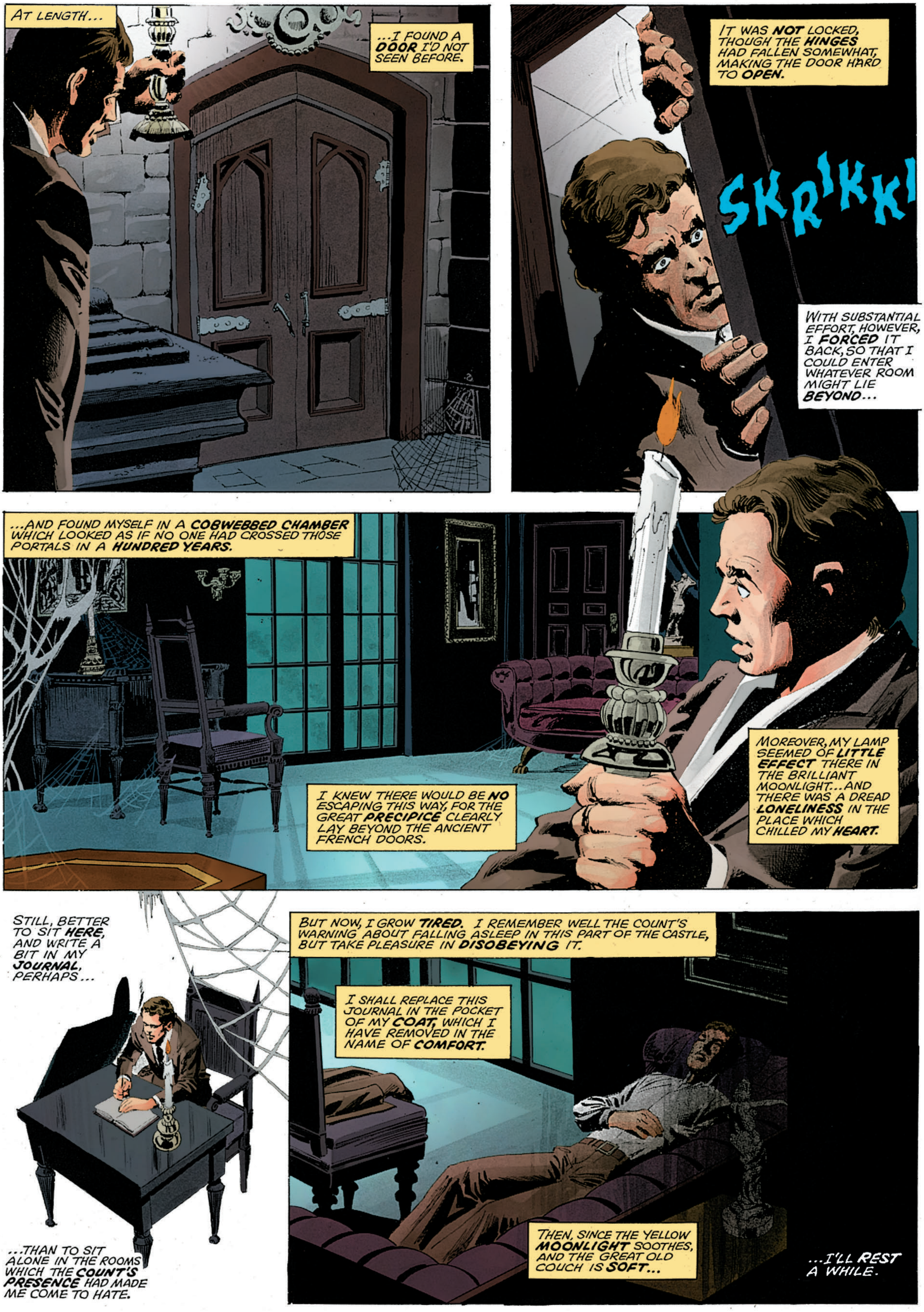

Later:
I cannot explain it, but I begin to think that I am the only living soul in this strange place. Writing in this journal now seems my only comfort...
No--not my only comfort.
For, the crucifix--the same which I had felt idolatrous when first given me by the inn-keeper's wife back in Bistritz--
--now seems to shine like a glowing beacon of hope in the reflected rays of the afternoon sun.
I cannot guess why I have suddenly begun to feel this way.
Later still:
Weary of soul and body, I fell asleep over my journal, till the shadows of evening crept across the land.
Abruptly, I awoke, hearing the sound of the Count's footsteps somewhere in the corridor. I hid my journal...for somehow, I did not want my host to know of it.
Since the Count did not immediately appear, I hung up my shaving glass and began to shave by candlelight...
...when suddenly, I felt a hand upon my shoulder...
Good evening, Mr. Harker.
His voice and touch startled me so that I cut myself slightly.
For, the image in the shaving-glass covered the entire room behind me...
...and, God help me--there was no reflection of Count Dracula in the mirror!

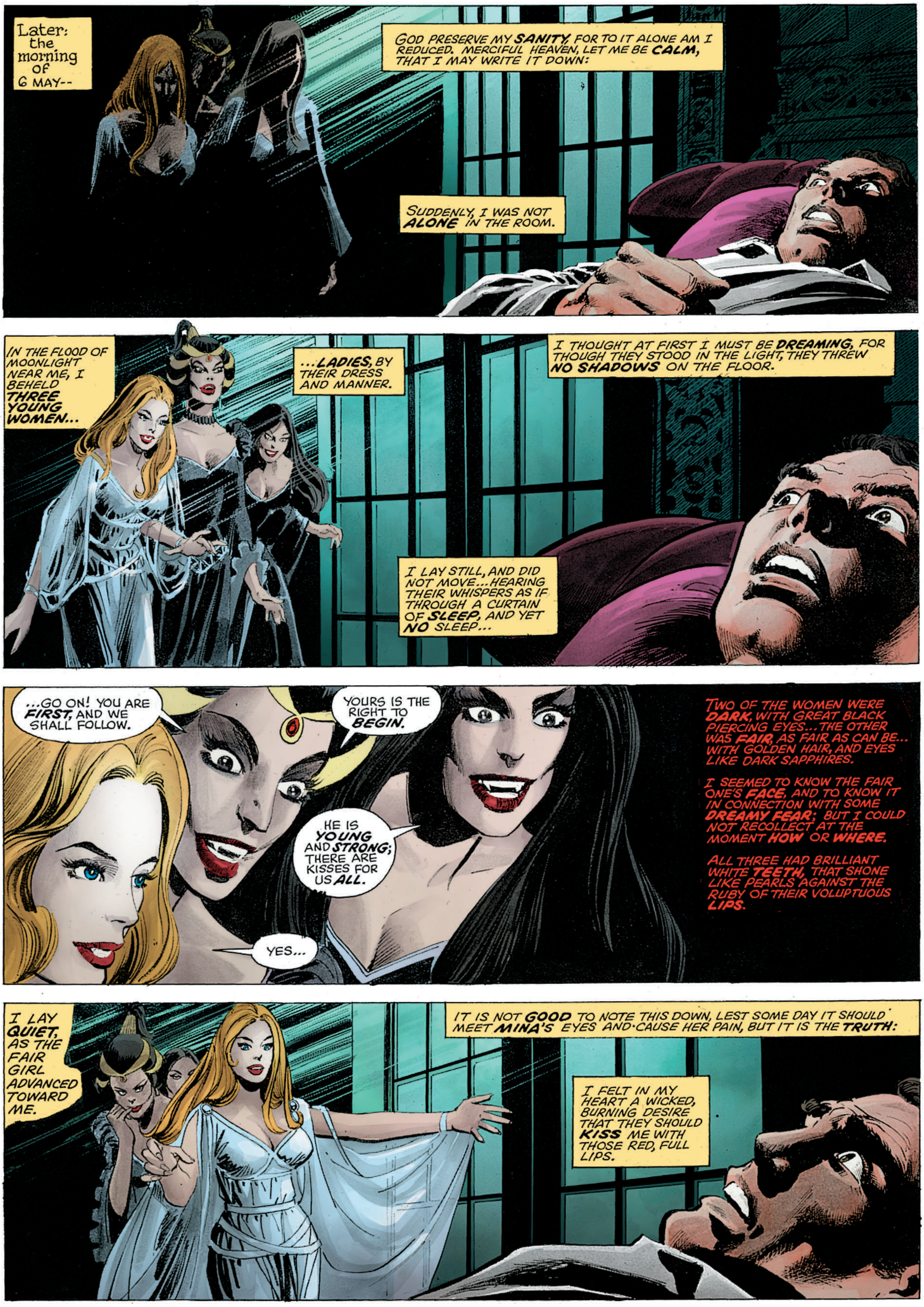

I TURNED... AND WHEN HE SAW MY FACE, HIS EYES BLAZED WITH A DEMONIAC FURY--
--AND HE MADE A SUDDEN GRAB FOR MY THROAT!
COUNT! WHAT THE DEVIL--?
I DREW AWAY--AND HIS HAND TOUCHED THE STRING OF BEADS WHICH HELD THE CRUCIFIX.
IT MADE AN INSTANT CHANGE IN HIM, FOR THE FURY PASSED SO QUICKLY...
...I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE I HAD TRULY SEEN IT.
TAKE CARE, YOUNG FRIEND.
TAKE CARE HOW YOU CUT YOURSELF.
IT IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU THINK IN THIS COUNTRY.
AND THIS SHAVING-GLASS IS THE WRETCHED THING THAT HAS DONE THE MISCHIEF!
IT IS A FOUL BAUBLE OF MAN'S VANITY.
AWAY WITH IT!
I COULD NOT EVEN HEAR THE TINKLING OF GLASS SHARDS, AS THE MIRROR WAS SHATTERED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES ON THE STONES FAR BELOW.

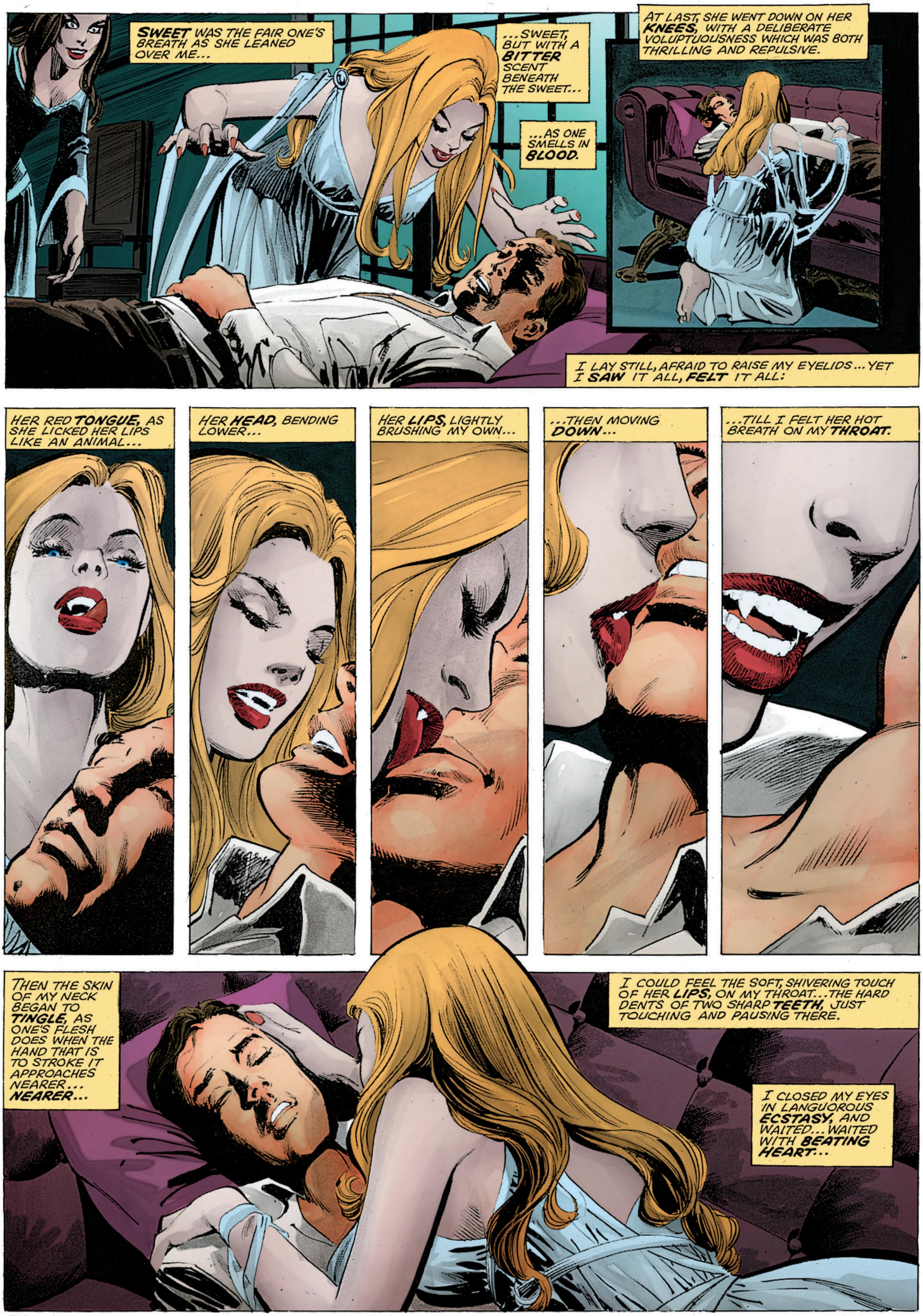

AS FOR THE COUNT HIMSELF...
HE WITHDREW WITHOUT A WORD, LEAVING ME ALONE WITH THOUGHTS THAT HAD NO NAME.
HAD I SEEN WHAT I KNEW I HAD SEEN? OR--
I RESISTED THOUGHT, FOR MY SANITY'S SAKE.
SOON AFTERWARD, I ENCOUNTERED DRACULA IN THE HALLS ONCE MORE...
AH, MR. HARKER...
MAY I ASK IF YOU HAVE WRITTEN TO YOUR EMPLOYER, MR. HAWKINS, SINCE YOUR ARRIVAL?
I...FEAR I'VE NOT HAD THE TIME.
THEN YOU MUST DO SO...NOW.
I'VE PAPER FOR YOU. NOW WRITE ...I PRAY YOU.
AS THE COUNT THRUST PAPER AND ENVELOPES TOWARD ME...
I NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT HE HAD...
...HAIR ON THE PALMS OF HIS HANDS!
WRITE, MY YOUNG FRIEND, TO HIM WHO SENT YOU HERE TO ADVISE ME OF THE ESTATE PURCHASED FOR ME IN LONDON.
WRITE TO HIM... AND TO ANY OTHER THAT YOU WISH...AND SAY, IF IT PLEASE YOU, THAT YOU SHALL STAY WITH ME UNTIL A MONTH FROM NOW.
DO YOU WISH ME TO STAY ...SO LONG?
I DESIRE IT MUCH. NAY, I WILL TAKE NO REFUSAL.
WHEN YOUR EMPLOYER SENT YOU ON HIS BEHALF, IT WAS UNDERSTOOD THAT MY NEEDS ONLY WERE TO BE CONSULTED.
I HAVE NOT STINTED, NOR HAVE I BEEN INHOSPITABLE. IS THAT NOT SO?
IT... IS SO.
WHAT COULD I DO... BUT BOW ACCEPTANCE? THE COUNT'S SPEECH AND BEARING REMINDED ME THAT I WAS, IN EFFECT, A PRISONER.
SEEING HIS VICTORY IN MY BOW, THE COUNT LOWERED HIS VOICE...
I PRAY YOU, MY GOOD YOUNG FRIEND, THAT YOU WILL NOT DISCOURSE OF THINGS OTHER THAN BUSINESS IN YOUR LETTERS.
IT WILL DOUBTLESS PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE WELL... AND THAT IS QUITE ENOUGH.
NOW, I MUST LEAVE WITH THIS WORD OF ADVICE.
IF YOU LEAVE THESE ROOMS, SEE THAT YOU DO NOT GO TO SLEEP IN ANY OTHER PART OF THE CASTLE. FAREWELL.

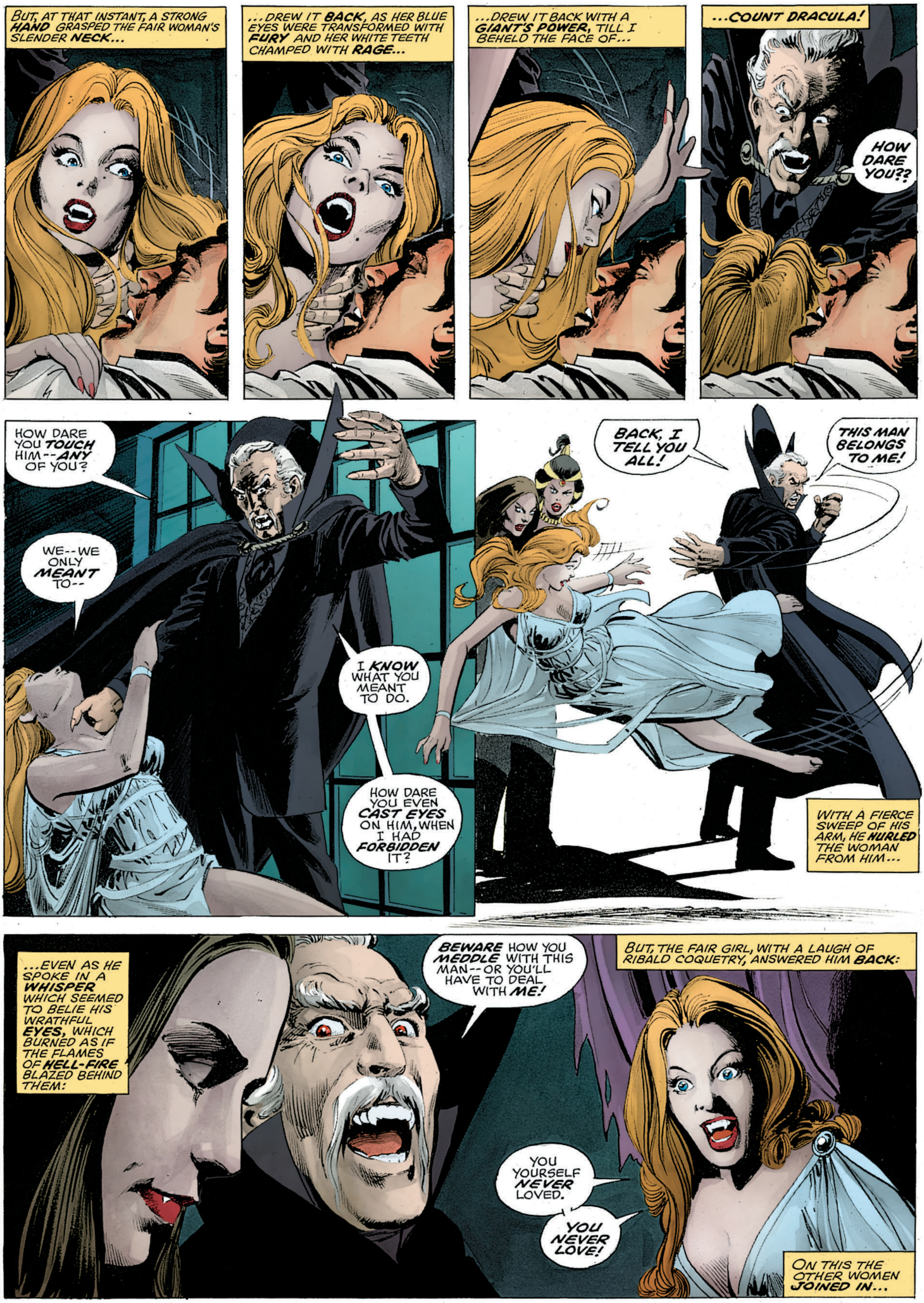

SHAKEN BY MY HOST'S STRANGE WORDS, I RETURNED TO MY **ROOM.**
BUT SOON, NOT HEARING ANY SOUND, I WENT UP THE STONE STAIR TO WHERE I COULD LOOK OUT TOWARD THE **SOUTH.**
FOR MORE THAN EVER, I WANTED A BREATH OF **FRESH AIR**-- EVEN THOUGH IT WERE OF THE **NIGHT.**
IN THE SOFT YELLOW **MOONLIGHT**, THE DISTANT HILLS BECAME MELTED, AND THE SHADOWS IN THE VALLEYS WERE OF VELVETY **BLACKNESS.**
THEN, LEANING FORWARD, I TURNED MY GAZE **BELOW**, TO WHERE I IMAGINED THE COUNT'S **OWN** ROOMS WOULD BE...
AND, **LORD IN HEAVEN**-- WHAT I **BEHELD** THERE--!
I SAW THE **COUNT'S HEAD** COME OUT OF THE WINDOW FIRST, THOUGH I DID NOT SEE HIS **FACE.**
AND SUDDENLY, I WAS FILLED WITH **REPULSION** AND **TERROR**, AS THE **WHOLE MAN** EMERGED...
...AND BEGAN TO CRAWL, **FACE DOWN**, DOWN THE CASTLE WALL OVER THE DREAD ABYSS-- HIS CLOAK SPREADING OUT AROUND HIM LIKE GREAT **WINGS!**
FINGERS AND **TOES** GRASPED THE CORNERS OF WORN STONES-- AND HE MOVED DOWNWARD WITH CONSIDERABLE **SPEED**, JUST AS A LIZARD MOVES ALONG A WALL.
WHAT MANNER OF **MAN** IS THIS--OR WHAT MANNER OF **CREATURE** IS IT IN THE **SEMBLANCE** OF MAN?
I FEEL THE **DREAD** OF THIS HORRIBLE PLACE **OVERPOWERING** ME. I AM ENCOMPASSED WITH **TERRORS** I DARE NOT THINK OF.
I AM IN **FEAR**-- IN AWFUL, NUMBING **FEAR**--
--AND THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR ME!

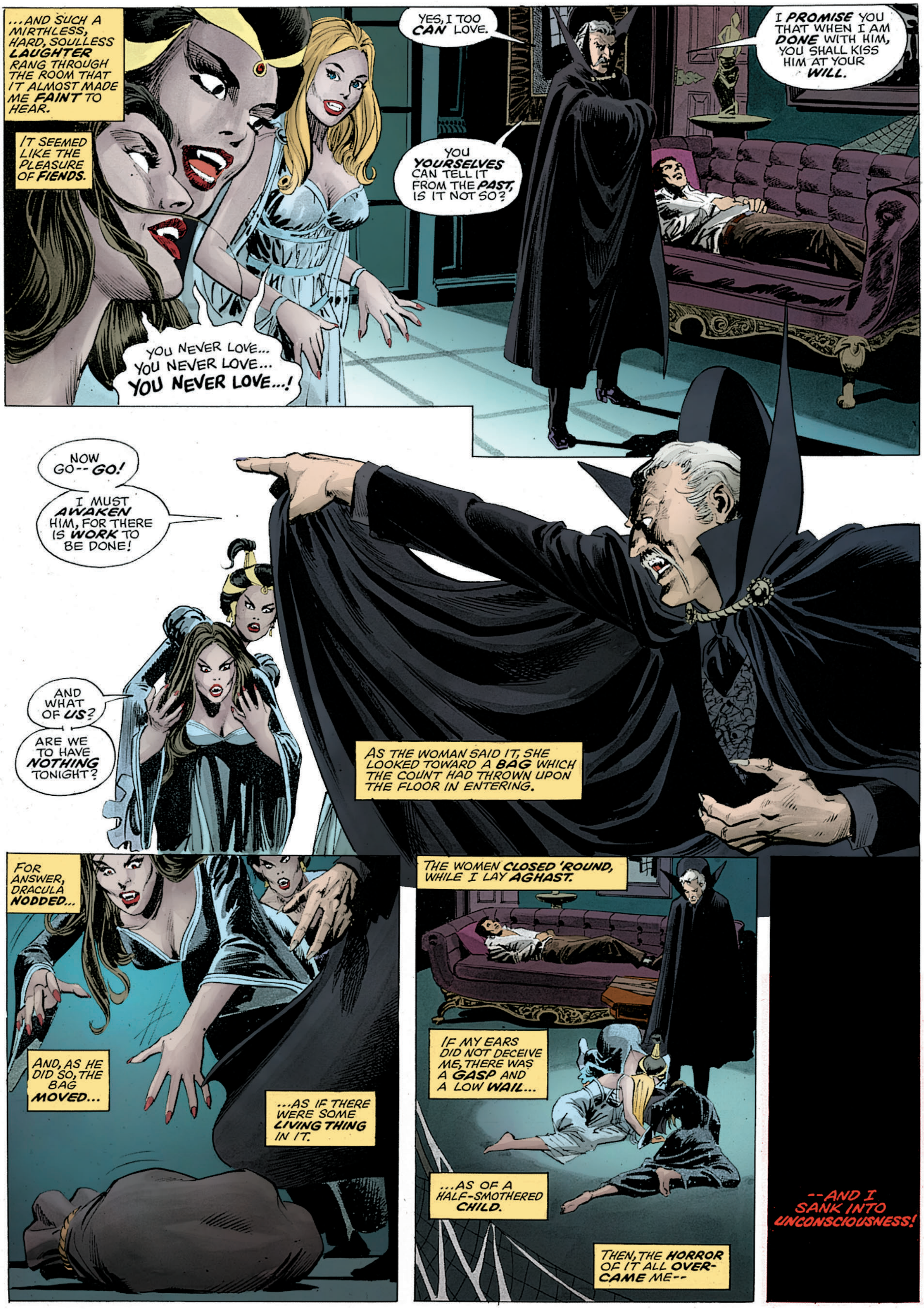

CHAPTER III
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES
WHEN THE COUNT HAD QUITE VANISHED FROM MY SIGHT, I SUDDENLY THOUGHT TO USE THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLORE MORE THAN I HAD DARED TO DO AS YET.
I KNEW THAT THE OUTER DOOR THROUGH WHICH I HAD FIRST ENTERED THE CASTLE WAS LOCKED... AND ONLY DRACULA HIMSELF HAD THE KEY.
NOR DID I THINK, SOMEHOW, THAT HE MEANT FOR ME TO LEAVE... EVER.
STILL, IT WAS NOT MY INTENTION TO SIT PLACIDLY BY, AWAITING WHATEVER FATE HE HAD IN STORE FOR ME....

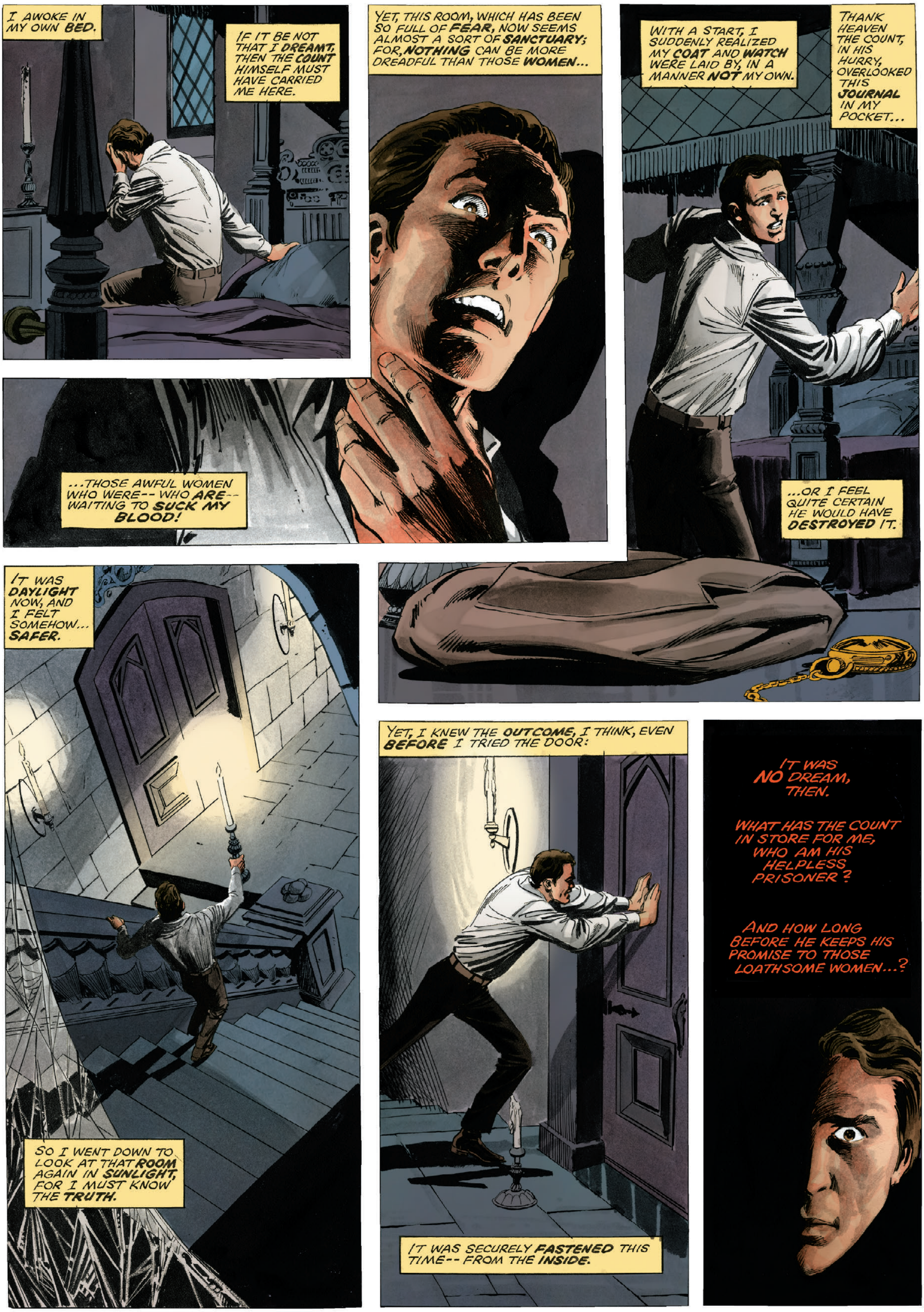

AT LENGTH...
...I FOUND A DOOR I'D NOT SEEN BEFORE.
IT WAS NOT LOCKED, THOUGH THE HINGES HAD FALLEN SOMEWHAT, MAKING THE DOOR HARD TO OPEN.
SKRIKKK
WITH SUBSTANTIAL EFFORT, HOWEVER, I FORCED IT BACK, SO THAT I COULD ENTER WHATEVER ROOM MIGHT LIE BEYOND...
...AND FOUND MYSELF IN A COBWEBBED CHAMBER WHICH LOOKED AS IF NO ONE HAD CROSSED THOSE PORTALS IN A HUNDRED YEARS.
I KNEW THERE WOULD BE NO ESCAPING THIS WAY, FOR THE GREAT PRECIPICE CLEARLY LAY BEYOND THE ANCIENT FRENCH DOORS.
MOREOVER, MY LAMP SEEMED OF LITTLE EFFECT THERE IN THE BRILLIANT MOONLIGHT... AND THERE WAS A DREAD LONELINESS IN THE PLACE WHICH CHILLED MY HEART.
STILL, BETTER TO SIT HERE, AND WRITE A BIT IN MY JOURNAL, PERHAPS...
...THAN TO SIT ALONE IN THE ROOMS WHICH THE COUNT'S PRESENCE HAD MADE ME COME TO HATE.
BUT NOW, I GROW TIRED. I REMEMBER WELL THE COUNT'S WARNING ABOUT FALLING ASLEEP IN THIS PART OF THE CASTLE, BUT TAKE PLEASURE IN DISOBEYING IT.
I SHALL REPLACE THIS JOURNAL IN THE POCKET OF MY COAT, WHICH I HAVE REMOVED IN THE NAME OF COMFORT.
THEN, SINCE THE YELLOW MOONLIGHT SOOTHES, AND THE GREAT OLD COUCH IS SOFT...
...I'LL REST A WHILE.

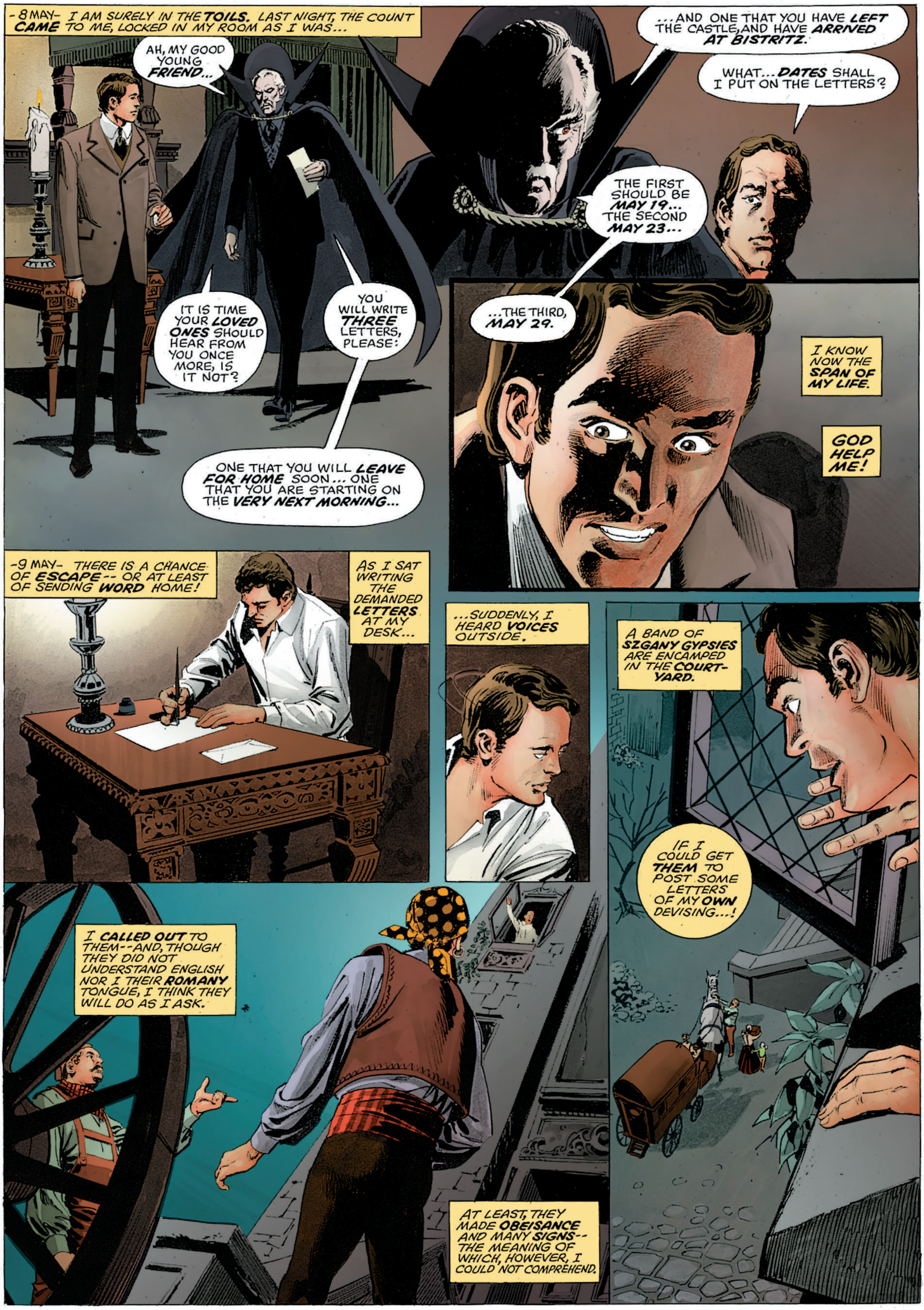

Later: the morning of 6 MAY--
GOD PRESERVE MY SANITY, FOR TO IT ALONE AM I REDUCED. MERCIFUL HEAVEN, LET ME BE CALM, THAT I MAY WRITE IT DOWN:
SUDDENLY, I WAS NOT ALONE IN THE ROOM.
IN THE FLOOD OF MOONLIGHT NEAR ME, I BEHELD THREE YOUNG WOMEN...
...LADIES, BY THEIR DRESS AND MANNER.
I THOUGHT AT FIRST I MUST BE DREAMING, FOR THOUGH THEY STOOD IN THE LIGHT, THEY THREW NO SHADOWS ON THE FLOOR.
I LAY STILL, AND DID NOT MOVE... HEARING THEIR WHISPERS AS IF THROUGH A CURTAIN OF SLEEP, AND YET NO SLEEP...
...GO ON! YOU ARE FIRST, AND WE SHALL FOLLOW.
YOURS IS THE RIGHT TO BEGIN.
HE IS YOUNG AND STRONG; THERE ARE KISSES FOR US ALL.
YES...
TWO OF THE WOMEN WERE DARK, WITH GREAT BLACK PIERCING EYES... THE OTHER WAS FAIR, AS FAIR AS CAN BE... WITH GOLDEN HAIR, AND EYES LIKE DARK SAPPHIRES.
I SEEMED TO KNOW THE FAIR ONE'S FACE, AND TO KNOW IT IN CONNECTION WITH SOME DREAMY FEAR; BUT I COULD NOT RECOLLECT AT THE MOMENT HOW OR WHERE.
ALL THREE HAD BRILLIANT WHITE TEETH, THAT SHONE LIKE PEARLS AGAINST THE RUBY OF THEIR VOLUPTUOUS LIPS.
I LAY QUIET, AS THE FAIR GIRL ADVANCED TOWARD ME.
IT IS NOT GOOD TO NOTE THIS DOWN, LEST SOME DAY IT SHOULD MEET MINA'S EYES AND CAUSE HER PAIN, BUT IT IS THE TRUTH:
I FELT IN MY HEART A WICKED, BURNING DESIRE THAT THEY SHOULD KISS ME WITH THOSE RED, FULL LIPS.

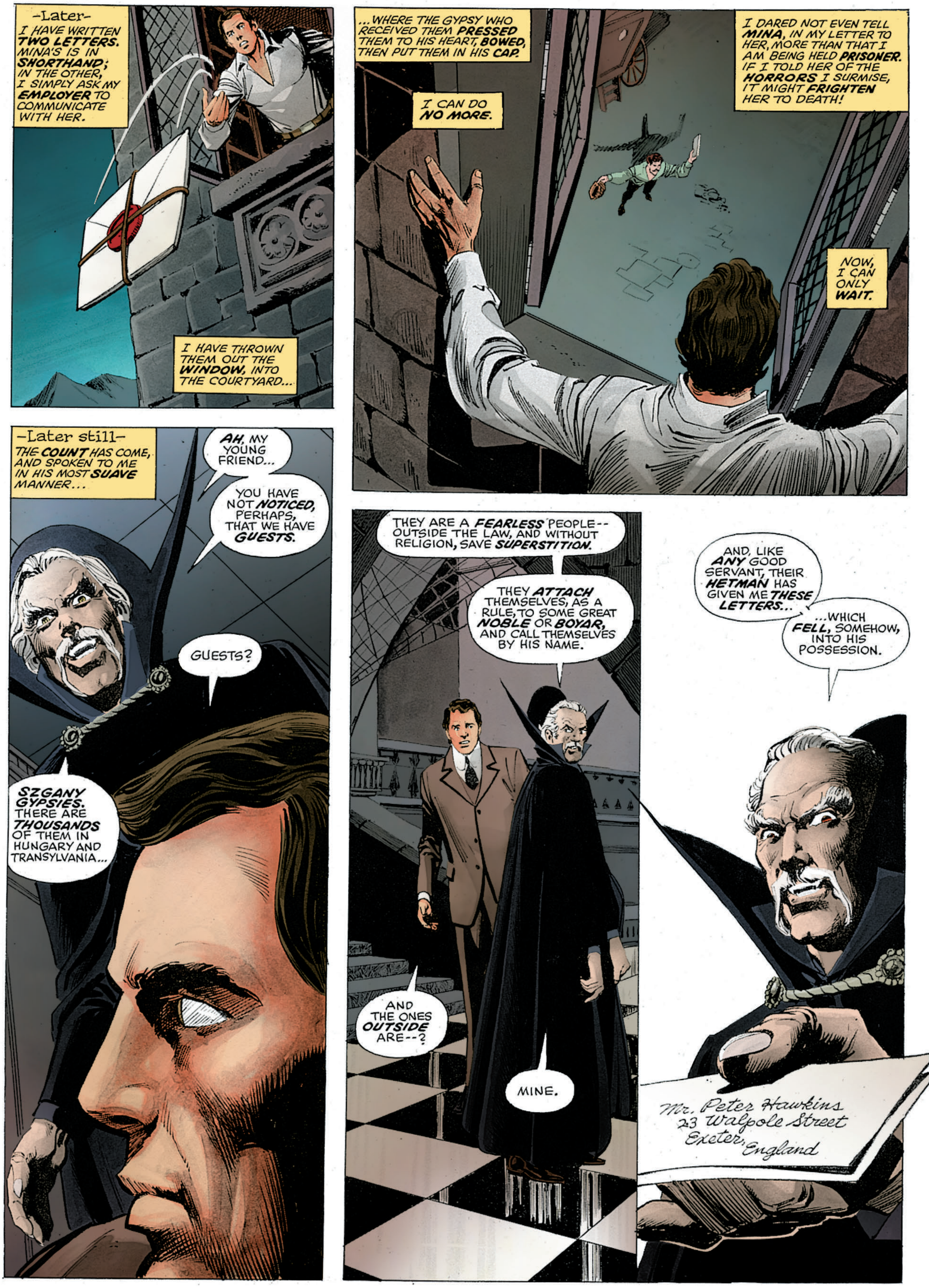

SWEET WAS THE FAIR ONE'S BREATH AS SHE LEANED OVER ME...
...SWEET, BUT WITH A BITTER SCENT BENEATH THE SWEET...
...AS ONE SMELLS IN BLOOD.
AT LAST, SHE WENT DOWN ON HER KNEES, WITH A DELIBERATE VOLUPTUOUSNESS WHICH WAS BOTH THRILLING AND REPULSIVE.
I LAY STILL, AFRAID TO RAISE MY EYELIDS... YET I SAW IT ALL, FELT IT ALL:
HER RED TONGUE, AS SHE LICKED HER LIPS LIKE AN ANIMAL...
HER HEAD, BENDING LOWER...
HER LIPS, LIGHTLY BRUSHING MY OWN...
...THEN MOVING DOWN...
...TILL I FELT HER HOT BREATH ON MY THROAT.
THEN THE SKIN OF MY NECK BEGAN TO TINGLE, AS ONE'S FLESH DOES WHEN THE HAND THAT IS TO STROKE IT APPROACHES NEARER... NEARER...
I COULD FEEL THE SOFT, SHIVERING TOUCH OF HER LIPS, ON MY THROAT... THE HARD DENTS OF TWO SHARP TEETH, JUST TOUCHING AND PAUSING THERE.
I CLOSED MY EYES IN LANGUOROUS ECSTASY, AND WAITED... WAITED WITH BEATING HEART...

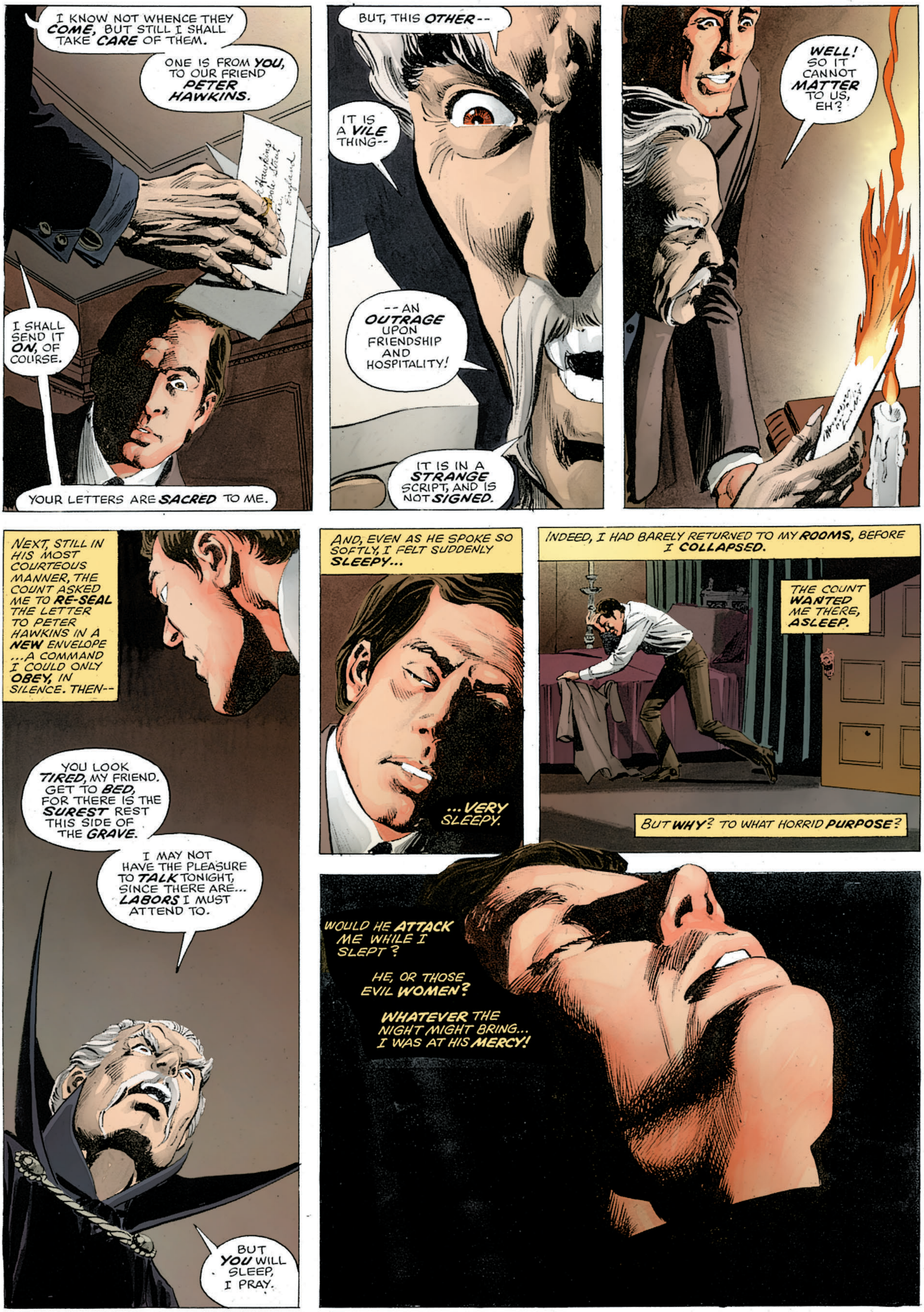

BUT, AT THAT INSTANT, A STRONG **HAND** GRASPED THE FAIR WOMAN'S SLENDER **NECK**...
...DREW IT **BACK**, AS HER BLUE EYES WERE TRANSFORMED WITH **FURY** AND HER WHITE TEETH CHAMPED WITH **RAGE**...
...DREW IT BACK WITH A **GIANT'S POWER**, TILL I BEHELD THE FACE OF...
...**COUNT DRACULA!**
HOW DARE YOU??
HOW DARE YOU **TOUCH** HIM--**ANY** OF YOU?
WE--WE ONLY **MEANT** TO--
I **KNOW** WHAT YOU MEANT TO DO.
HOW DARE YOU EVEN **CAST EYES** ON HIM, WHEN I HAD **FORBIDDEN** IT?
BACK, I TELL YOU ALL!
THIS MAN BELONGS TO ME!
WITH A FIERCE SWEEP OF HIS ARM, HE **HURLED** THE WOMAN FROM HIM...
...EVEN AS HE SPOKE IN A **WHISPER** WHICH SEEMED TO BELIE HIS WRATHFUL **EYES**, WHICH BURNED AS IF THE FLAMES OF **HELL-FIRE** BLAZED BEHIND THEM:
BEWARE HOW YOU **MEDDLE** WITH THIS MAN--OR YOU'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH **ME!**
BUT, THE FAIR GIRL, WITH A LAUGH OF RIBALD COQUETRY, ANSWERED HIM **BACK**:
YOU YOURSELF **NEVER** LOVED.
YOU NEVER LOVE!
ON THIS THE OTHER WOMEN **JOINED IN**...


...AND SUCH A MIRTHLESS, HARD, SOULLESS **LAUGHTER** RANG THROUGH THE ROOM THAT IT ALMOST MADE ME **FAINT** TO HEAR.
IT SEEMED LIKE THE PLEASURE OF **FIENDS**.
YOU NEVER LOVE... YOU NEVER LOVE... **YOU NEVER LOVE...!**
YES, I TOO **CAN** LOVE.
YOU **YOURSELVES** CAN TELL IT FROM THE **PAST**, IS IT NOT SO?
I **PROMISE** YOU THAT WHEN I AM **DONE** WITH HIM, YOU SHALL KISS HIM AT YOUR **WILL**.
NOW GO-- **GO!**
I MUST **AWAKEN** HIM, FOR THERE IS **WORK** TO BE DONE!
AND WHAT OF **US**?
ARE WE TO HAVE **NOTHING** TONIGHT?
AS THE WOMAN SAID IT, SHE LOOKED TOWARD A **BAG** WHICH THE COUNT HAD THROWN UPON THE FLOOR IN ENTERING.
FOR ANSWER, DRACULA **NODDED**...
AND, AS HE DID SO, THE BAG **MOVED**...
...AS IF THERE WERE SOME **LIVING THING** IN IT.
THE WOMEN **CLOSED 'ROUND**, WHILE I LAY **AGHAST**.
IF MY EARS DID NOT DECEIVE ME, THERE WAS A **GASP** AND A LOW **WAIL**...
...AS OF A HALF-SMOTHERED **CHILD**.
THEN, THE **HORROR** OF IT ALL **OVERCAME** ME--
--AND I SANK INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS!


I AWOKE IN MY OWN BED.
IF IT BE NOT THAT I DREAMT, THEN THE COUNT HIMSELF MUST HAVE CARRIED ME HERE.
YET, THIS ROOM, WHICH HAS BEEN SO FULL OF FEAR, NOW SEEMS ALMOST A SORT OF SANCTUARY; FOR, NOTHING CAN BE MORE DREADFUL THAN THOSE WOMEN...
...THOSE AWFUL WOMEN WHO WERE-- WHO ARE-- WAITING TO SUCK MY BLOOD!
WITH A START, I SUDDENLY REALIZED MY COAT AND WATCH WERE LAID BY, IN A MANNER NOT MY OWN.
THANK HEAVEN THE COUNT, IN HIS HURRY, OVERLOOKED THIS JOURNAL IN MY POCKET...
...OR I FEEL QUITE CERTAIN HE WOULD HAVE DESTROYED IT.
IT WAS DAYLIGHT NOW, AND I FELT SOMEHOW... SAFER.
SO I WENT DOWN TO LOOK AT THAT ROOM AGAIN IN SUNLIGHT, FOR I MUST KNOW THE TRUTH.
YET, I KNEW THE OUTCOME, I THINK, EVEN BEFORE I TRIED THE DOOR:
IT WAS SECURELY FASTENED THIS TIME-- FROM THE INSIDE.
IT WAS NO DREAM, THEN.
WHAT HAS THE COUNT IN STORE FOR ME, WHO AM HIS HELPLESS PRISONER?
AND HOW LONG BEFORE HE KEEPS HIS PROMISE TO THOSE LOATHSOME WOMEN...?

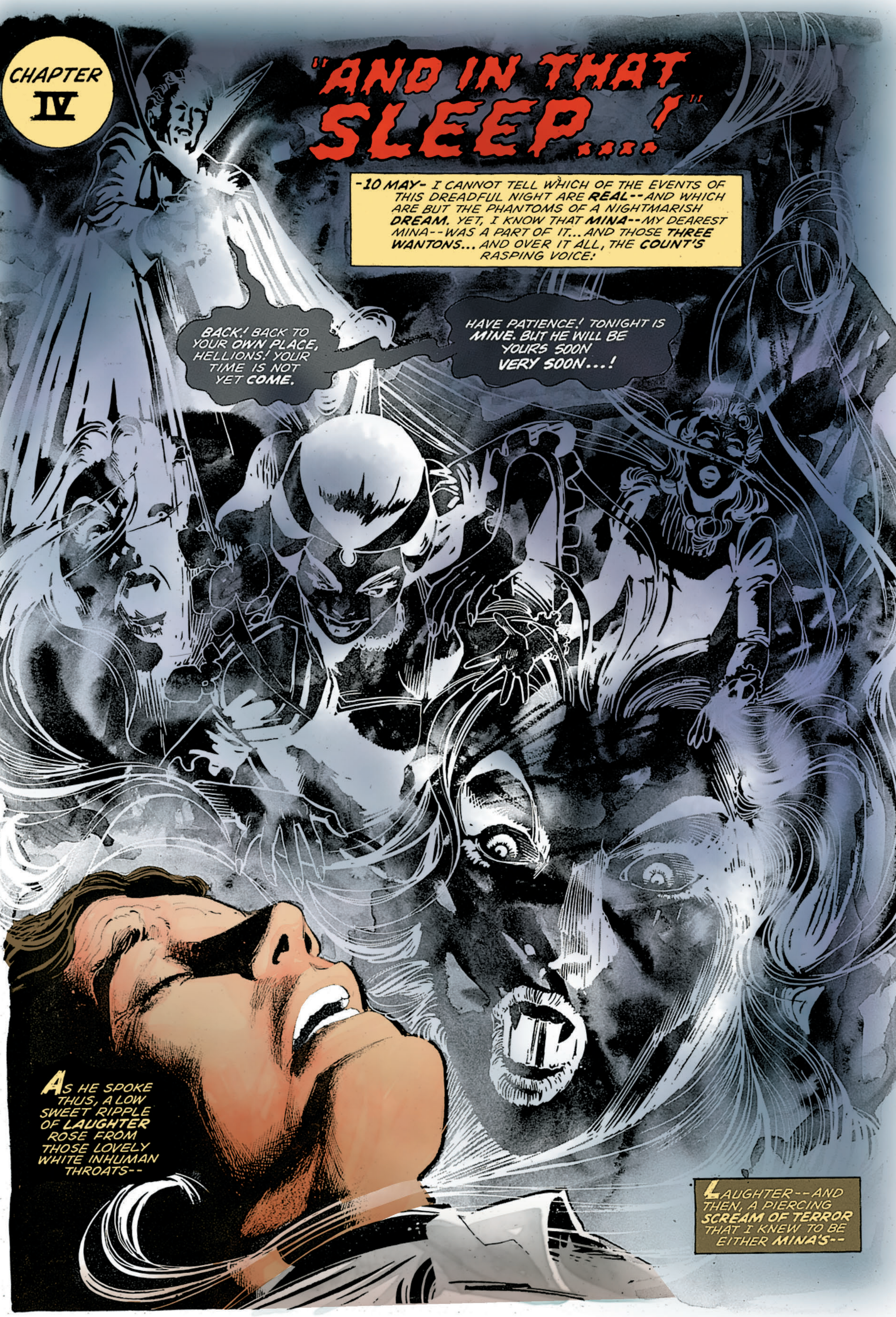

-8 MAY- I AM SURELY IN THE TOILS. LAST NIGHT, THE COUNT CAME TO ME, LOCKED IN MY ROOM AS I WAS...
AH, MY GOOD YOUNG FRIEND...
IT IS TIME YOUR LOVED ONES SHOULD HEAR FROM YOU ONCE MORE, IS IT NOT?
YOU WILL WRITE THREE LETTERS, PLEASE:
ONE THAT YOU WILL LEAVE FOR HOME SOON... ONE THAT YOU ARE STARTING ON THE VERY NEXT MORNING...
...AND ONE THAT YOU HAVE LEFT THE CASTLE, AND HAVE ARRIVED AT BISTRITZ.
WHAT... DATES SHALL I PUT ON THE LETTERS?
THE FIRST SHOULD BE MAY 19... THE SECOND MAY 23...
...THE THIRD, MAY 29.
I KNOW NOW THE SPAN OF MY LIFE.
GOD HELP ME!
-9 MAY- THERE IS A CHANCE OF ESCAPE -- OR AT LEAST OF SENDING WORD HOME!
AS I SAT WRITING THE DEMANDED LETTERS AT MY DESK...
...SUDDENLY, I HEARD VOICES OUTSIDE.
A BAND OF SZGANY GYPSIES ARE ENCAMPED IN THE COURTYARD.
IF I COULD GET THEM TO POST SOME LETTERS OF MY OWN DEVISING...!
I CALLED OUT TO THEM--AND, THOUGH THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND ENGLISH NOR I THEIR ROMANY TONGUE, I THINK THEY WILL DO AS I ASK.
AT LEAST, THEY MADE OBEISANCE AND MANY SIGNS--THE MEANING OF WHICH, HOWEVER, I COULD NOT COMPREHEND.

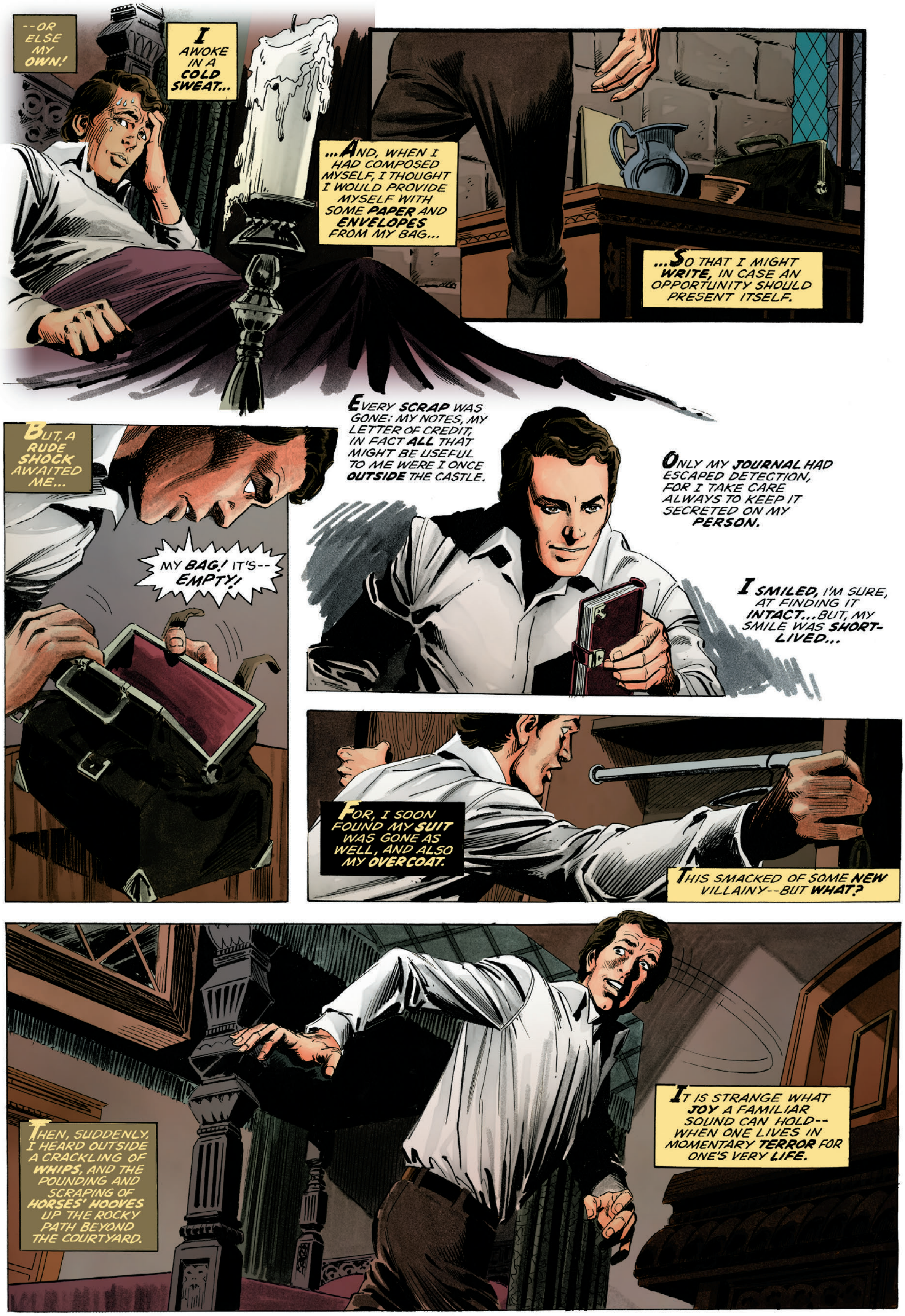

-Later-
I HAVE WRITTEN **TWO LETTERS.** MINA'S IS IN **SHORTHAND;** IN THE OTHER, I SIMPLY ASK MY **EMPLOYER** TO COMMUNICATE WITH HER.
I HAVE THROWN THEM OUT THE **WINDOW,** INTO THE COURTYARD...
...WHERE THE GYPSY WHO RECEIVED THEM **PRESSED** THEM TO HIS HEART, **BOWED,** THEN PUT THEM IN HIS **CAP.**
I CAN DO **NO MORE.**
I DARED NOT EVEN TELL **MINA,** IN MY LETTER TO HER, MORE THAN THAT I AM BEING HELD **PRISONER.** IF I TOLD HER OF THE **HORRORS** I SURMISE, IT MIGHT **FRIGHTEN** HER TO DEATH!
NOW, I CAN ONLY **WAIT.**
-Later still-
THE **COUNT** HAS COME, AND SPOKEN TO ME IN HIS MOST **SUAVE** MANNER...
AH, MY YOUNG FRIEND...
YOU HAVE NOT **NOTICED,** PERHAPS, THAT WE HAVE **GUESTS.**
GUESTS?
SZGANY GYPSIES. THERE ARE **THOUSANDS** OF THEM IN HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA...
THEY ARE A **FEARLESS** PEOPLE-- OUTSIDE THE LAW, AND WITHOUT RELIGION, SAVE **SUPERSTITION.**
THEY **ATTACH** THEMSELVES, AS A RULE, TO SOME GREAT **NOBLE** OR **BOYAR,** AND CALL THEMSELVES BY HIS NAME.
AND THE ONES **OUTSIDE** ARE--?
MINE.
AND, LIKE **ANY** GOOD SERVANT, THEIR **HETMAN** HAS GIVEN ME **THESE LETTERS...**
...WHICH **FELL,** SOMEHOW, INTO HIS POSSESSION.
Mr. Peter Hawkins
23 Walpole Street
Exeter, England

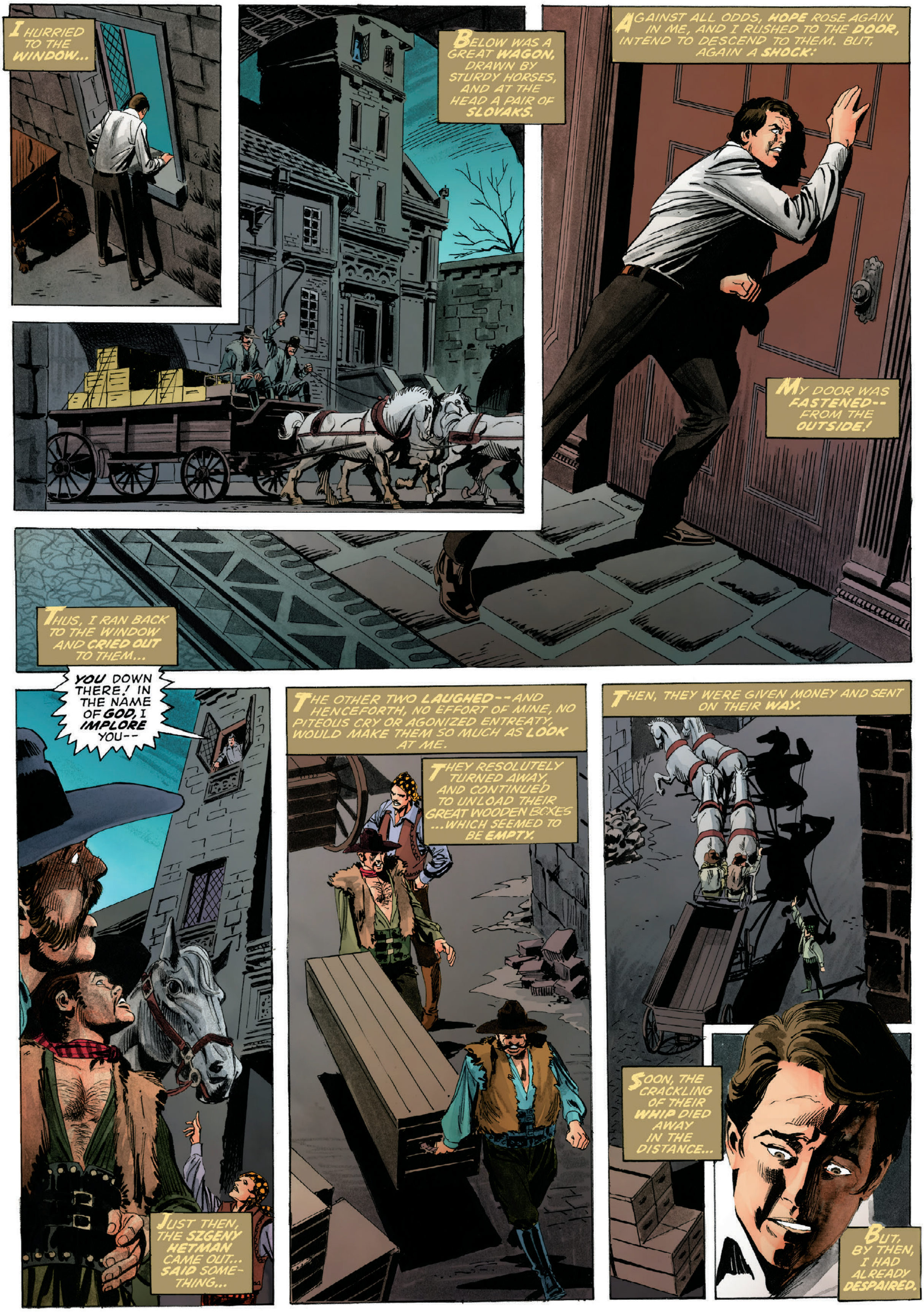

I KNOW NOT WHENCE THEY **COME**, BUT STILL I SHALL TAKE **CARE** OF THEM.
ONE IS FROM **YOU**, TO OUR FRIEND **PETER HAWKINS**.
I SHALL SEND IT **ON**, OF COURSE.
YOUR LETTERS ARE **SACRED** TO ME.
BUT, THIS **OTHER**--
IT IS A **VILE** THING--
--AN **OUTRAGE** UPON FRIENDSHIP AND HOSPITALITY!
IT IS IN A **STRANGE** SCRIPT, AND IS NOT **SIGNED**.
WELL! SO IT CANNOT **MATTER** TO US, EH?
*NEXT, STILL IN HIS MOST COURTEOUS MANNER, THE COUNT ASKED ME TO **RE-SEAL** THE LETTER TO PETER HAWKINS IN A **NEW** ENVELOPE ...A COMMAND I COULD ONLY **OBEY,** IN SILENCE. THEN--*
YOU LOOK **TIRED**, MY FRIEND. GET TO **BED**, FOR THERE IS THE **SUREST** REST THIS SIDE OF THE **GRAVE**.
I MAY NOT HAVE THE PLEASURE TO **TALK** TONIGHT, SINCE THERE ARE... **LABORS** I MUST ATTEND TO.
BUT **YOU** WILL SLEEP, I PRAY.
*AND, EVEN AS HE SPOKE SO SOFTLY, I FELT SUDDENLY **SLEEPY...***
*...**VERY SLEEPY.***
*INDEED, I HAD BARELY RETURNED TO MY **ROOMS**, BEFORE I **COLLAPSED**.*
*THE COUNT **WANTED** ME THERE, **ASLEEP**.*
*BUT **WHY**? TO WHAT HORRID **PURPOSE**?*
*WOULD HE **ATTACK** ME WHILE I SLEPT?*
*HE, OR THOSE EVIL **WOMEN**?*
***WHATEVER** THE NIGHT MIGHT BRING... I WAS AT HIS **MERCY**!*

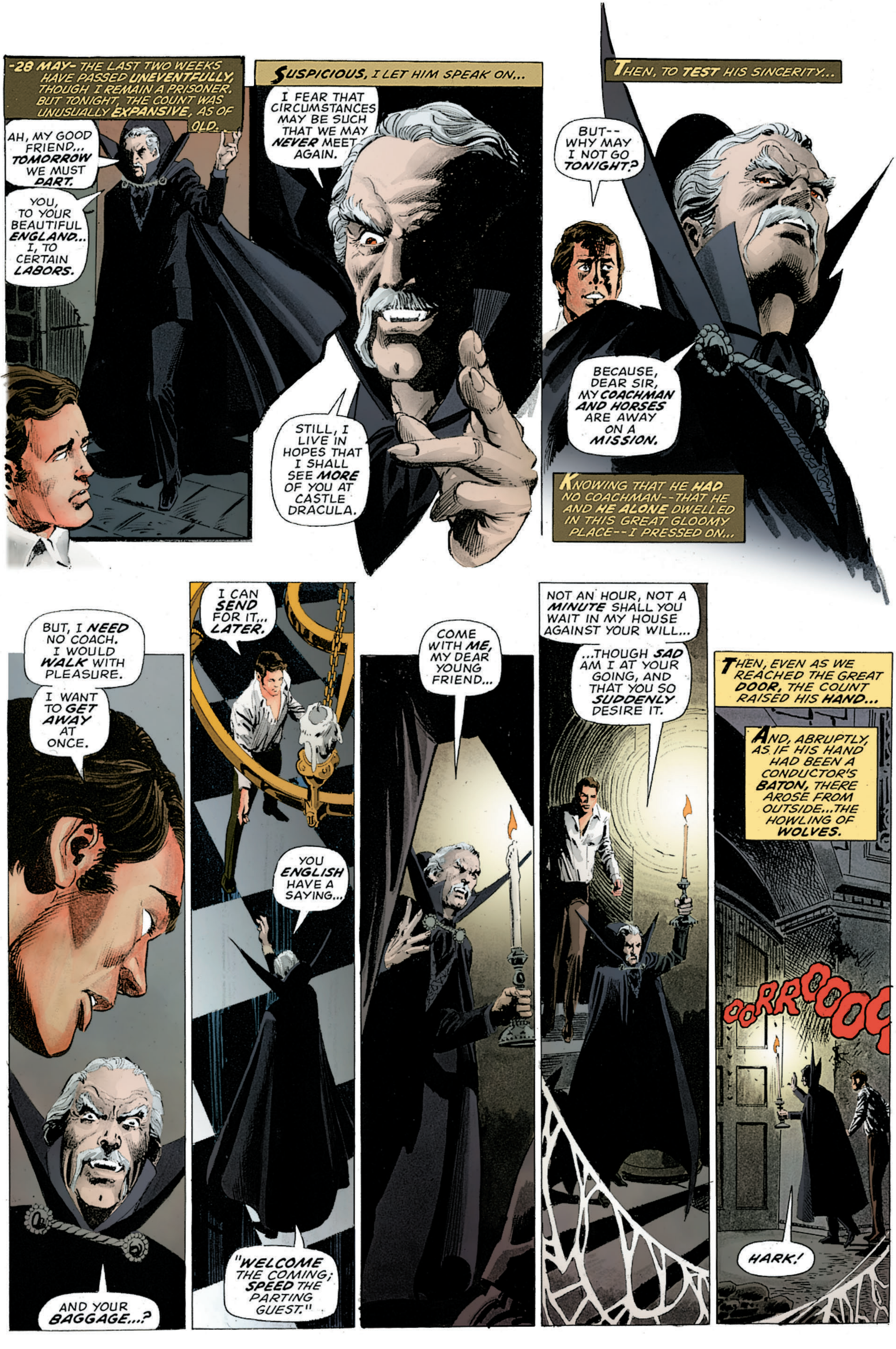
CHAPTER IV

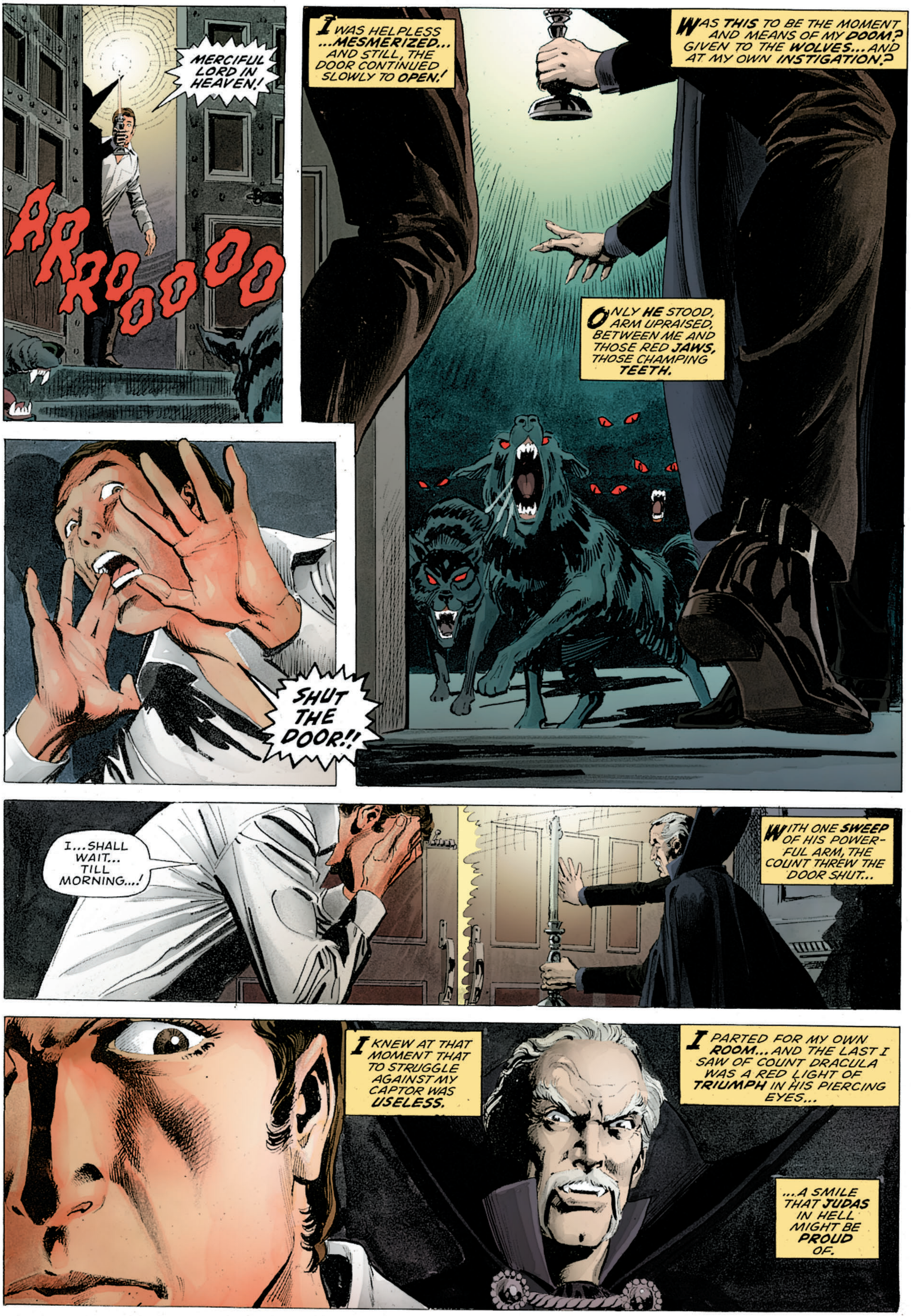
"AND IN THAT SLEEP....!"

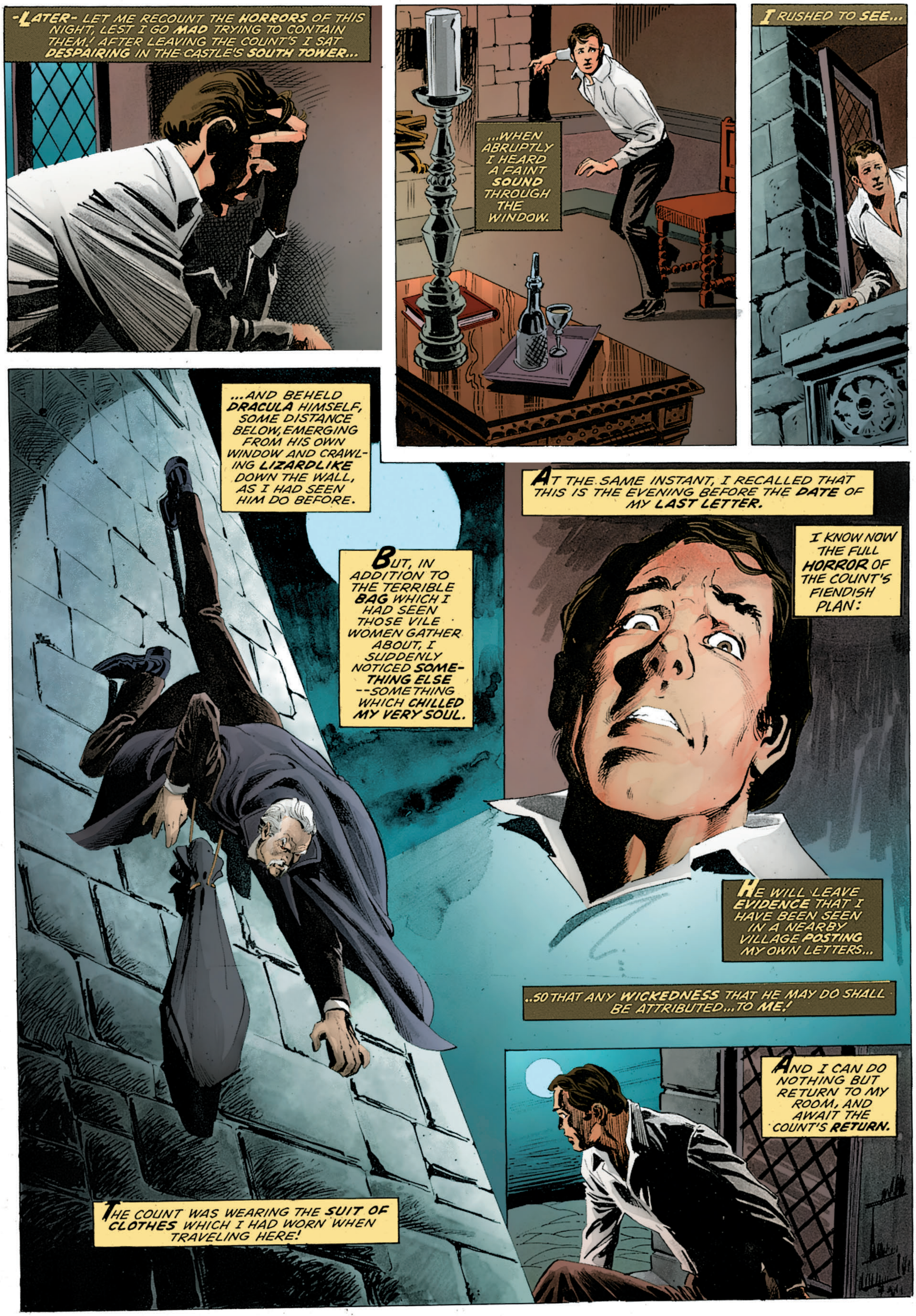

-10 MAY- I CANNOT TELL WHICH OF THE EVENTS OF THIS DREADFUL NIGHT ARE **REAL**--AND WHICH ARE BUT THE PHANTOMS OF A NIGHTMARISH **DREAM**. YET, I KNOW THAT **MINA**--MY DEAREST MINA--WAS A PART OF IT... AND THOSE **THREE WANTONS**... AND OVER IT ALL, THE **COUNT'S** RASPING VOICE:
BACK! BACK TO YOUR **OWN PLACE**, HELLIONS! YOUR TIME IS NOT YET **COME**.
HAVE PATIENCE! TONIGHT IS **MINE**. BUT HE WILL BE YOURS SOON **VERY SOON...!**
AS HE SPOKE THUS, A LOW SWEET RIPPLE OF **LAUGHTER** ROSE FROM THOSE LOVELY WHITE INHUMAN THROATS--
LAUGHTER--AND THEN, A PIERCING **SCREAM OF TERROR** THAT I KNEW TO BE EITHER **MINA'S**--

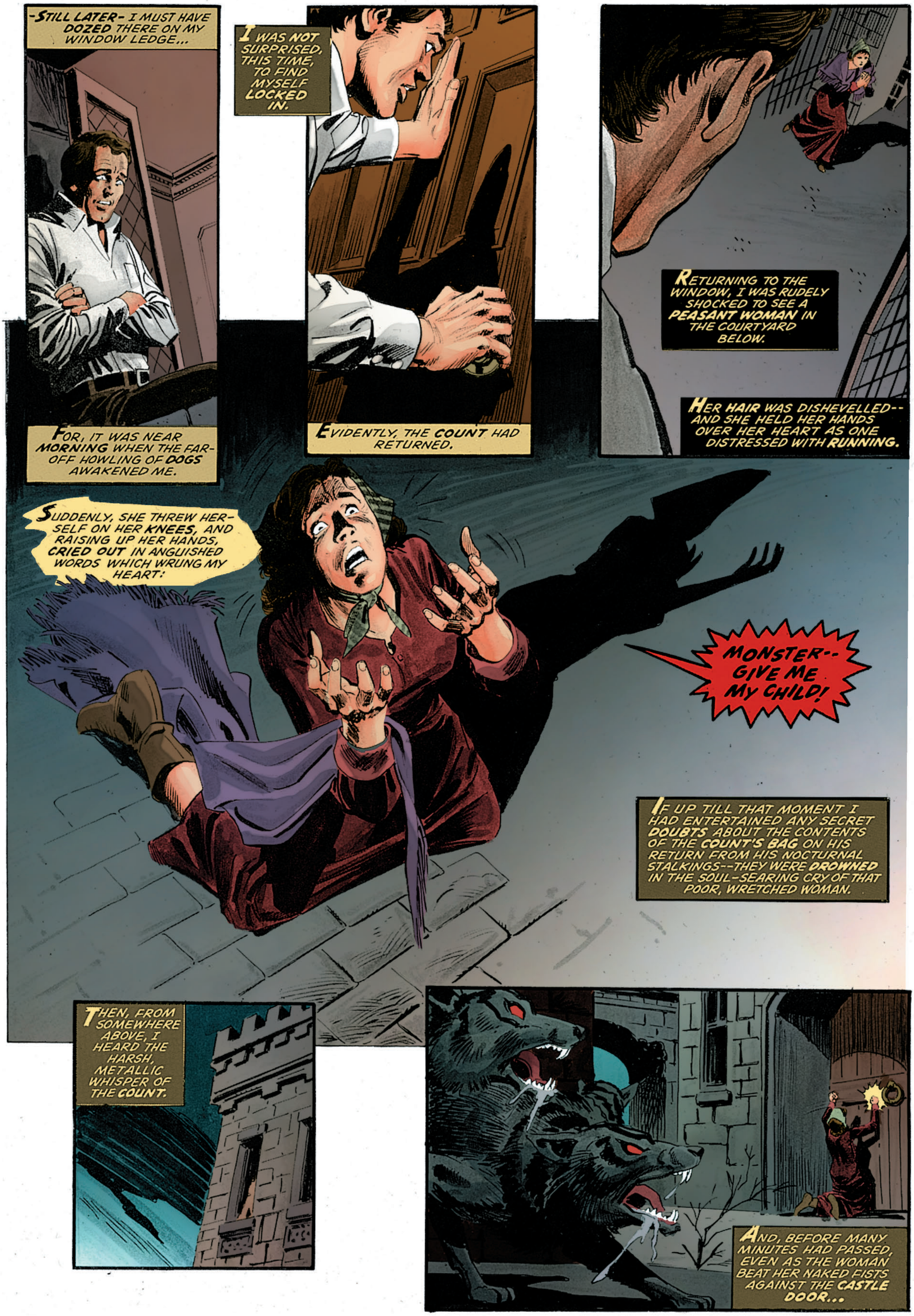

--OR ELSE MY OWN!
I AWOKE IN A COLD SWEAT...
...AND, WHEN I HAD COMPOSED MYSELF, I THOUGHT I WOULD PROVIDE MYSELF WITH SOME PAPER AND ENVELOPES FROM MY BAG...
...SO THAT I MIGHT WRITE, IN CASE AN OPPORTUNITY SHOULD PRESENT ITSELF.
BUT, A RUDE SHOCK AWAITED ME...
MY BAG! IT'S--EMPTY!
EVERY SCRAP WAS GONE: MY NOTES, MY LETTER OF CREDIT, IN FACT ALL THAT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO ME WERE I ONCE OUTSIDE THE CASTLE.
ONLY MY JOURNAL HAD ESCAPED DETECTION, FOR I TAKE CARE ALWAYS TO KEEP IT SECRETED ON MY PERSON.
I SMILED, I'M SURE, AT FINDING IT INTACT...BUT, MY SMILE WAS SHORT-LIVED...
FOR, I SOON FOUND MY SUIT WAS GONE AS WELL, AND ALSO MY OVERCOAT.
THIS SMACKED OF SOME NEW VILLAINY--BUT WHAT?
THEN, SUDDENLY, I HEARD OUTSIDE A CRACKLING OF WHIPS, AND THE POUNDING AND SCRAPING OF HORSES' HOOVES UP THE ROCKY PATH BEYOND THE COURTYARD.
IT IS STRANGE WHAT JOY A FAMILIAR SOUND CAN HOLD-- WHEN ONE LIVES IN MOMENTARY TERROR FOR ONE'S VERY LIFE.

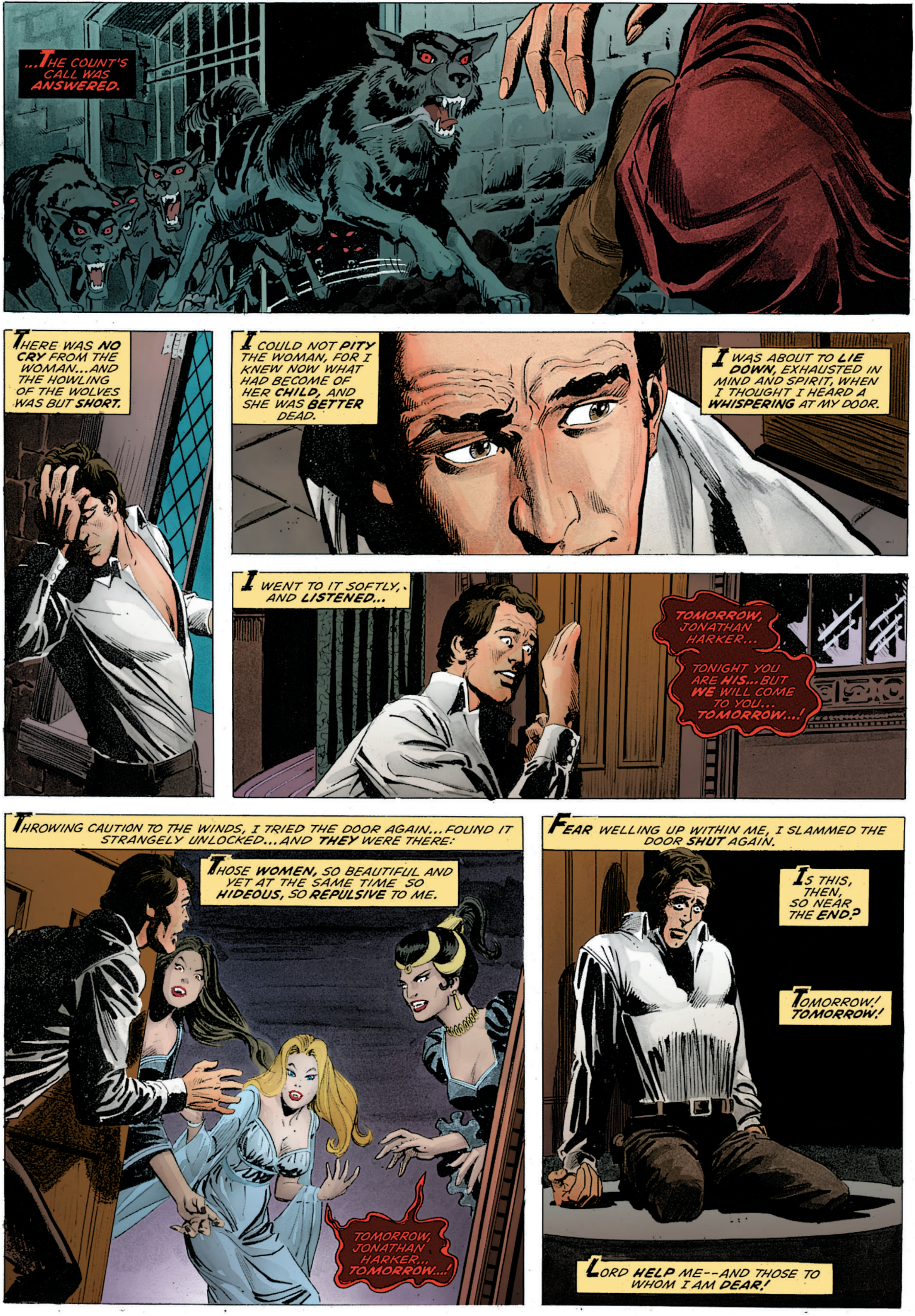

I HURRIED TO THE WINDOW...
BELOW WAS A GREAT WAGON, DRAWN BY STURDY HORSES, AND AT THE HEAD A PAIR OF SLOVAKS.
AGAINST ALL ODDS, HOPE ROSE AGAIN IN ME, AND I RUSHED TO THE DOOR, INTEND TO DESCEND TO THEM. BUT, AGAIN A SHOCK:
MY DOOR WAS FASTENED-- FROM THE OUTSIDE!
THUS, I RAN BACK TO THE WINDOW AND CRIED OUT TO THEM...
YOU DOWN THERE! IN THE NAME OF GOD, I IMPLORE YOU--
JUST THEN, THE SZGENY HETMAN CAME OUT... SAID SOMETHING...
THE OTHER TWO LAUGHED--AND HENCEFORTH, NO EFFORT OF MINE, NO PITEOUS CRY OR AGONIZED ENTREATY, WOULD MAKE THEM SO MUCH AS LOOK AT ME.
THEY RESOLUTELY TURNED AWAY, AND CONTINUED TO UNLOAD THEIR GREAT WOODEN BOXES ...WHICH SEEMED TO BE EMPTY.
THEN, THEY WERE GIVEN MONEY AND SENT ON THEIR WAY.
SOON, THE CRACKLING OF THEIR WHIP DIED AWAY IN THE DISTANCE...
BUT, BY THEN, I HAD ALREADY DESPAIRED.

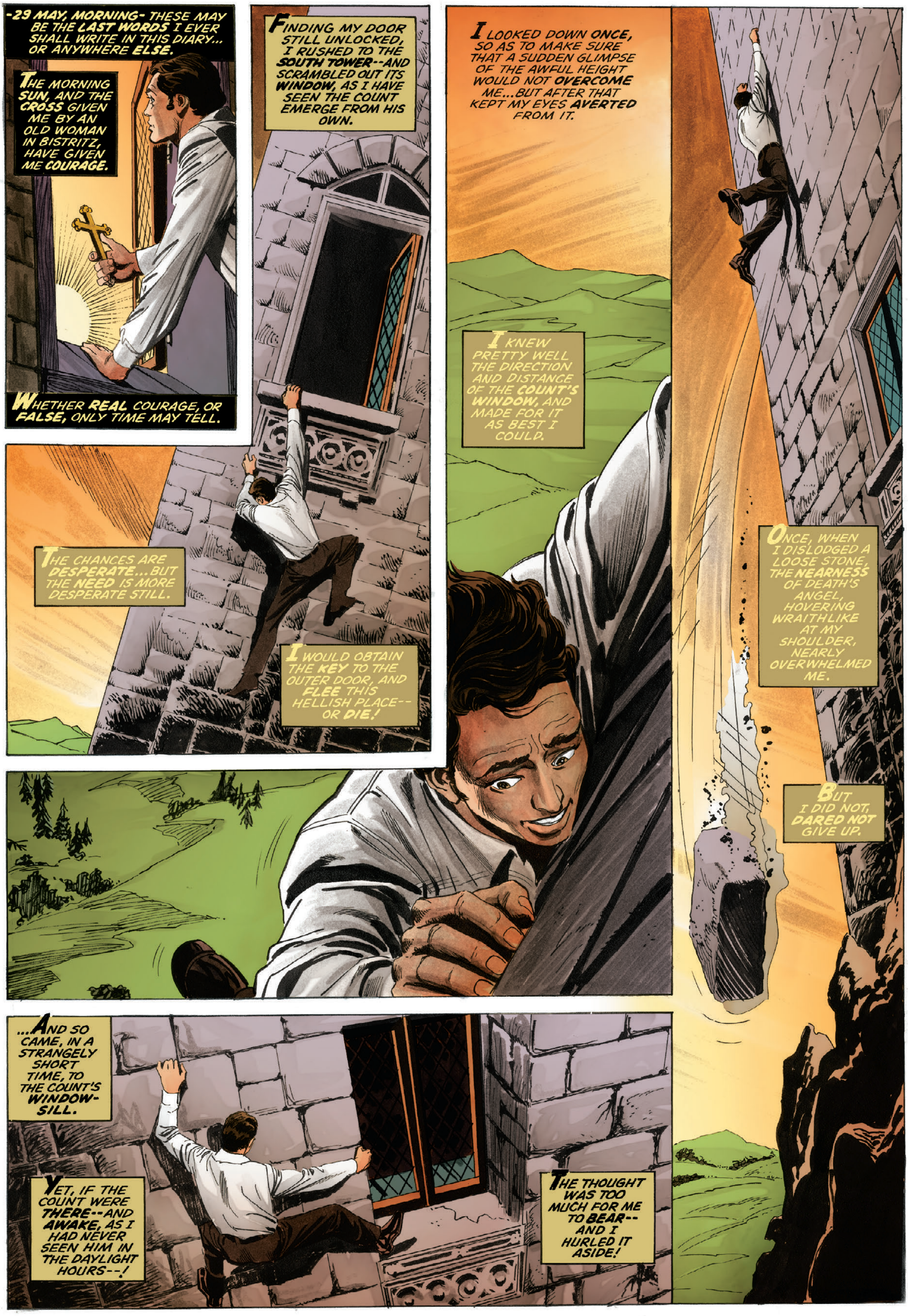

-28 MAY- THE LAST TWO WEEKS HAVE PASSED UNEVENTFULLY, THOUGH I REMAIN A PRISONER. BUT TONIGHT, THE COUNT WAS UNUSUALLY EXPANSIVE, AS OF OLD.
AH, MY GOOD FRIEND... TOMORROW WE MUST PART.
YOU, TO YOUR BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND... I, TO CERTAIN LABORS.
SUSPICIOUS, I LET HIM SPEAK ON...
I FEAR THAT CIRCUMSTANCES MAY BE SUCH THAT WE MAY NEVER MEET AGAIN.
STILL, I LIVE IN HOPES THAT I SHALL SEE MORE OF YOU AT CASTLE DRACULA.
THEN, TO TEST HIS SINCERITY...
BUT-- WHY MAY I NOT GO TONIGHT?
BECAUSE, DEAR SIR, MY COACHMAN AND HORSES ARE AWAY ON A MISSION.
KNOWING THAT HE HAD NO COACHMAN--THAT HE AND HE ALONE DWELLED IN THIS GREAT GLOOMY PLACE--I PRESSED ON...
BUT, I NEED NO COACH. I WOULD WALK WITH PLEASURE.
I WANT TO GET AWAY AT ONCE.
AND YOUR BAGGAGE...?
I CAN SEND FOR IT... LATER.
YOU ENGLISH HAVE A SAYING...
"WELCOME THE COMING; SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."
COME WITH ME, MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND...
NOT AN HOUR, NOT A MINUTE SHALL YOU WAIT IN MY HOUSE AGAINST YOUR WILL...
...THOUGH SAD AM I AT YOUR GOING, AND THAT YOU SO SUDDENLY DESIRE IT.
THEN, EVEN AS WE REACHED THE GREAT DOOR, THE COUNT RAISED HIS HAND...
AND, ABRUPTLY, AS IF HIS HAND HAD BEEN A CONDUCTOR'S BATON, THERE AROSE FROM OUTSIDE...THE HOWLING OF WOLVES.
OORRROOOO
HARK!

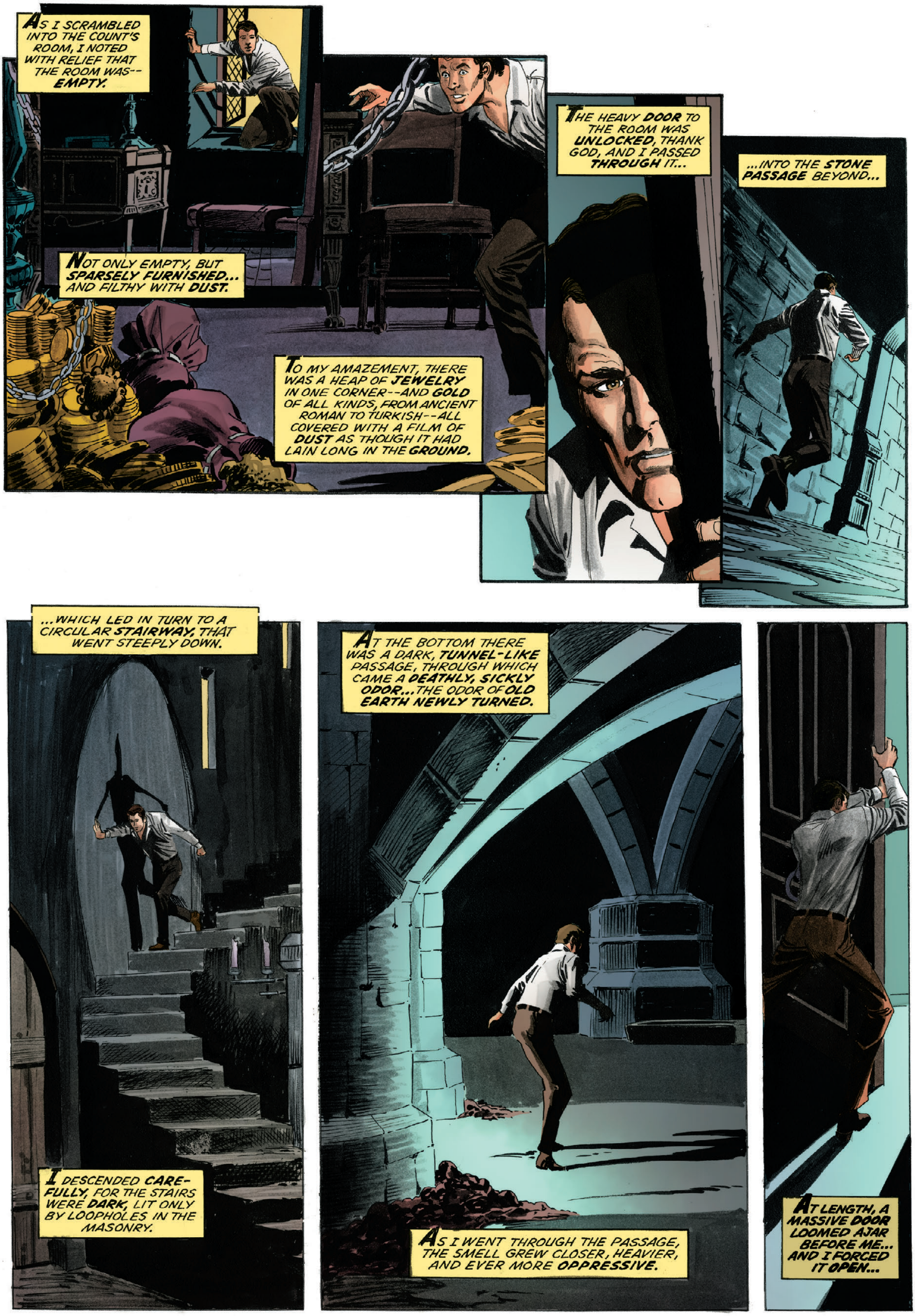

MERCIFUL LORD IN HEAVEN!
ARROOOOOO
I WAS HELPLESS ...MESMERIZED... AND STILL, THE DOOR CONTINUED SLOWLY TO OPEN!
WAS THIS TO BE THE MOMENT AND MEANS OF MY DOOM? GIVEN TO THE WOLVES... AND AT MY OWN INSTIGATION?
ONLY HE STOOD, ARM UPRAISED, BETWEEN ME AND THOSE RED JAWS, THOSE CHAMPING TEETH.
SHUT THE DOOR!!
I...SHALL WAIT... TILL MORNING...!
WITH ONE SWEEP OF HIS POWERFUL ARM, THE COUNT THREW THE DOOR SHUT...
I KNEW AT THAT MOMENT THAT TO STRUGGLE AGAINST MY CAPTOR WAS USELESS.
I PARTED FOR MY OWN ROOM... AND THE LAST I SAW OF COUNT DRACULA WAS A RED LIGHT OF TRIUMPH IN HIS PIERCING EYES...
...A SMILE THAT JUDAS IN HELL MIGHT BE PROUD OF.

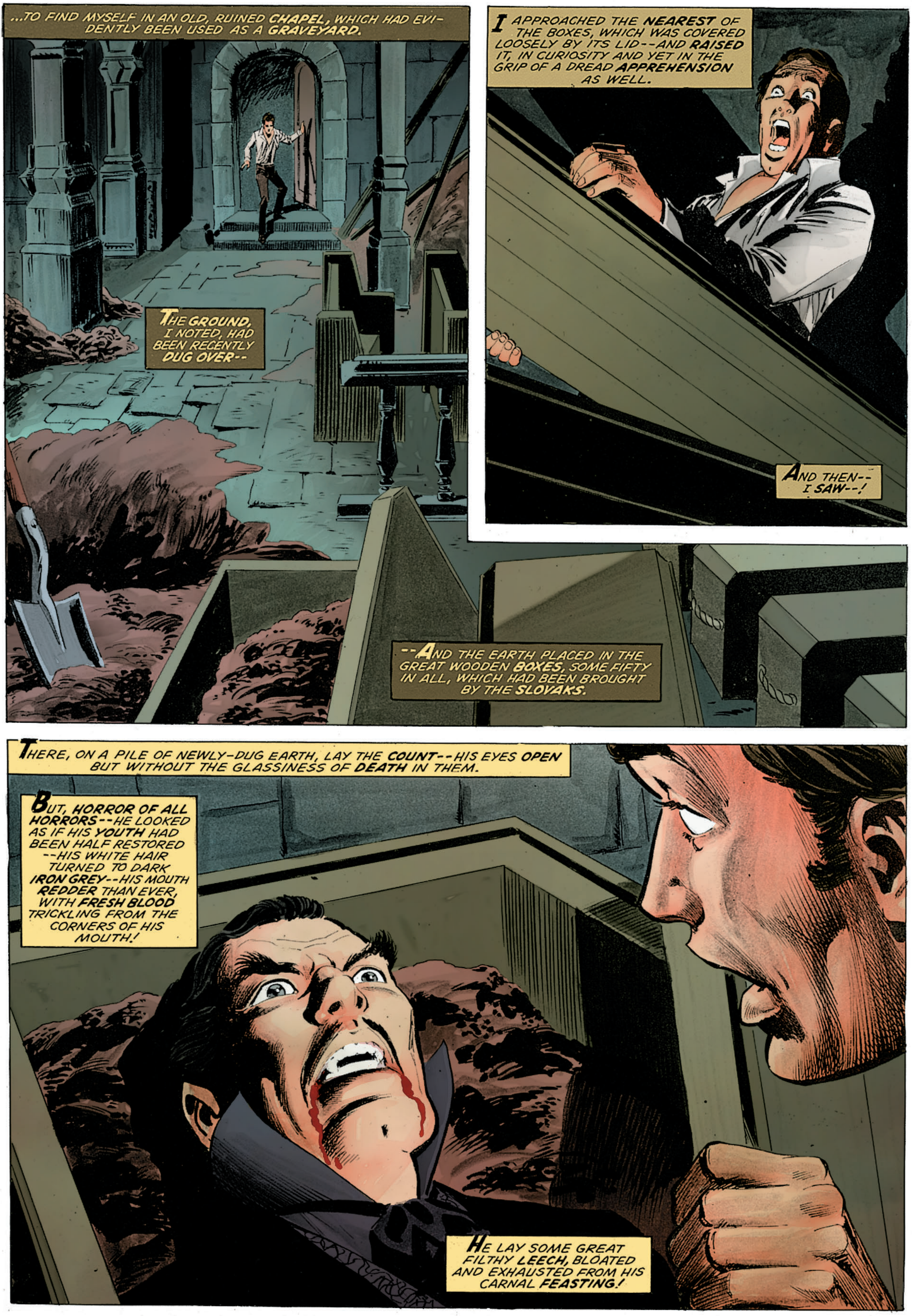

-LATER- LET ME RECOUNT THE HORRORS OF THIS NIGHT, LEST I GO MAD TRYING TO CONTAIN THEM! AFTER LEAVING THE COUNT'S I SAT DESPAIRING IN THE CASTLE'S SOUTH TOWER...
...WHEN ABRUPTLY I HEARD A FAINT SOUND THROUGH THE WINDOW.
I RUSHED TO SEE...
...AND BEHELD DRACULA HIMSELF, SOME DISTANCE BELOW, EMERGING FROM HIS OWN WINDOW AND CRAWLING LIZARDLIKE DOWN THE WALL, AS I HAD SEEN HIM DO BEFORE.
BUT, IN ADDITION TO THE TERRIBLE BAG WHICH I HAD SEEN THOSE VILE WOMEN GATHER ABOUT, I SUDDENLY NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE --SOMETHING WHICH CHILLED MY VERY SOUL.
THE COUNT WAS WEARING THE SUIT OF CLOTHES WHICH I HAD WORN WHEN TRAVELING HERE!
AT THE SAME INSTANT, I RECALLED THAT THIS IS THE EVENING BEFORE THE DATE OF MY LAST LETTER.
I KNOW NOW THE FULL HORROR OF THE COUNT'S FIENDISH PLAN:
HE WILL LEAVE EVIDENCE THAT I HAVE BEEN SEEN IN A NEARBY VILLAGE POSTING MY OWN LETTERS...
...SO THAT ANY WICKEDNESS THAT HE MAY DO SHALL BE ATTRIBUTED...TO ME!
AND I CAN DO NOTHING BUT RETURN TO MY ROOM, AND AWAIT THE COUNT'S RETURN.

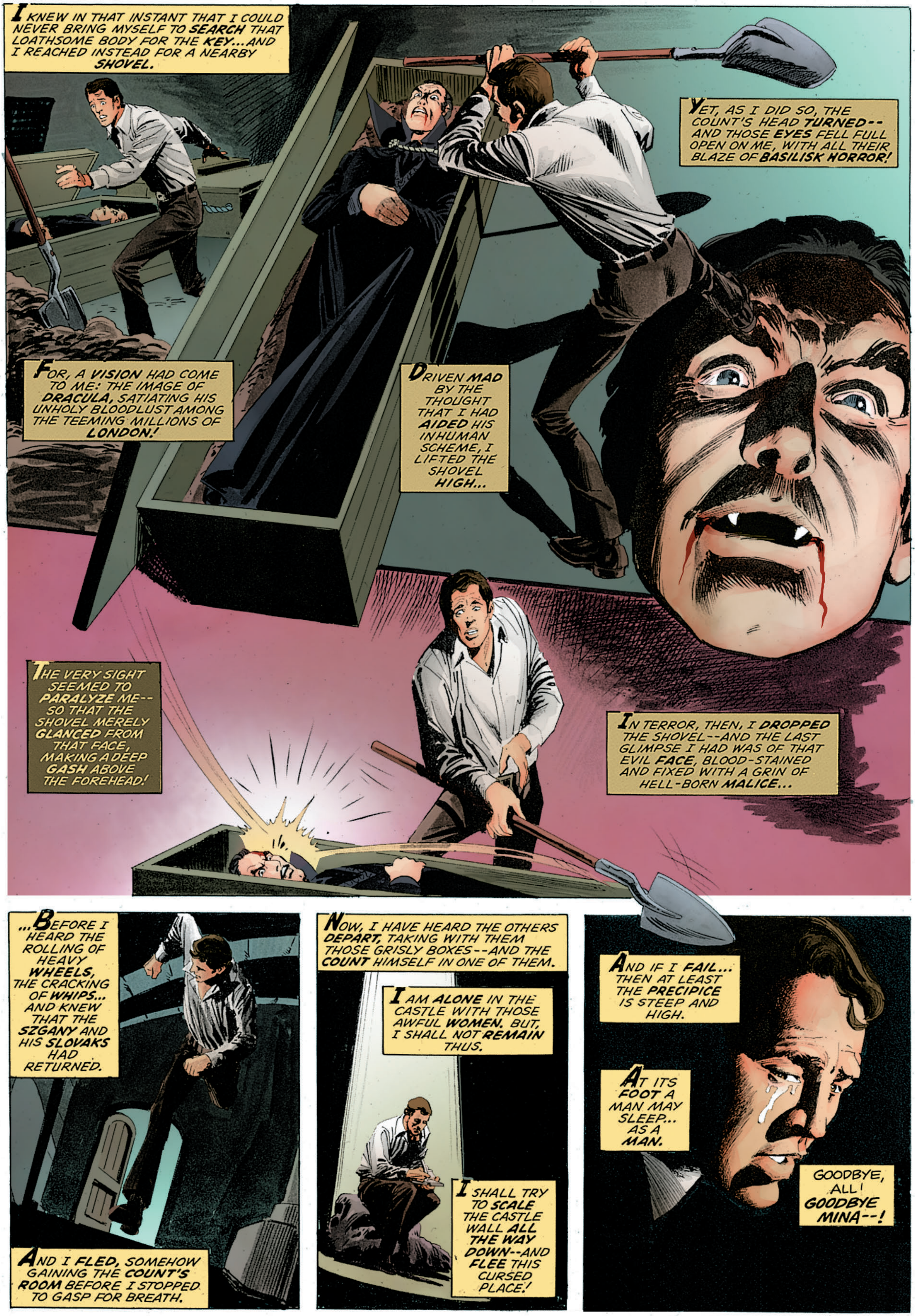

-STILL LATER- I MUST HAVE DOZED THERE ON MY WINDOW LEDGE...
FOR, IT WAS NEAR MORNING WHEN THE FAR-OFF HOWLING OF DOGS AWAKENED ME.
I WAS NOT SURPRISED, THIS TIME, TO FIND MYSELF LOCKED IN.
EVIDENTLY, THE COUNT HAD RETURNED.
RETURNING TO THE WINDOW, I WAS RUDELY SHOCKED TO SEE A PEASANT WOMAN IN THE COURTYARD BELOW.
HER HAIR WAS DISHEVELLED-- AND SHE HELD HER HANDS OVER HER HEART AS ONE DISTRESSED WITH RUNNING.
SUDDENLY, SHE THREW HERSELF ON HER KNEES, AND RAISING UP HER HANDS, CRIED OUT IN ANGUISHED WORDS WHICH WRUNG MY HEART:
MONSTER-- GIVE ME MY CHILD!
IF UP TILL THAT MOMENT I HAD ENTERTAINED ANY SECRET DOUBTS ABOUT THE CONTENTS OF THE COUNT'S BAG ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS NOCTURNAL STALKINGS--THEY WERE DROWNED IN THE SOUL-SEARING CRY OF THAT POOR, WRETCHED WOMAN.
THEN, FROM SOMEWHERE ABOVE, I HEARD THE HARSH, METALLIC WHISPER OF THE COUNT.
AND, BEFORE MANY MINUTES HAD PASSED, EVEN AS THE WOMAN BEAT HER NAKED FISTS AGAINST THE CASTLE DOOR...


...THE COUNT'S CALL WAS ANSWERED.
THERE WAS NO CRY FROM THE WOMAN...AND THE HOWLING OF THE WOLVES WAS BUT SHORT.
I COULD NOT PITY THE WOMAN, FOR I KNEW NOW WHAT HAD BECOME OF HER CHILD, AND SHE WAS BETTER DEAD.
I WAS ABOUT TO LIE DOWN, EXHAUSTED IN MIND AND SPIRIT, WHEN I THOUGHT I HEARD A WHISPERING AT MY DOOR.
I WENT TO IT SOFTLY, AND LISTENED...
TOMORROW, JONATHAN HARKER...
TONIGHT YOU ARE HIS...BUT WE WILL COME TO YOU... TOMORROW...!
THROWING CAUTION TO THE WINDS, I TRIED THE DOOR AGAIN...FOUND IT STRANGELY UNLOCKED...AND THEY WERE THERE:
THOSE WOMEN, SO BEAUTIFUL AND YET AT THE SAME TIME SO HIDEOUS, SO REPULSIVE TO ME.
TOMORROW, JONATHAN HARKER... TOMORROW...!
FEAR WELLING UP WITHIN ME, I SLAMMED THE DOOR SHUT AGAIN.
IS THIS, THEN, SO NEAR THE END?
TOMORROW! TOMORROW!
LORD HELP ME--AND THOSE TO WHOM I AM DEAR!


-29 MAY, MORNING- THESE MAY BE THE LAST WORDS I EVER SHALL WRITE IN THIS DIARY... OR ANYWHERE ELSE.
THE MORNING SUN, AND THE CROSS GIVEN ME BY AN OLD WOMAN IN BISTRITZ, HAVE GIVEN ME COURAGE.
WHETHER REAL COURAGE, OR FALSE, ONLY TIME MAY TELL.
FINDING MY DOOR STILL UNLOCKED, I RUSHED TO THE SOUTH TOWER--AND SCRAMBLED OUT ITS WINDOW, AS I HAVE SEEN THE COUNT EMERGE FROM HIS OWN.
THE CHANCES ARE DESPERATE...BUT THE NEED IS MORE DESPERATE STILL.
I WOULD OBTAIN THE KEY TO THE OUTER DOOR, AND FLEE THIS HELLISH PLACE--OR DIE!
I LOOKED DOWN ONCE, SO AS TO MAKE SURE THAT A SUDDEN GLIMPSE OF THE AWFUL HEIGHT WOULD NOT OVERCOME ME...BUT AFTER THAT KEPT MY EYES AVERTED FROM IT.
I KNEW PRETTY WELL THE DIRECTION AND DISTANCE OF THE COUNT'S WINDOW, AND MADE FOR IT AS BEST I COULD.
ONCE, WHEN I DISLODGED A LOOSE STONE, THE NEARNESS OF DEATH'S ANGEL, HOVERING WRAITHLIKE AT MY SHOULDER, NEARLY OVERWHELMED ME.
BUT I DID NOT, DARED NOT GIVE UP.
...AND SO CAME, IN A STRANGELY SHORT TIME, TO THE COUNT'S WINDOW-SILL.
YET, IF THE COUNT WERE THERE--AND AWAKE, AS I HAD NEVER SEEN HIM IN THE DAYLIGHT HOURS--!
THE THOUGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME TO BEAR--AND I HURLED IT ASIDE!


AS I SCRAMBLED INTO THE COUNT'S ROOM, I NOTED WITH RELIEF THAT THE ROOM WAS-- **EMPTY.**
NOT ONLY EMPTY, BUT **SPARSELY FURNISHED...** AND FILTHY WITH **DUST.**
TO MY AMAZEMENT, THERE WAS A HEAP OF **JEWELRY** IN ONE CORNER--AND **GOLD** OF ALL KINDS, FROM ANCIENT ROMAN TO TURKISH--ALL COVERED WITH A FILM OF **DUST** AS THOUGH IT HAD LAIN LONG IN THE **GROUND.**
THE HEAVY **DOOR** TO THE ROOM WAS **UNLOCKED,** THANK GOD, AND I PASSED **THROUGH** IT...
...INTO THE **STONE PASSAGE** BEYOND...
...WHICH LED IN TURN TO A CIRCULAR **STAIRWAY,** THAT WENT STEEPLY DOWN.
I DESCENDED **CAREFULLY,** FOR THE STAIRS WERE **DARK,** LIT ONLY BY LOOPHOLES IN THE MASONRY.
AT THE BOTTOM THERE WAS A DARK, **TUNNEL-LIKE** PASSAGE, THROUGH WHICH CAME A **DEATHLY, SICKLY ODOR...** THE ODOR OF **OLD EARTH NEWLY TURNED.**
AS I WENT THROUGH THE PASSAGE, THE SMELL GREW CLOSER, HEAVIER, AND EVER MORE **OPPRESSIVE.**
AT LENGTH, A MASSIVE DOOR LOOMED AJAR BEFORE ME... AND I FORCED IT OPEN...


...TO FIND MYSELF IN AN OLD, RUINED **CHAPEL**, WHICH HAD EVIDENTLY BEEN USED AS A **GRAVEYARD**.
THE **GROUND**, I NOTED, HAD BEEN RECENTLY **DUG OVER**--
--AND THE EARTH PLACED IN THE GREAT WOODEN **BOXES**, SOME FIFTY IN ALL, WHICH HAD BEEN BROUGHT BY THE **SLOVAKS**.
I APPROACHED THE **NEAREST** OF THE BOXES, WHICH WAS COVERED LOOSELY BY ITS LID--AND **RAISED** IT, IN CURIOSITY AND YET IN THE GRIP OF A DREAD **APPREHENSION** AS WELL.
AND THEN-- I **SAW**--!
THERE, ON A PILE OF NEWLY-DUG EARTH, LAY THE **COUNT**--HIS EYES **OPEN** BUT WITHOUT THE GLASSINESS OF **DEATH** IN THEM.
BUT, **HORROR OF ALL HORRORS**--HE LOOKED AS IF HIS **YOUTH** HAD BEEN HALF RESTORED --HIS WHITE HAIR TURNED TO DARK **IRON GREY**--HIS MOUTH **REDDER** THAN EVER, WITH **FRESH BLOOD** TRICKLING FROM THE CORNERS OF HIS MOUTH!
HE LAY SOME GREAT FILTHY **LEECH**, BLOATED AND EXHAUSTED FROM HIS CARNAL **FEASTING**!


I KNEW IN THAT INSTANT THAT I COULD NEVER BRING MYSELF TO SEARCH THAT LOATHSOME BODY FOR THE KEY... AND I REACHED INSTEAD FOR A NEARBY SHOVEL.
YET, AS I DID SO, THE COUNT'S HEAD TURNED-- AND THOSE EYES FELL FULL OPEN ON ME, WITH ALL THEIR BLAZE OF BASILISK HORROR!
FOR, A VISION HAD COME TO ME: THE IMAGE OF DRACULA, SATIATING HIS UNHOLY BLOODLUST AMONG THE TEEMING MILLIONS OF LONDON!
DRIVEN MAD BY THE THOUGHT THAT I HAD AIDED HIS INHUMAN SCHEME, I LIFTED THE SHOVEL HIGH...
THE VERY SIGHT SEEMED TO PARALYZE ME-- SO THAT THE SHOVEL MERELY GLANCED FROM THAT FACE, MAKING A DEEP GASH ABOVE THE FOREHEAD!
IN TERROR, THEN, I DROPPED THE SHOVEL--AND THE LAST GLIMPSE I HAD WAS OF THAT EVIL FACE, BLOOD-STAINED AND FIXED WITH A GRIN OF HELL-BORN MALICE...
...BEFORE I HEARD THE ROLLING OF HEAVY WHEELS, THE CRACKING OF WHIPS... AND KNEW THAT THE SZGANY AND HIS SLOVAKS HAD RETURNED.
AND I FLED, SOMEHOW GAINING THE COUNT'S ROOM BEFORE I STOPPED TO GASP FOR BREATH.
NOW, I HAVE HEARD THE OTHERS DEPART, TAKING WITH THEM THOSE GRISLY BOXES--AND THE COUNT HIMSELF IN ONE OF THEM.
I AM ALONE IN THE CASTLE WITH THOSE AWFUL WOMEN. BUT, I SHALL NOT REMAIN THUS.
I SHALL TRY TO SCALE THE CASTLE WALL ALL THE WAY DOWN--AND FLEE THIS CURSED PLACE!
AND IF I FAIL... THEN AT LEAST THE PRECIPICE IS STEEP AND HIGH.
AT ITS FOOT A MAN MAY SLEEP... AS A MAN.
GOODBYE, ALL! GOODBYE MINA--!

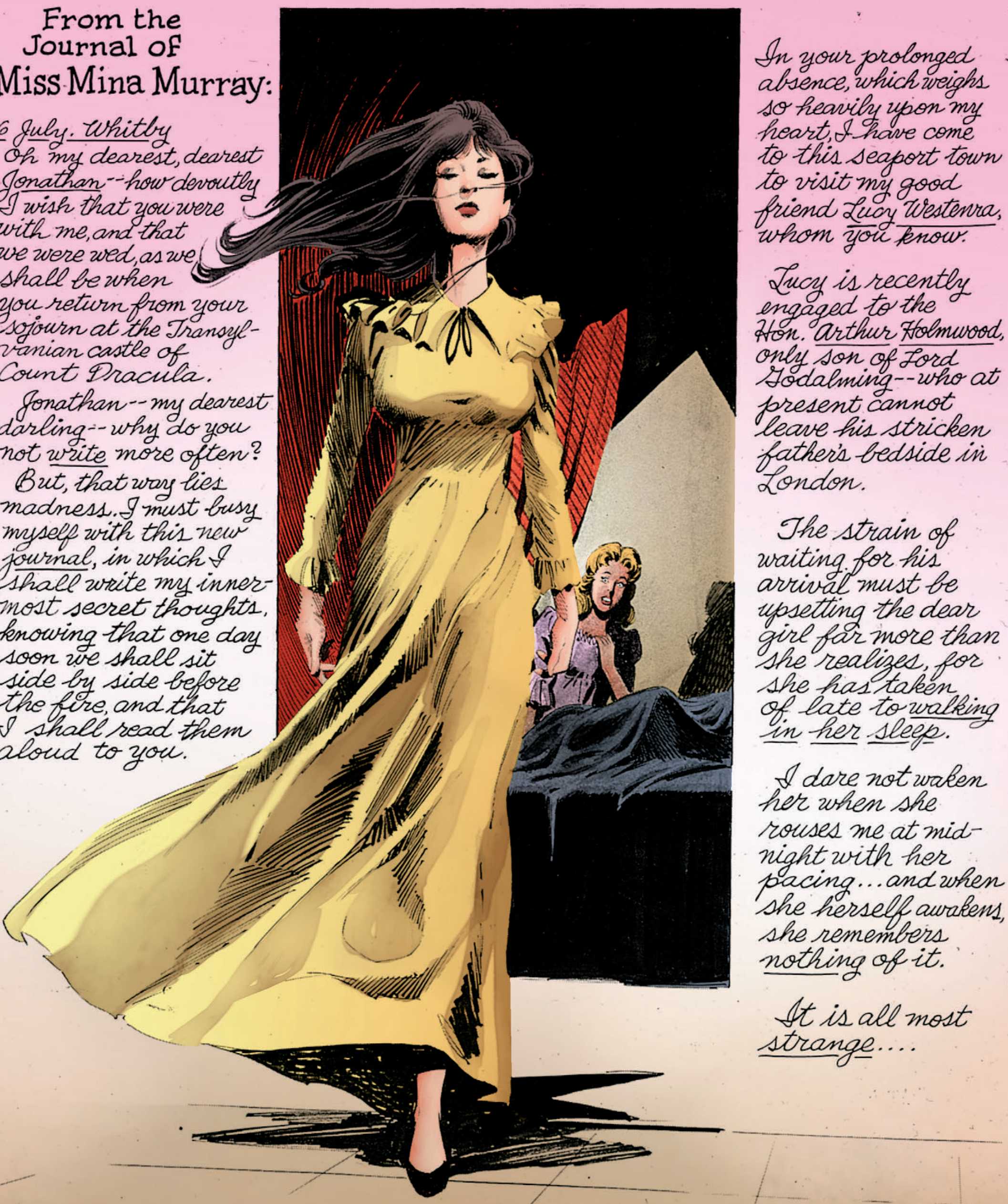
From the Journal of Miss Mina Murray:

26 July. Whitby

Oh my dearest, dearest Jonathan--how devoutly I wish that you were with me, and that we were wed, as we shall be when you return from your sojourn at the Transylvanian castle of Count Dracula.

Jonathan--my dearest darling--why do you not write more often?

But, that way lies madness. I must busy myself with this new journal, in which I shall write my innermost secret thoughts, knowing that one day soon we shall sit side by side before the fire, and that I shall read them aloud to you.



In your prolonged absence, which weighs so heavily upon my heart, I have come to this seaport town to visit my good friend Lucy Westenra, whom you know.

Lucy is recently engaged to the Hon. Arthur Holmwood, only son of Lord Godalming--who at present cannot leave his stricken father's bedside in London.

The strain of waiting for his arrival must be upsetting the dear girl far more than she realizes, for she has taken of late to walking in her sleep.

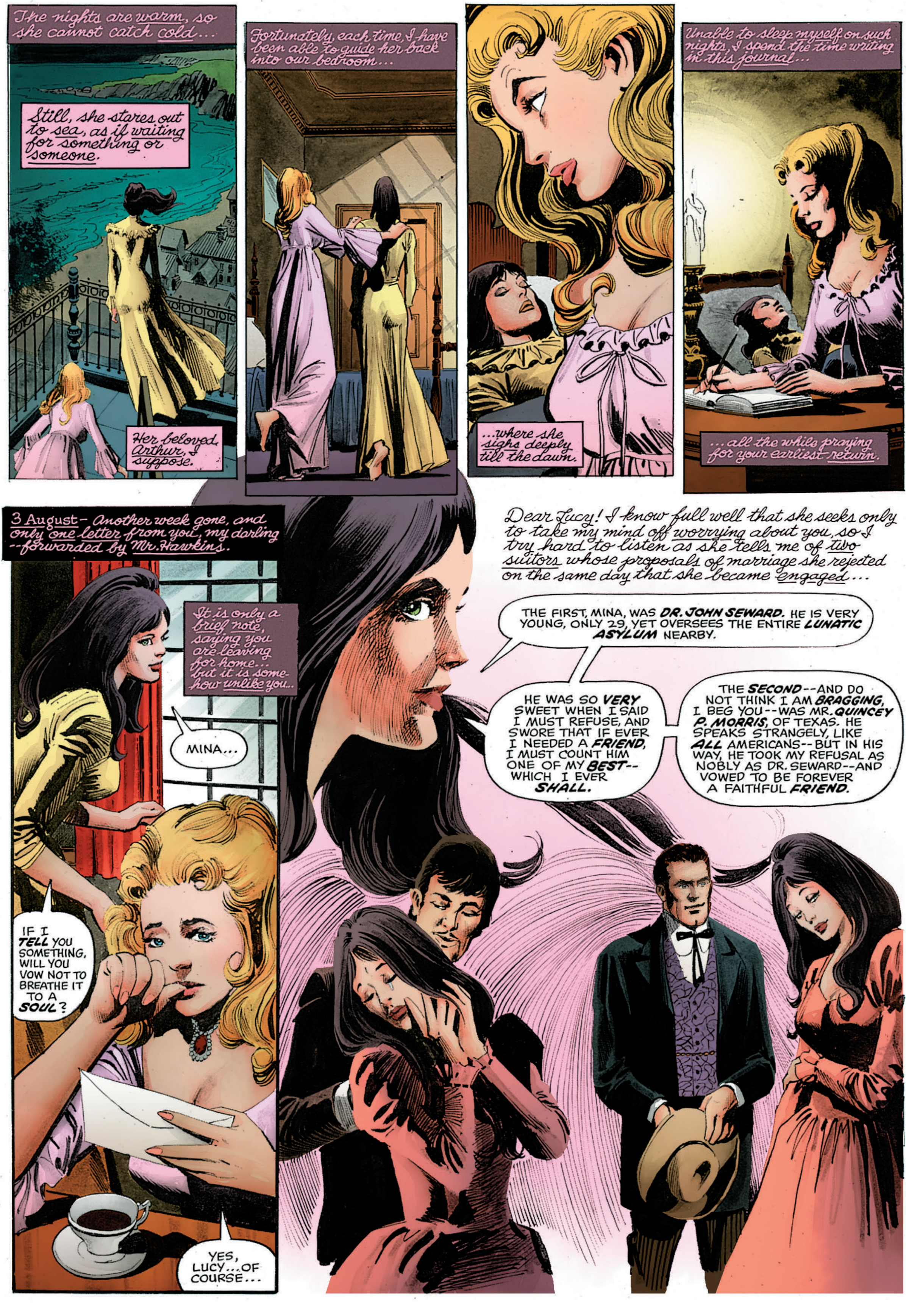
I dare not waken her when she rouses me at midnight with her pacing...and when she herself awakens, she remembers nothing of it.

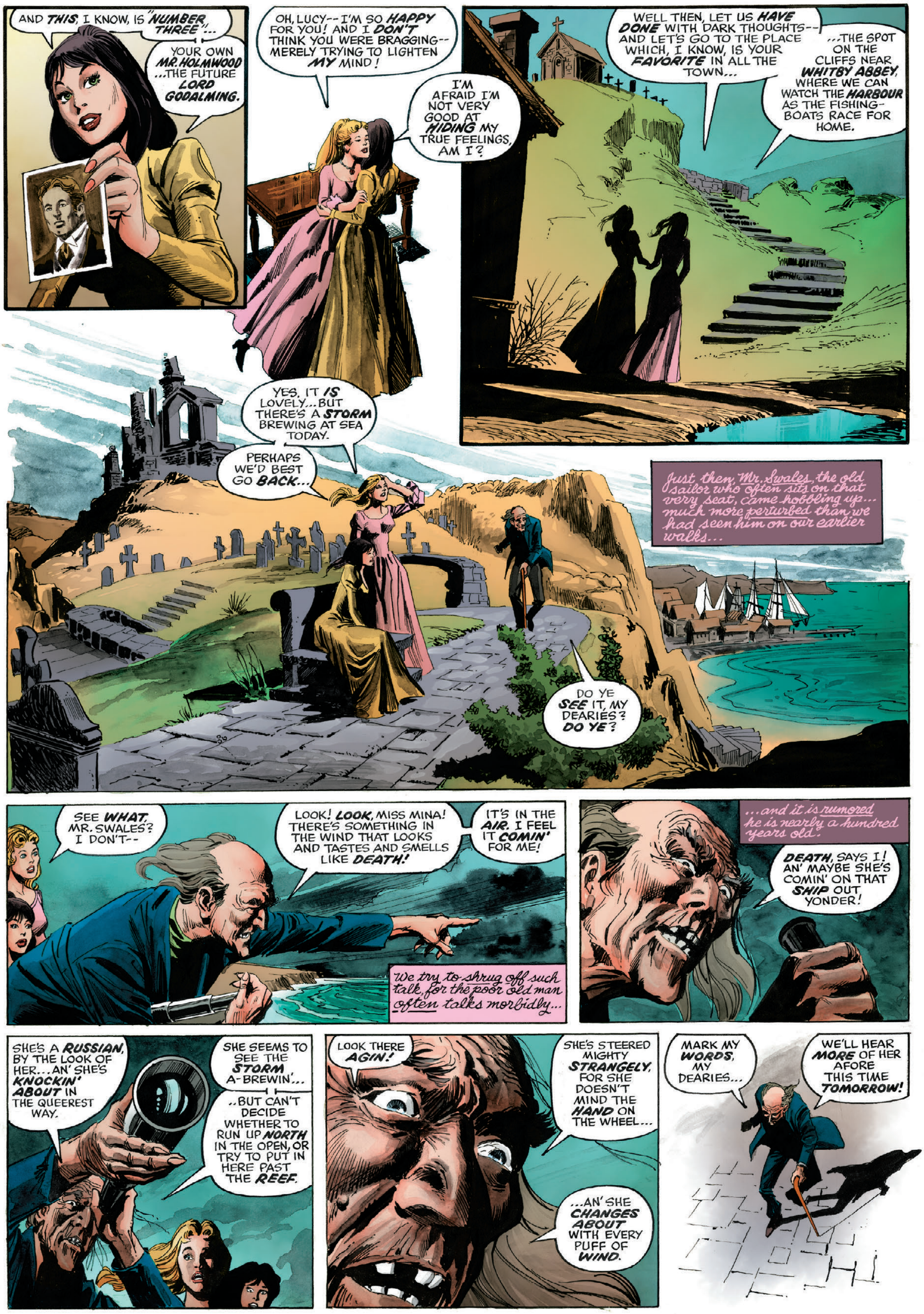
It is all most strange....

CHAPTER V

SHIP OF DEATH

Writer: ROY THOMAS Artist: DICK GIORDANO


The nights are warm, so she cannot catch cold...
Still, she stares out to sea, as if waiting for something or someone.
Her beloved, Arthur, I suppose.
Fortunately, each time, I have been able to guide her back into our bedroom...
...where she sighs deeply till the dawn.
Unable to sleep myself on such nights, I spend the time writing in this journal...
...all the while praying for your earliest return.
3 August– Another week gone, and only one letter from you, my darling --forwarded by Mr. Hawkins.
It is only a brief note, saying you are leaving for home... but it is somehow unlike you...
MINA...
IF I TELL YOU SOMETHING, WILL YOU VOW NOT TO BREATHE IT TO A SOUL?
YES, LUCY... OF COURSE...
Dear Lucy! I know full well that she seeks only to take my mind off worrying about you, so I try hard to listen as she tells me of two suitors whose proposals of marriage she rejected on the same day that she became engaged...
THE FIRST, MINA, WAS DR. JOHN SEWARD. HE IS VERY YOUNG, ONLY 29, YET OVERSEES THE ENTIRE LUNATIC ASYLUM NEARBY.
HE WAS SO VERY SWEET WHEN I SAID I MUST REFUSE, AND SWORE THAT IF EVER I NEEDED A FRIEND, I MUST COUNT HIM ONE OF MY BEST-- WHICH I EVER SHALL.
THE SECOND--AND DO NOT THINK I AM BRAGGING, I BEG YOU--WAS MR. QUINCEY P. MORRIS, OF TEXAS. HE SPEAKS STRANGELY, LIKE ALL AMERICANS--BUT IN HIS WAY, HE TOOK MY REFUSAL AS NOBLY AS DR. SEWARD--AND VOWED TO BE FOREVER A FAITHFUL FRIEND.


AND THIS, I KNOW, IS "NUMBER THREE"...
YOUR OWN MR. HOLMWOOD ...THE FUTURE LORD GODALMING.
OH, LUCY--I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU! AND I DON'T THINK YOU WERE BRAGGING--MERELY TRYING TO LIGHTEN MY MIND!
I'M AFRAID I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT HIDING MY TRUE FEELINGS, AM I?
WELL THEN, LET US HAVE DONE WITH DARK THOUGHTS--AND LET'S GO TO THE PLACE WHICH, I KNOW, IS YOUR FAVORITE IN ALL THE TOWN...
...THE SPOT ON THE CLIFFS NEAR WHITBY ABBEY, WHERE WE CAN WATCH THE HARBOUR AS THE FISHING-BOATS RACE FOR HOME.
YES, IT IS LOVELY...BUT THERE'S A STORM BREWING AT SEA TODAY.
PERHAPS WE'D BEST GO BACK...
Just then, Mr. Swales, the old sailor who often sits on that very seat, came hobbling up...much more perturbed than we had seen him on our earlier walks...
DO YE SEE IT, MY DEARIES? DO YE?
SEE WHAT, MR. SWALES? I DON'T--
LOOK! LOOK, MISS MINA! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND THAT LOOKS AND TASTES AND SMELLS LIKE DEATH!
IT'S IN THE AIR. I FEEL IT COMIN' FOR ME!
We try to shrug off such talk, for the poor old man often talks morbidly...
...and it is rumored he is nearly a hundred years old.
DEATH, SAYS I! AN' MAYBE SHE'S COMIN' ON THAT SHIP OUT YONDER!
SHE'S A RUSSIAN, BY THE LOOK OF HER...AN' SHE'S KNOCKIN' ABOUT IN THE QUEEREST WAY.
SHE SEEMS TO SEE THE STORM A-BREWIN'...
...BUT CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO RUN UP NORTH IN THE OPEN, OR TRY TO PUT IN HERE PAST THE REEF.
LOOK THERE AGIN!
SHE'S STEERED MIGHTY STRANGELY, FOR SHE DOESN'T MIND THE HAND ON THE WHEEL...
...AN' SHE CHANGES ABOUT WITH EVERY PUFF OF WIND.
MARK MY WORDS, MY DEARIES...
WE'LL HEAR MORE OF HER AFORE THIS TIME TOMORROW!

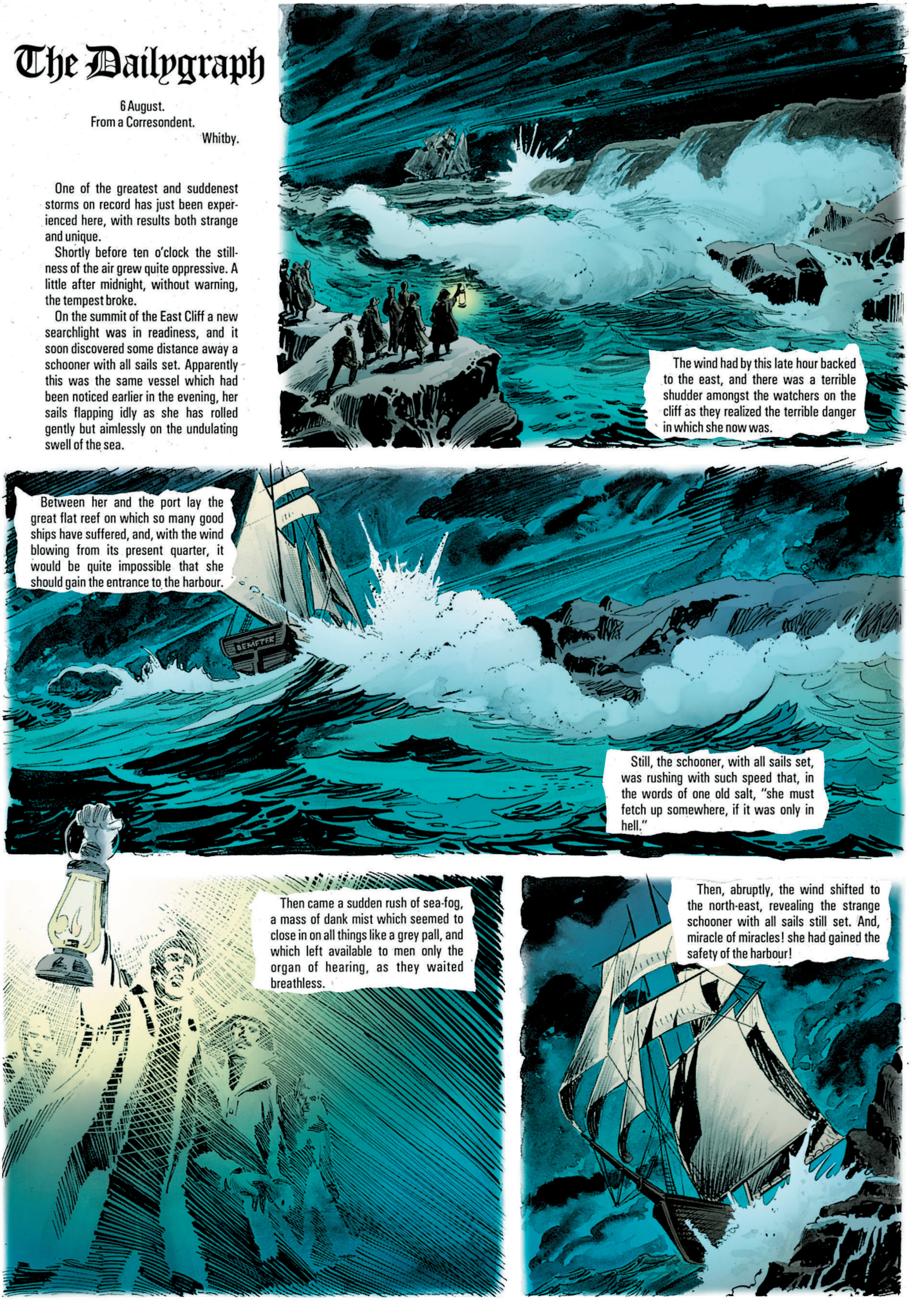
The Dailygraph

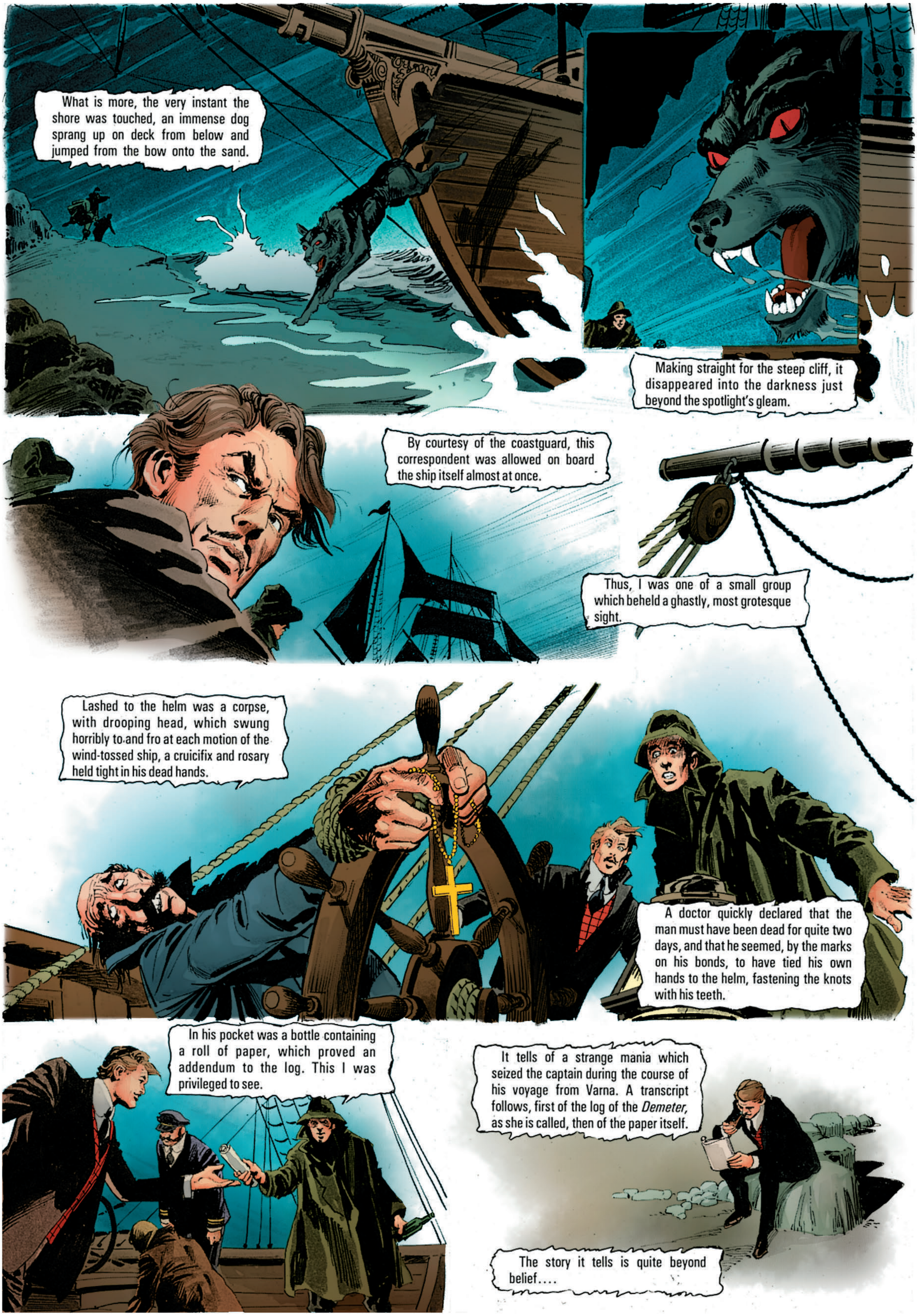
6 August.
From a Corresondent.
Whitby.

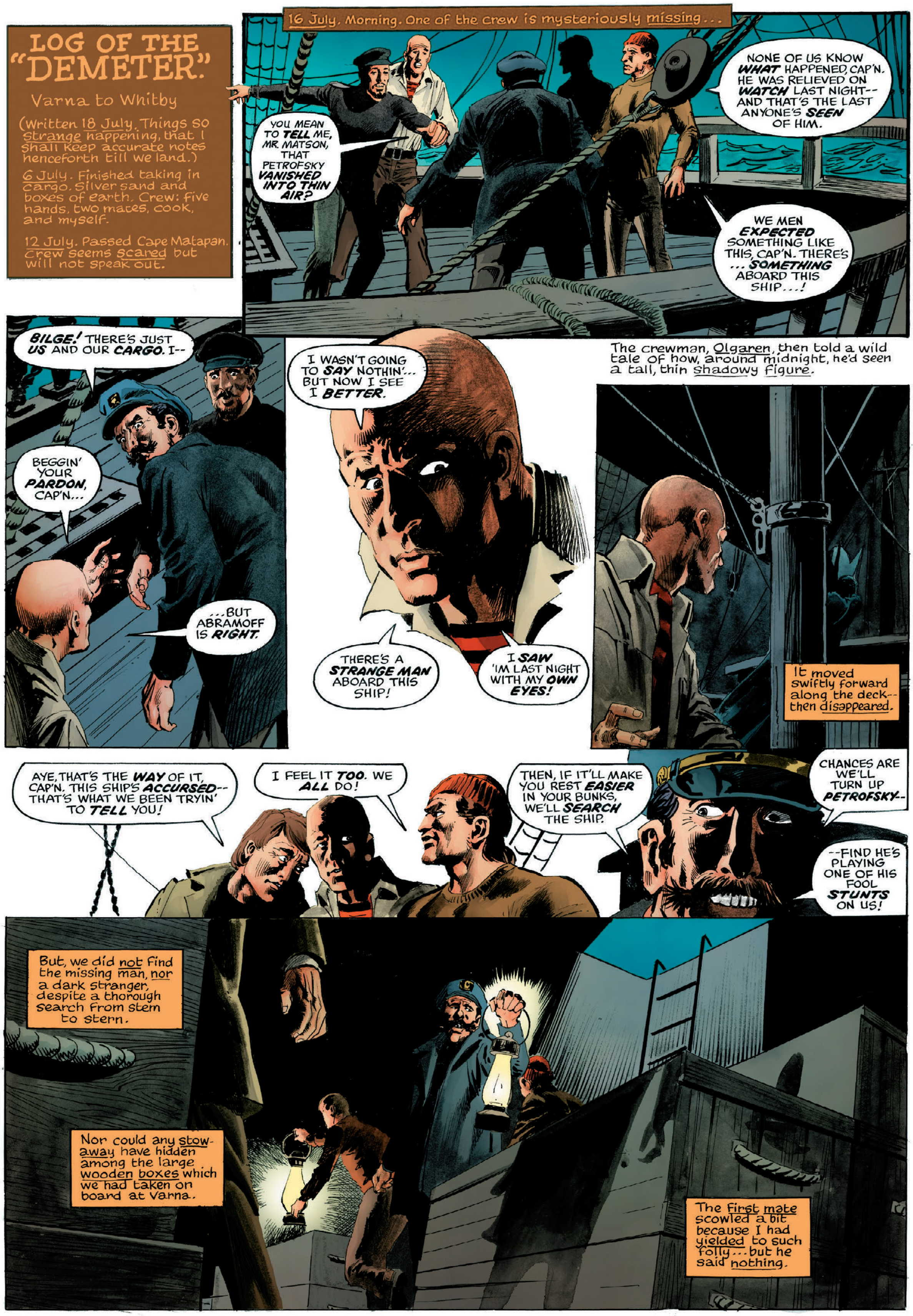
One of the greatest and suddenest storms on record has just been experienced here, with results both strange and unique.

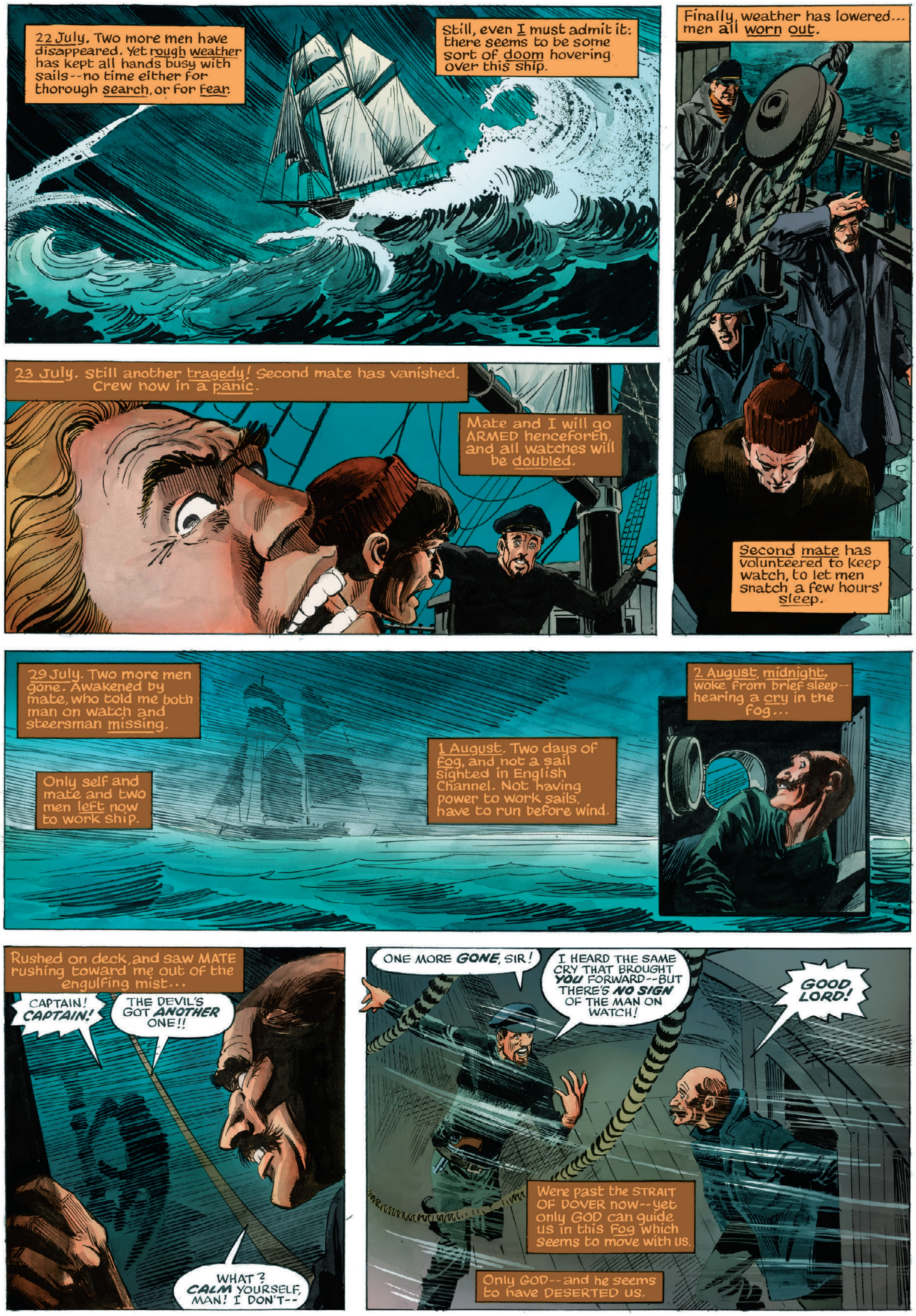
Shortly before ten o'clock the stillness of the air grew quite oppressive. A little after midnight, without warning, the tempest broke.

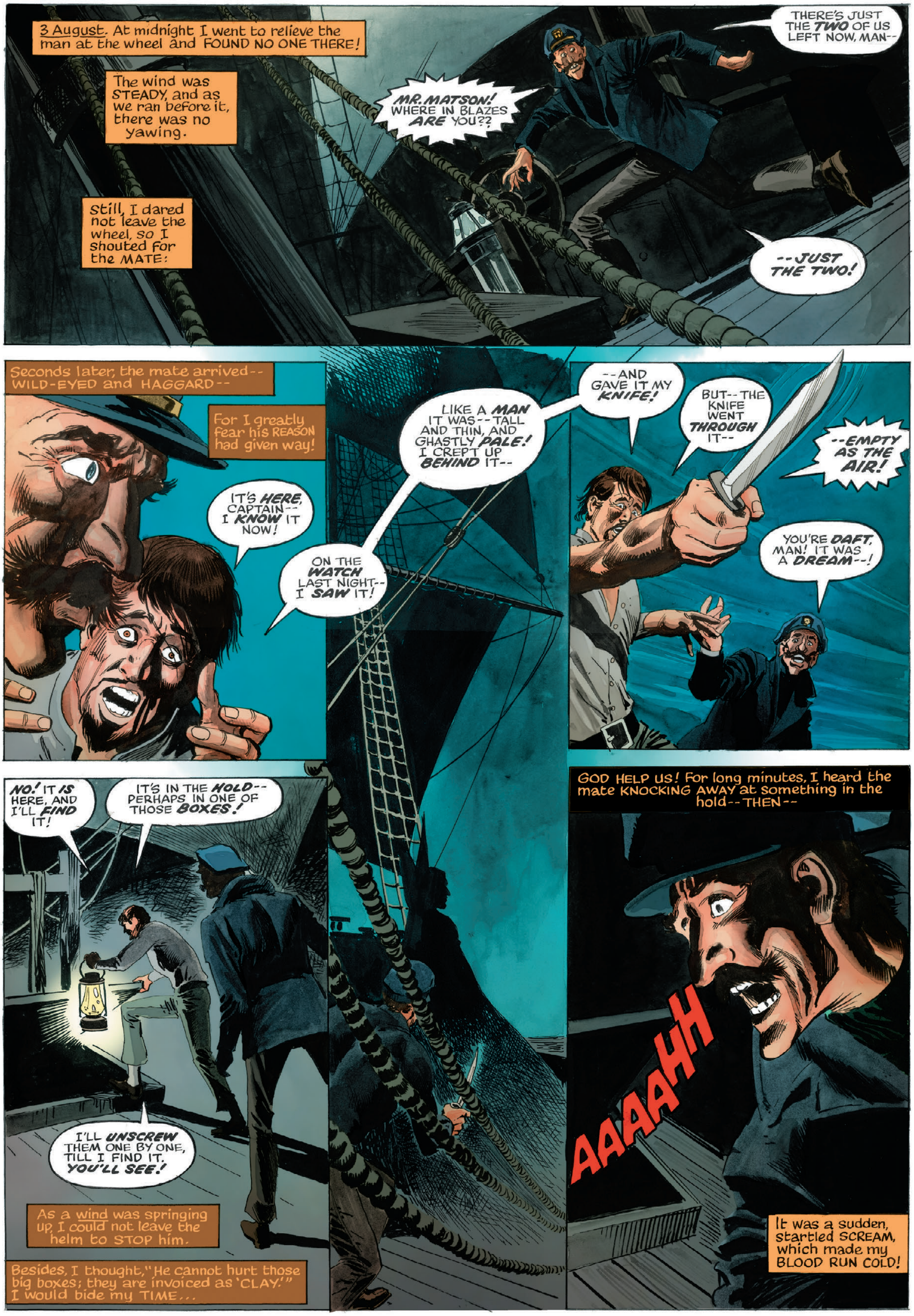
On the summit of the East Cliff a new searchlight was in readiness, and it soon discovered some distance away a schooner with all sails set. Apparently this was the same vessel which had been noticed earlier in the evening, her sails flapping idly as she has rolled gently but aimlessly on the undulating swell of the sea.

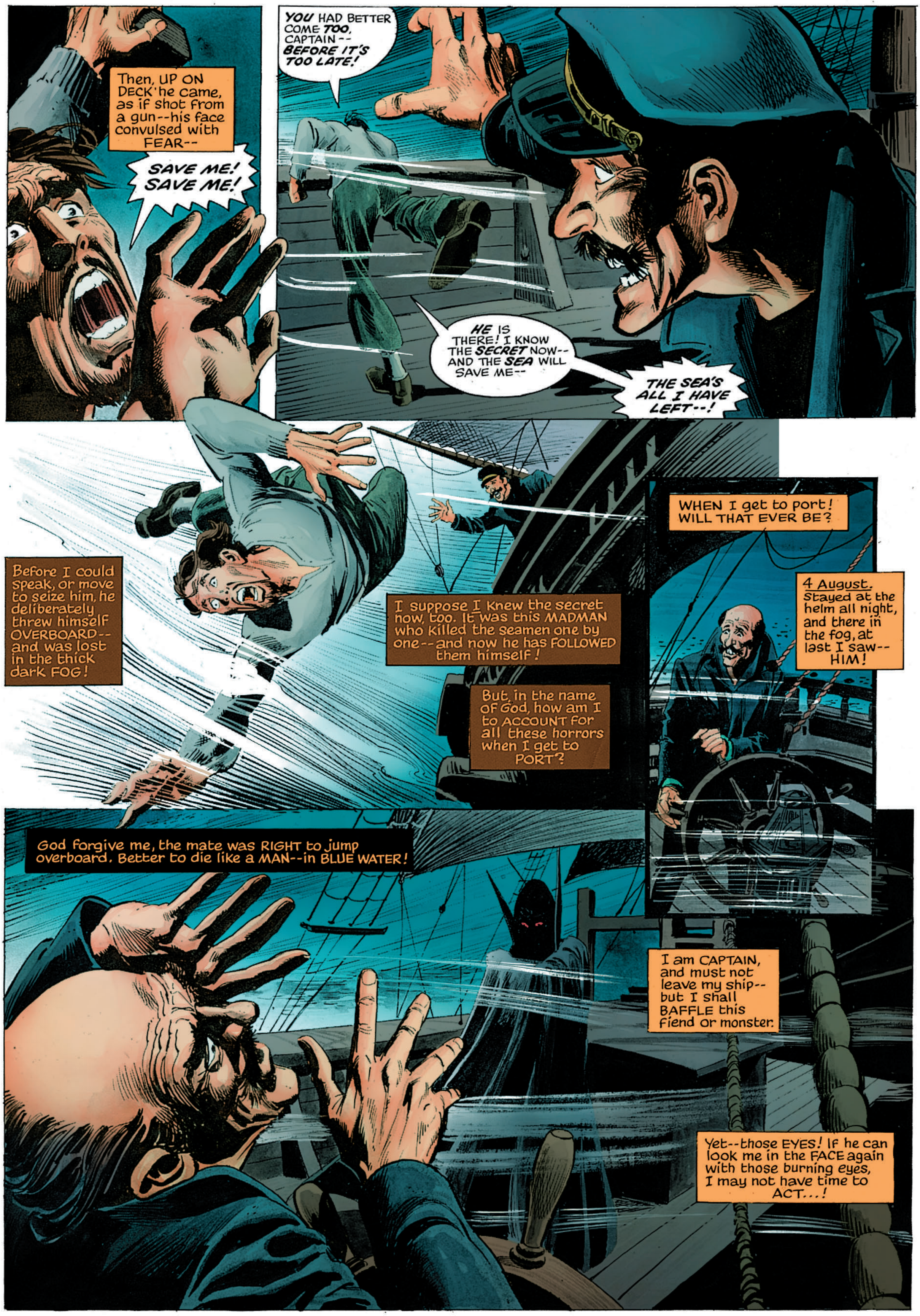

The wind had by this late hour backed to the east, and there was a terrible shudder amongst the watchers on the cliff as they realized the terrible danger in which she now was.
Between her and the port lay the great flat reef on which so many good ships have suffered, and, with the wind blowing from its present quarter, it would be quite impossible that she should gain the entrance to the harbour.
DEMETER
Still, the schooner, with all sails set, was rushing with such speed that, in the words of one old salt, "she must fetch up somewhere, if it was only in hell."
Then came a sudden rush of sea-fog, a mass of dank mist which seemed to close in on all things like a grey pall, and which left available to men only the organ of hearing, as they waited breathless.
Then, abruptly, the wind shifted to the north-east, revealing the strange schooner with all sails still set. And, miracle of miracles! she had gained the safety of the harbour!

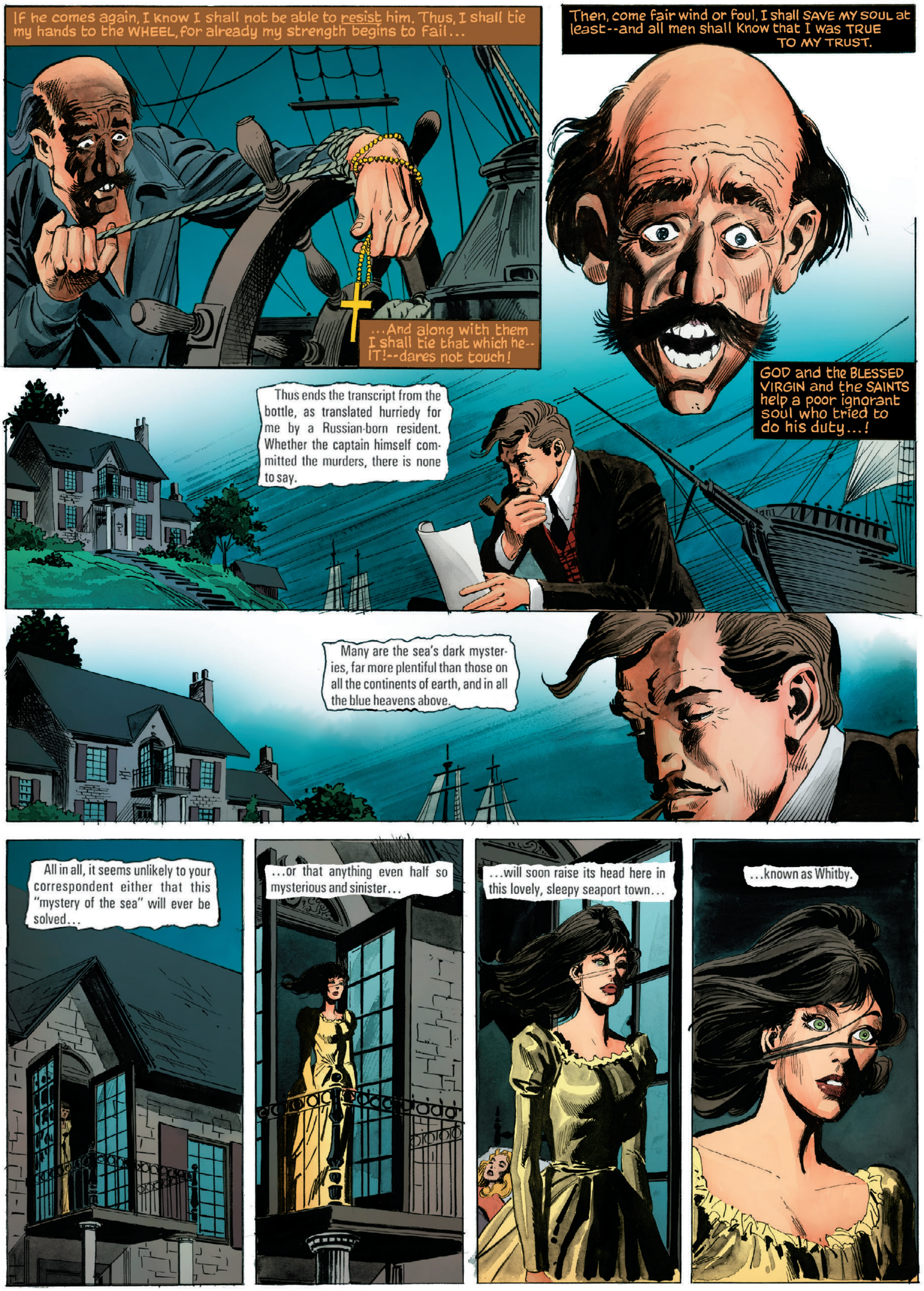

What is more, the very instant the shore was touched, an immense dog sprang up on deck from below and jumped from the bow onto the sand.
Making straight for the steep cliff, it disappeared into the darkness just beyond the spotlight's gleam.
By courtesy of the coastguard, this correspondent was allowed on board the ship itself almost at once.
Thus, I was one of a small group which beheld a ghastly, most grotesque sight.
Lashed to the helm was a corpse, with drooping head, which swung horribly to and fro at each motion of the wind-tossed ship, a cruicifix and rosary held tight in his dead hands.
A doctor quickly declared that the man must have been dead for quite two days, and that he seemed, by the marks on his bonds, to have tied his own hands to the helm, fastening the knots with his teeth.
In his pocket was a bottle containing a roll of paper, which proved an addendum to the log. This I was privileged to see.
It tells of a strange mania which seized the captain during the course of his voyage from Varna. A transcript follows, first of the log of the *Demeter,* as she is called, then of the paper itself.
The story it tells is quite beyond belief....

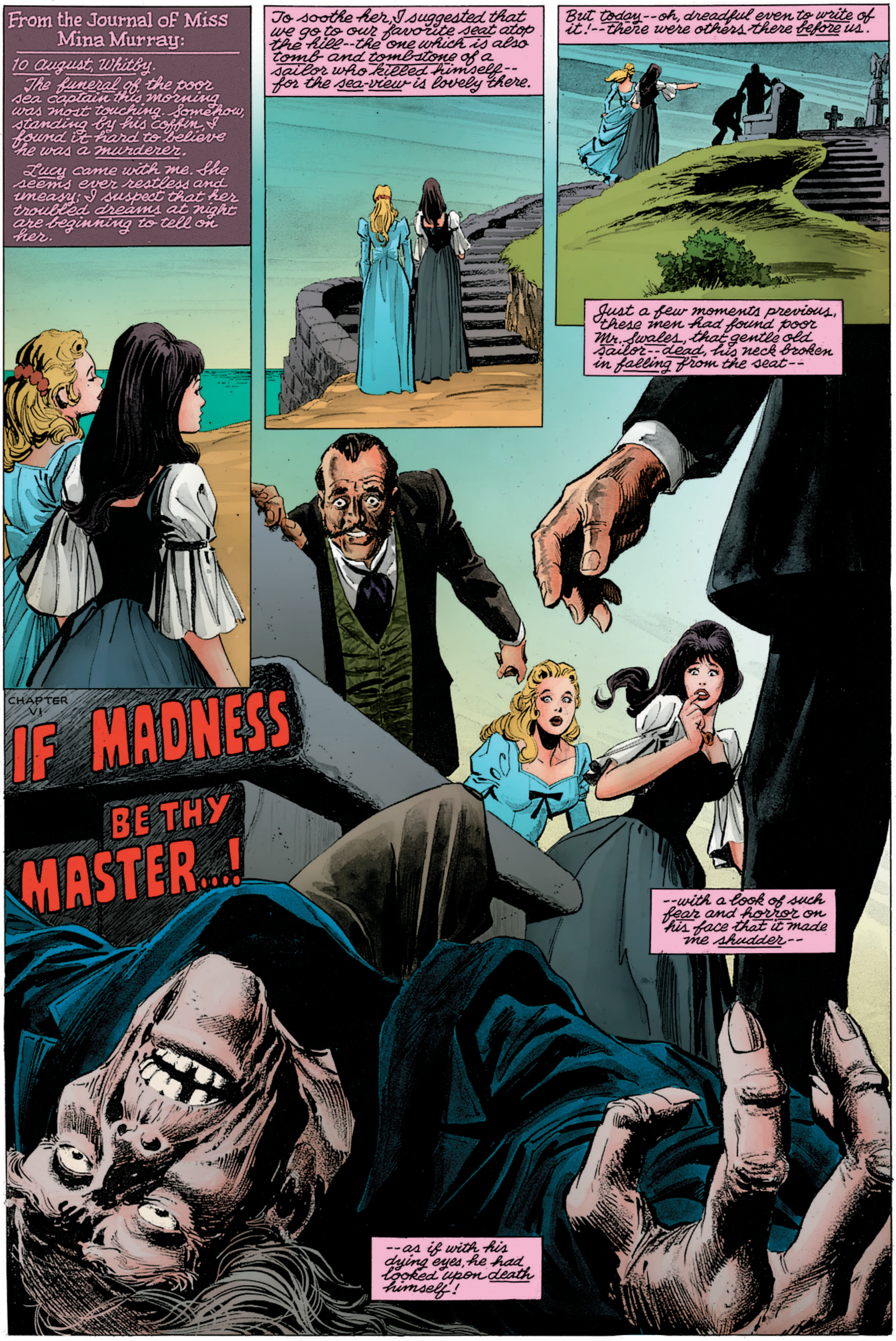

LOG OF THE "DEMETER."
Varna to Whitby
(Written 18 July. Things so strange happening, that I shall keep accurate notes henceforth till we land.)
6 July. Finished taking in cargo. Silver sand and boxes of earth. Crew: five hands, two mates, cook, and myself.
12 July. Passed Cape Matapan. Crew seems scared but will not speak out.
16 July. Morning. One of the crew is mysteriously missing...
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME, MR. MATSON, THAT PETROFSKY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR?
NONE OF US KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, CAP'N. HE WAS RELIEVED ON WATCH LAST NIGHT-- AND THAT'S THE LAST ANYONE'S SEEN OF HIM.
WE MEN EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS, CAP'N. THERE'S ...SOMETHING ABOARD THIS SHIP...!
BILGE! THERE'S JUST US AND OUR CARGO. I--
BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, CAP'N...
...BUT ABRAMOFF IS RIGHT.
I WASN'T GOING TO SAY NOTHIN'... BUT NOW I SEE I BETTER.
THERE'S A STRANGE MAN ABOARD THIS SHIP!
I SAW 'IM LAST NIGHT WITH MY OWN EYES!
The crewman, Olgaren, then told a wild tale of how, around midnight, he'd seen a tall, thin shadowy figure.
It moved swiftly forward along the deck-- then disappeared.
AYE, THAT'S THE WAY OF IT, CAP'N. THIS SHIP'S ACCURSED-- THAT'S WHAT WE BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YOU!
I FEEL IT TOO. WE ALL DO!
THEN, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU REST EASIER IN YOUR BUNKS, WE'LL SEARCH THE SHIP.
CHANCES ARE WE'LL TURN UP PETROFSKY--
--FIND HE'S PLAYING ONE OF HIS FOOL STUNTS ON US!
But, we did not find the missing man, nor a dark stranger, despite a thorough search from stem to stern.
Nor could any stowaway have hidden among the large wooden boxes which we had taken on board at Varna.
The first mate scowled a bit because I had yielded to such folly... but he said nothing.

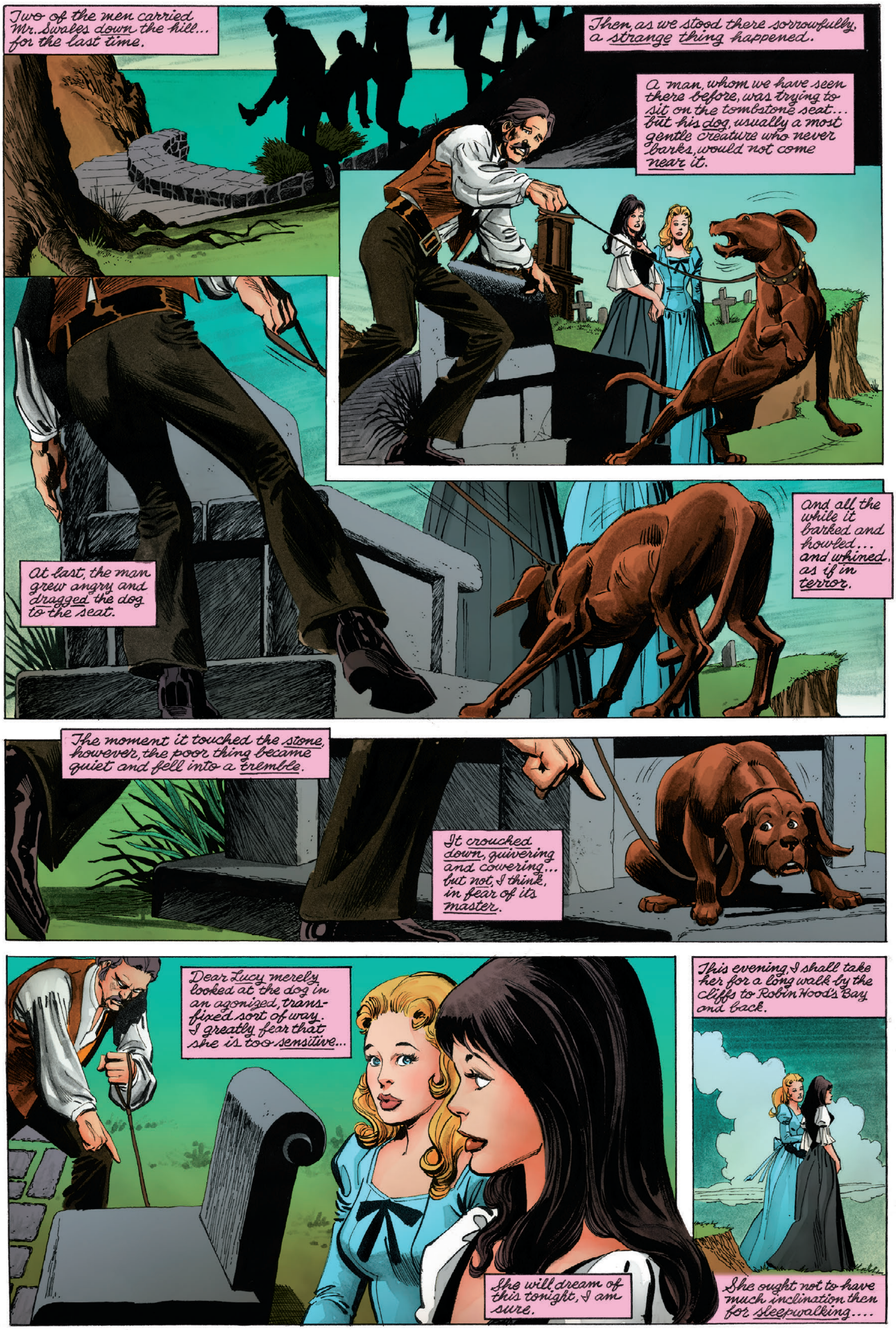

22 July. Two more men have disappeared. Yet rough weather has kept all hands busy with sails--no time either for thorough search, or for fear.
Still, even I must admit it: there seems to be some sort of doom hovering over this ship.
Finally, weather has lowered... men all worn out.
23 July. Still another tragedy! Second mate has vanished. Crew now in a panic.
Mate and I will go ARMED henceforth, and all watches will be doubled.
Second mate has volunteered to keep watch, to let men snatch a few hours' sleep.
29 July. Two more men gone. Awakened by mate, who told me both man on watch and steersman missing.
Only self and mate and two men left now to work ship.
1 August. Two days of fog, and not a sail sighted in English Channel. Not having power to work sails, have to run before wind.
2 August, midnight. woke from brief sleep--hearing a cry in the fog...
Rushed on deck, and saw MATE rushing toward me out of the engulfing mist...
CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN!
THE DEVIL'S GOT ANOTHER ONE!!
WHAT? CALM YOURSELF, MAN! I DON'T--
ONE MORE GONE, SIR!
I HEARD THE SAME CRY THAT BROUGHT YOU FORWARD--BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE MAN ON WATCH!
GOOD LORD!
Were past the STRAIT OF DOVER now--yet only GOD can guide us in this Fog which seems to move with us.
Only GOD--and he seems to have DESERTED US.

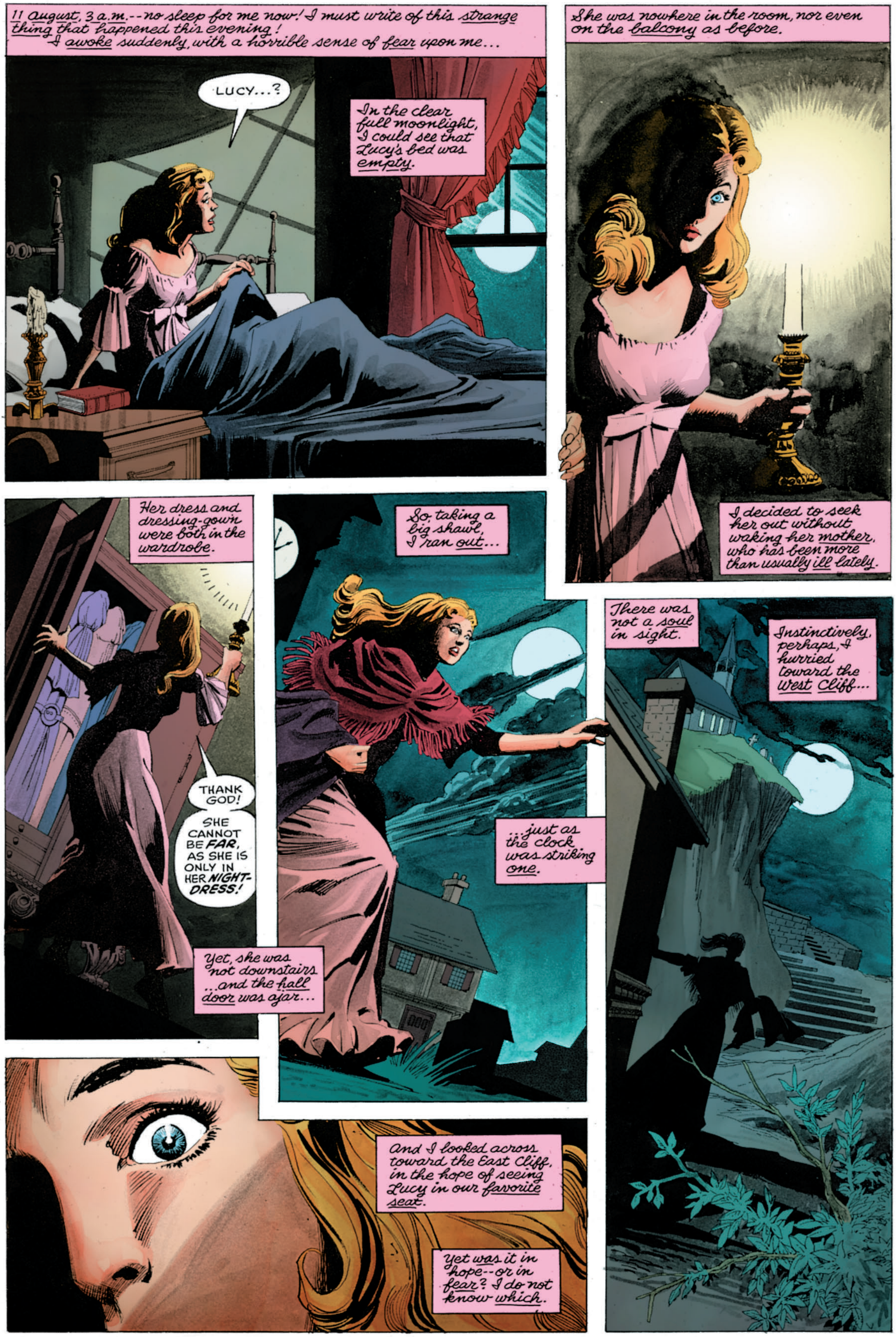

3 August. At midnight I went to relieve the man at the wheel and FOUND NO ONE THERE!
The wind was STEADY, and as we ran before it, there was no yawing.
Still, I dared not leave the wheel, so I shouted for the MATE:
MR. MATSON! WHERE IN BLAZES ARE YOU??
THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF US LEFT NOW, MAN--
--JUST THE TWO!
Seconds later, the mate arrived-- WILD-EYED and HAGGARD--
For I greatly fear his REASON had given way!
IT'S HERE, CAPTAIN-- I KNOW IT NOW!
ON THE WATCH LAST NIGHT-- I SAW IT!
LIKE A MAN IT WAS-- TALL AND THIN, AND GHASTLY PALE! I CREPT UP BEHIND IT--
--AND GAVE IT MY KNIFE!
BUT-- THE KNIFE WENT THROUGH IT--
--EMPTY AS THE AIR!
YOU'RE DAFT, MAN! IT WAS A DREAM--!
NO! IT IS HERE, AND I'LL FIND IT!
IT'S IN THE HOLD-- PERHAPS IN ONE OF THOSE BOXES!
I'LL UNSCREW THEM ONE BY ONE, TILL I FIND IT. YOU'LL SEE!
As a wind was springing up, I could not leave the helm to STOP him.
Besides, I thought, "He cannot hurt those big boxes; they are invoiced as 'CLAY.'" I would bide my TIME...
GOD HELP US! For long minutes, I heard the mate KNOCKING AWAY at something in the hold-- THEN--
AAAAHH
It was a sudden, startled SCREAM, which made my BLOOD RUN COLD!

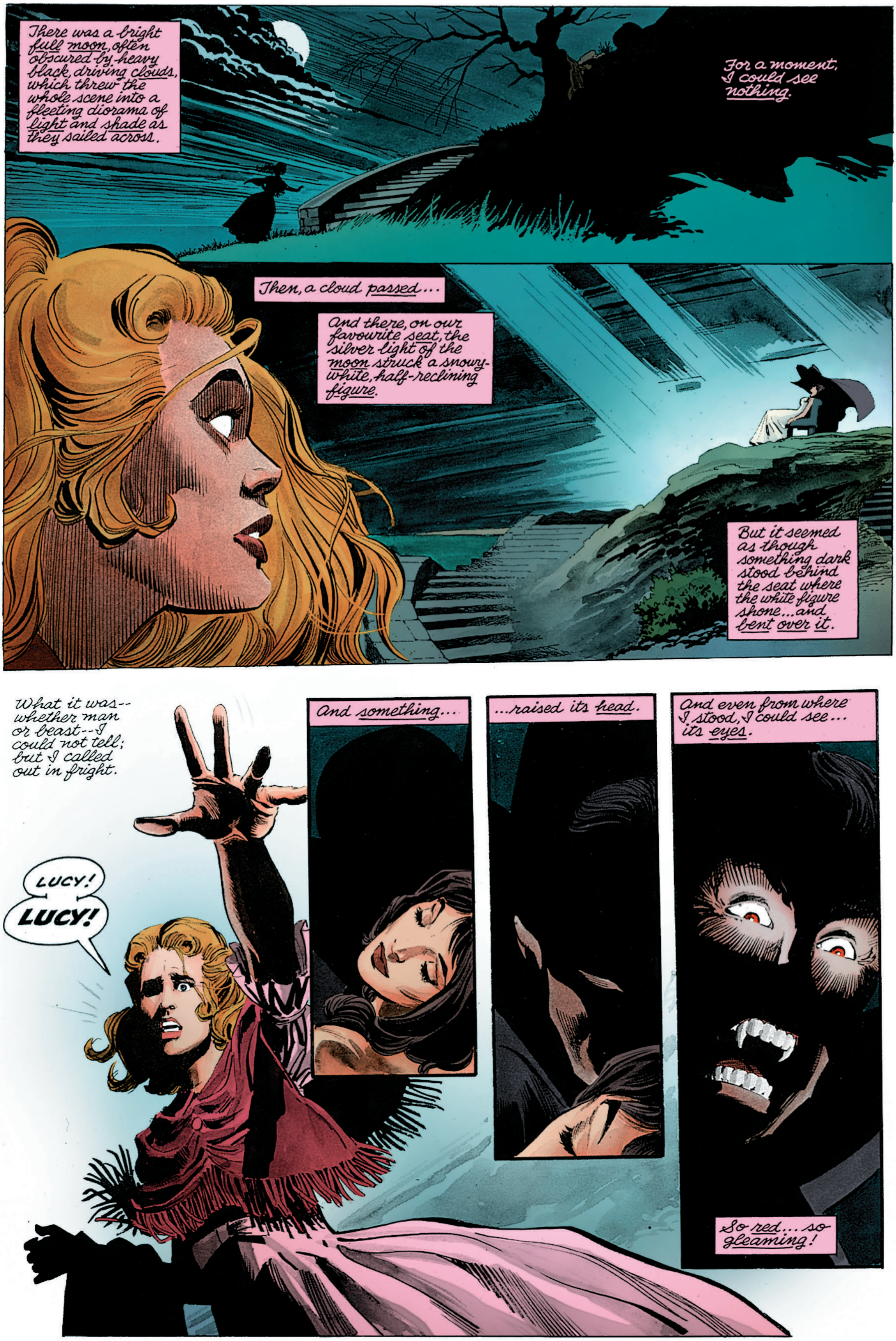

Then, UP ON DECK he came, as if shot from a gun--his face convulsed with FEAR--
SAVE ME! SAVE ME!
YOU HAD BETTER COME TOO, CAPTAIN-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
HE IS THERE! I KNOW THE SECRET NOW-- AND THE SEA WILL SAVE ME--
THE SEA'S ALL I HAVE LEFT--!
Before I could speak, or move to seize him, he deliberately threw himself OVERBOARD-- and was lost in the thick dark FOG!
I suppose I knew the secret now, too. It was this MADMAN who killed the seamen one by one--and now he has FOLLOWED them himself!
But, in the name of God, how am I to ACCOUNT for all these horrors when I get to PORT?
WHEN I get to port! WILL THAT EVER BE?
4 August. Stayed at the helm all night, and there in the fog, at last I saw-- HIM!
God forgive me, the mate was RIGHT to jump overboard. Better to die like a MAN--in BLUE WATER!
I am CAPTAIN, and must not leave my ship-- but I shall BAFFLE this fiend or monster.
Yet--those EYES! If he can look me in the FACE again with those burning eyes, I may not have time to ACT...!

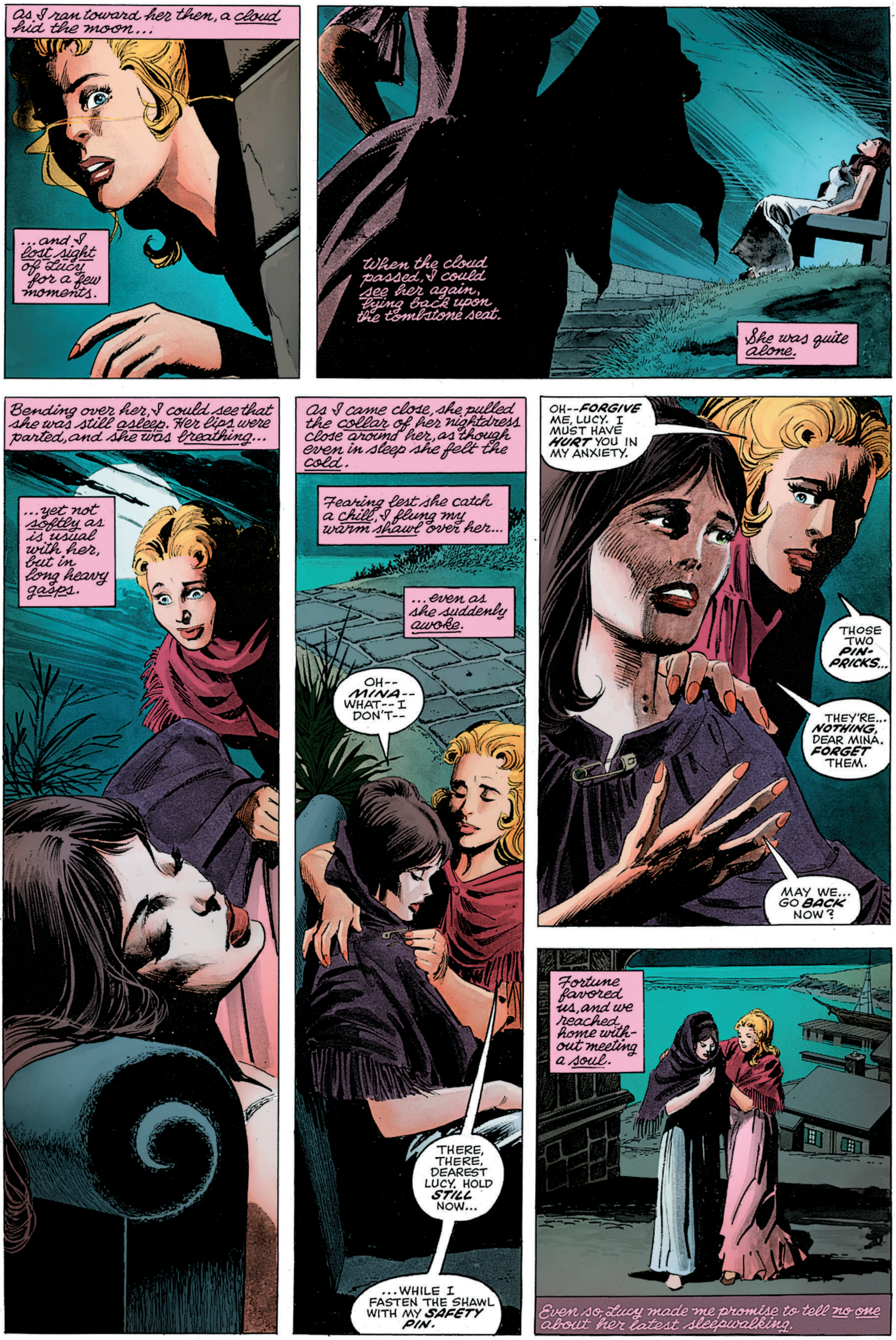

If he comes again, I know I shall not be able to resist him. Thus, I shall tie my hands to the WHEEL, for already my strength begins to fail...
...And along with them I shall tie that which he--IT!--dares not touch!
Then, come fair wind or foul, I shall SAVE MY SOUL at least--and all men shall know that I was TRUE TO MY TRUST.
GOD and the BLESSED VIRGIN and the SAINTS help a poor ignorant soul who tried to do his duty...!
Thus ends the transcript from the bottle, as translated hurriedly for me by a Russian-born resident. Whether the captain himself committed the murders, there is none to say.
Many are the sea's dark mysteries, far more plentiful than those on all the continents of earth, and in all the blue heavens above.
All in all, it seems unlikely to your correspondent either that this "mystery of the sea" will ever be solved...
...or that anything even half so mysterious and sinister...
...will soon raise its head here in this lovely, sleepy seaport town...
...known as Whitby.

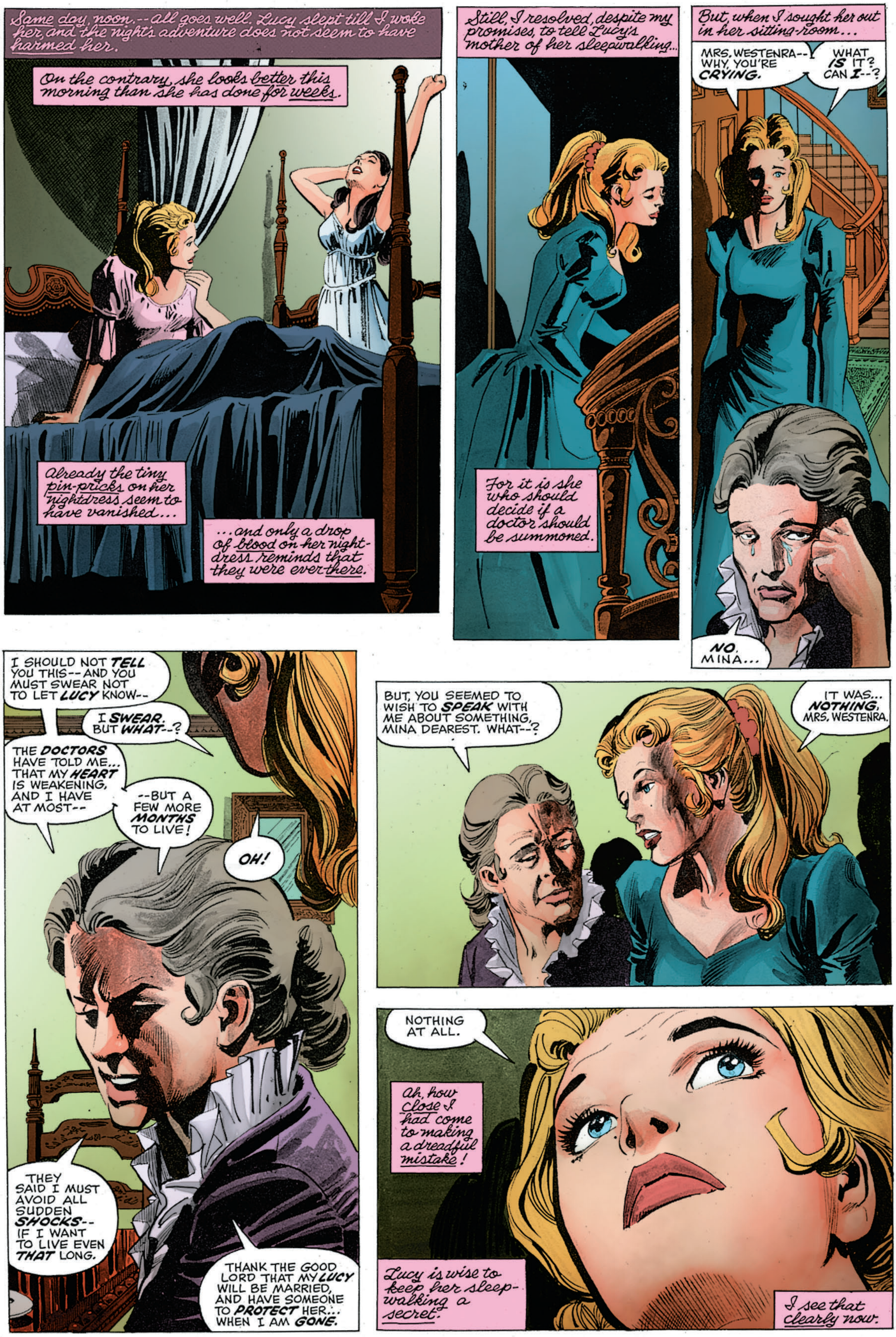

From the Journal of Miss Mina Murray:
10 August, Whitby.
The funeral of the poor sea captain this morning was most touching. Somehow, standing by his coffin, I found it hard to believe he was a murderer.
Lucy came with me. She seems ever restless and uneasy; I suspect that her troubled dreams at night are beginning to tell on her.
To soothe her, I suggested that we go to our favorite seat atop the hill--the one which is also tomb and tombstone of a sailor who killed himself--for the sea-view is lovely there.
But today--oh, dreadful even to write of it!--there were others there before us.
Just a few moments previous, these men had found poor Mr. Swales, that gentle old sailor--dead, his neck broken in falling from the seat--
CHAPTER VI
IF MADNESS BE THY MASTER...!
--with a look of such fear and horror on his face that it made me shudder--
--as if with his dying eyes, he had looked upon death himself!

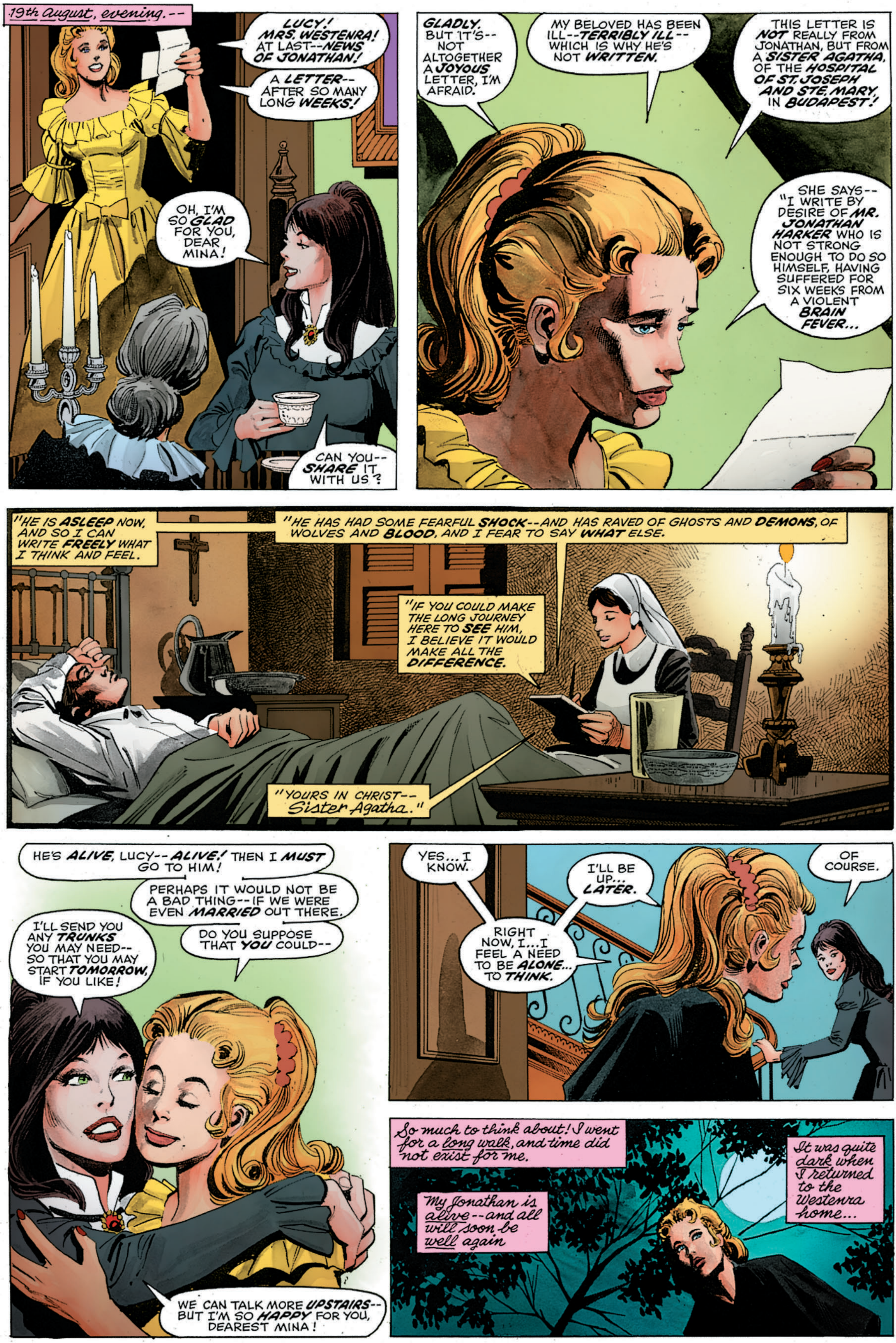

Two of the men carried Mr. Swales down the hill... for the last time.
Then, as we stood there sorrowfully, a strange thing happened.
A man, whom we have seen there before, was trying to sit on the tombstone seat... but his dog, usually a most gentle creature who never barks, would not come near it.
At last, the man grew angry and dragged the dog to the seat.
And all the while it barked and howled... and whined, as if in terror.
The moment it touched the stone, however, the poor thing became quiet and fell into a tremble.
It crouched down, quivering and cowering... but not, I think, in fear of its master.
Dear Lucy merely looked at the dog in an agonized, transfixed sort of way. I greatly fear that she is too sensitive...
She will dream of this tonight, I am sure.
This evening, I shall take her for a long walk by the cliffs to Robin Hood's Bay and back.
She ought not to have much inclination then for sleepwalking....

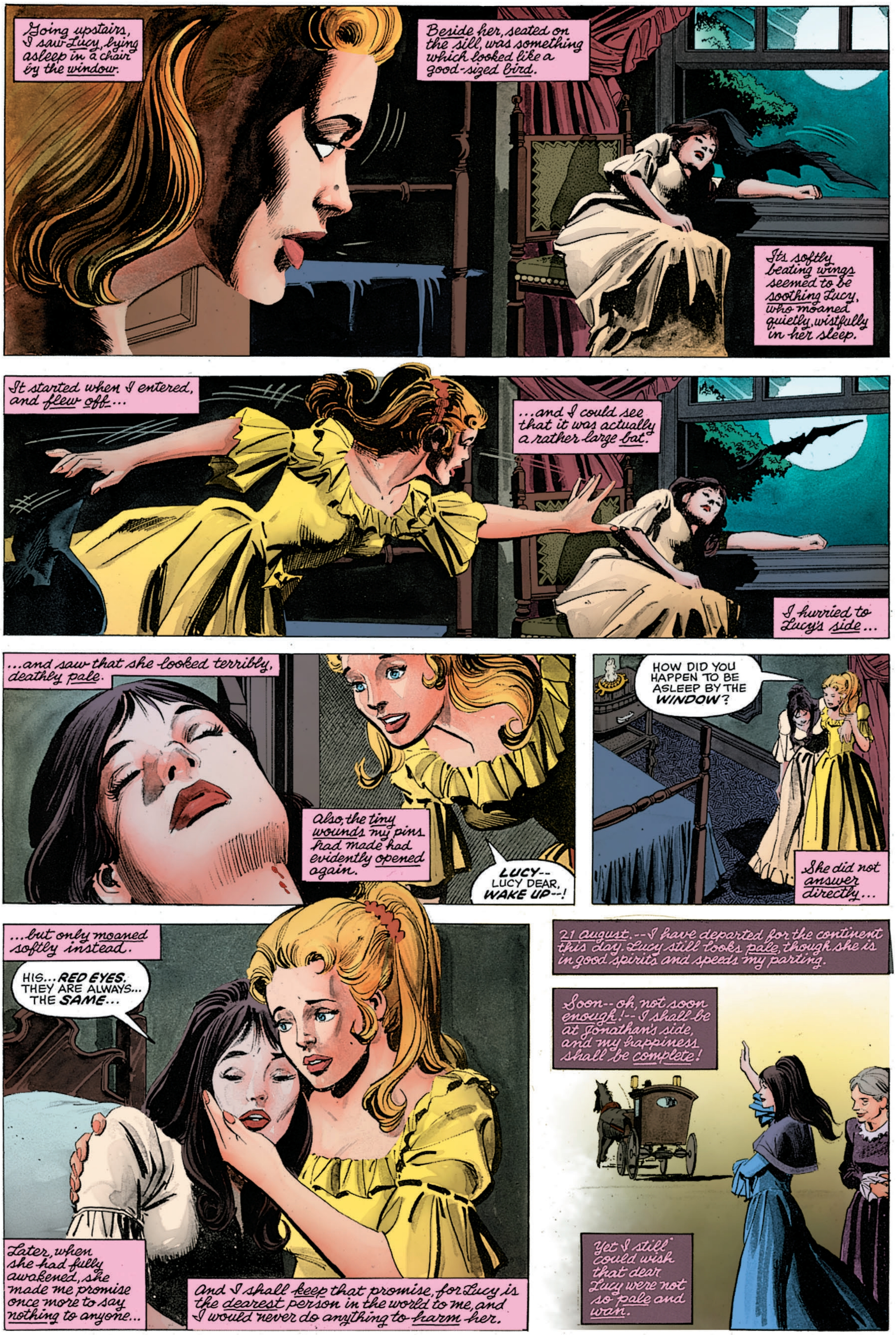

11 August, 3 a.m.--no sleep for me now! I must write of this strange thing that happened this evening!
I awoke suddenly, with a horrible sense of fear upon me...
LUCY...?
In the clear full moonlight, I could see that Lucy's bed was empty.
She was nowhere in the room, nor even on the balcony as before.
I decided to seek her out without waking her mother, who has been more than usually ill lately.
Her dress and dressing-gown were both in the wardrobe.
THANK GOD!
SHE CANNOT BE FAR, AS SHE IS ONLY IN HER NIGHT-DRESS!
Yet, she was not downstairs ...and the hall door was ajar...
So, taking a big shawl, I ran out...
...just as the clock was striking one.
There was not a soul in sight.
Instinctively, perhaps, I hurried toward the West Cliff...
And I looked across toward the East Cliff, in the hope of seeing Lucy in our favorite seat.
Yet was it in hope--or in fear? I do not know which.

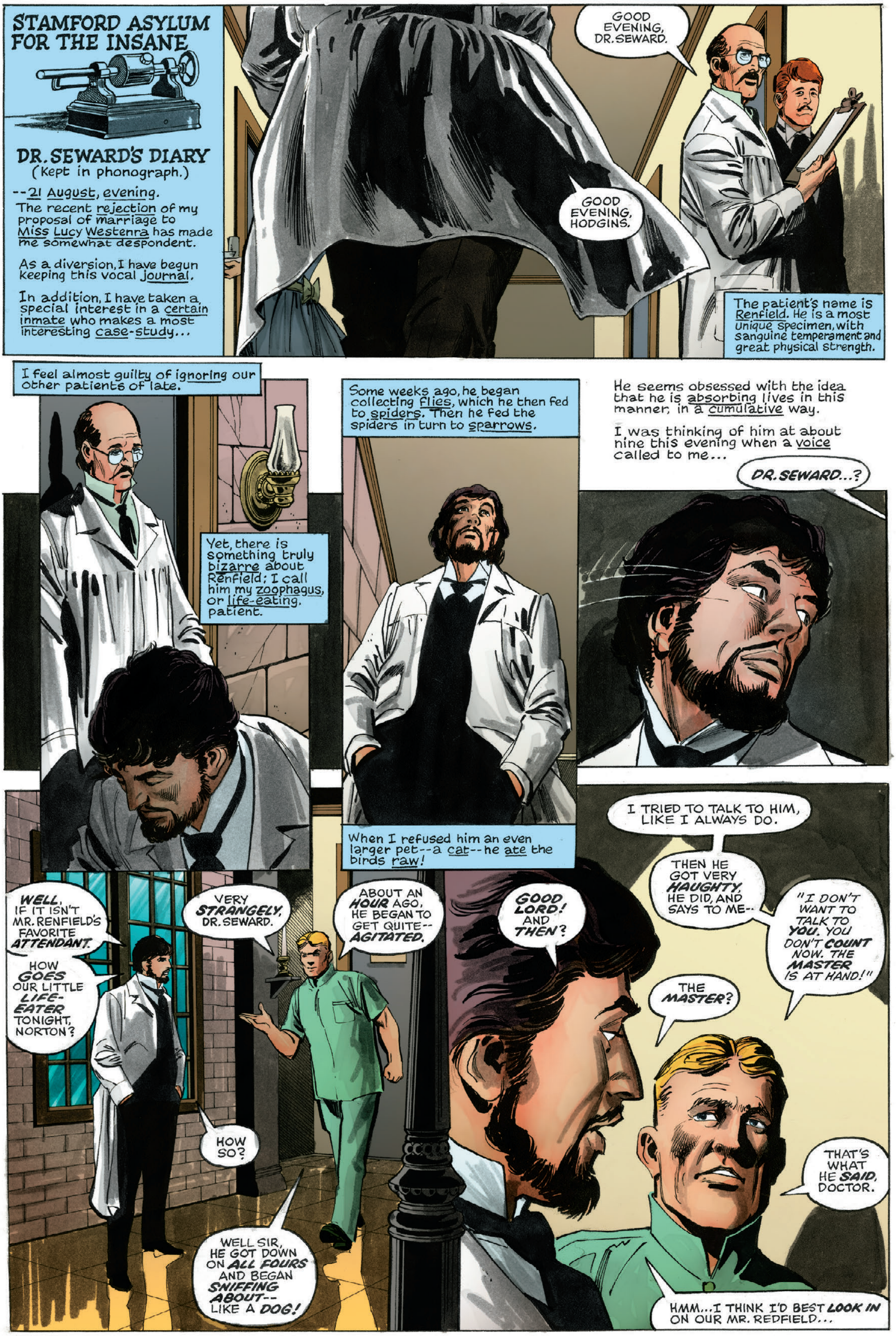

There was a bright full moon, often obscured by heavy black, driving clouds, which threw the whole scene into a fleeting diorama of light and shade as they sailed across.
For a moment, I could see nothing.
Then, a cloud passed...
And there, on our favourite seat, the silver light of the moon struck a snowy-white, half-reclining figure.
But it seemed as though something dark stood behind the seat where the white figure shone... and bent over it.
What it was--whether man or beast--I could not tell; but I called out in fright.
LUCY!
LUCY!
And something...
...raised its head.
And even from where I stood, I could see... its eyes.
So red... so gleaming!

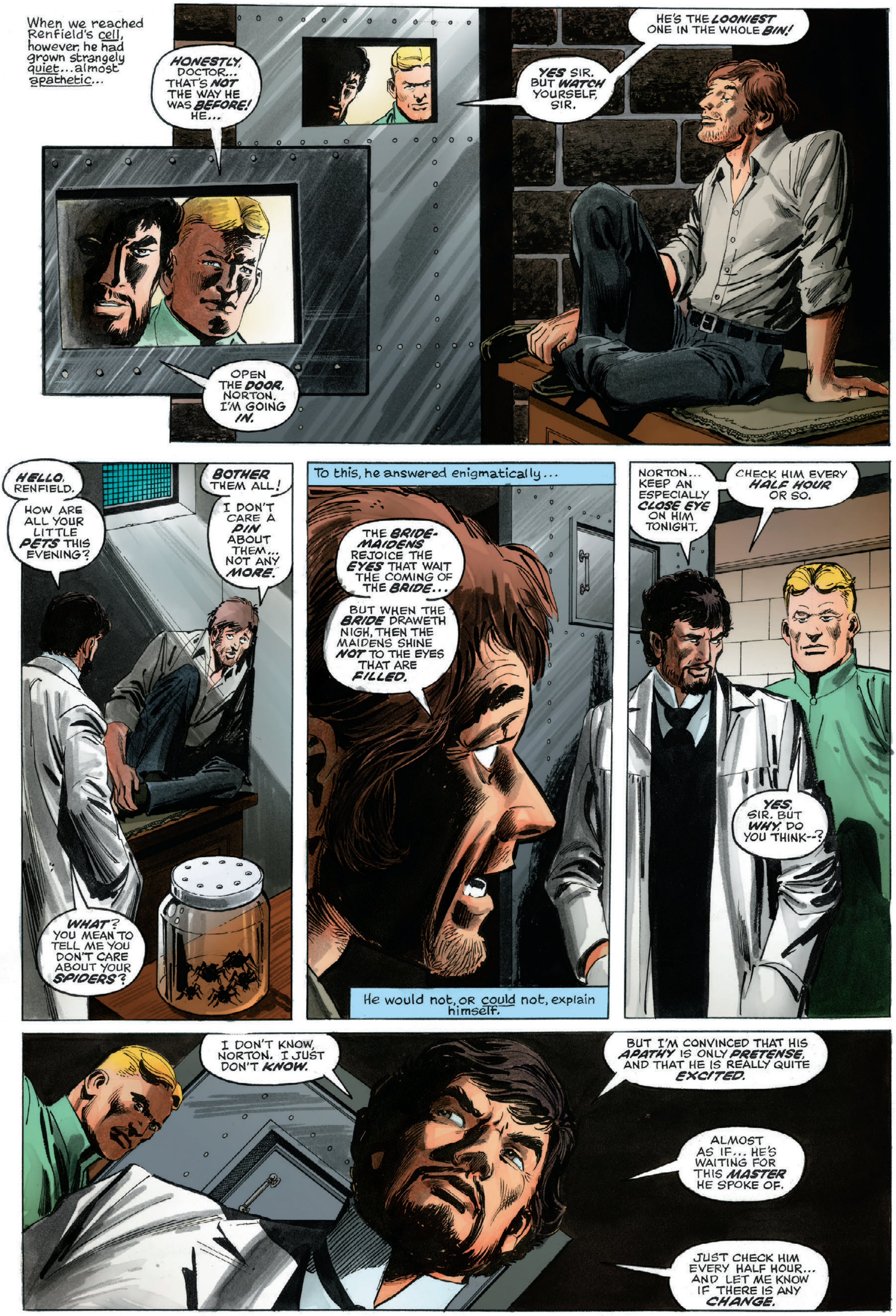

As I ran toward her then, a cloud hid the moon...
...and I lost sight of Lucy for a few moments.
When the cloud passed, I could see her again, lying back upon the tombstone seat.
She was quite alone.
Bending over her, I could see that she was still asleep. Her lips were parted, and she was breathing...
...yet not softly as is usual with her, but in long heavy gasps.
As I came close, she pulled the collar of her nightdress close around her, as though even in sleep she felt the cold.
Fearing lest she catch a chill, I flung my warm shawl over her...
...even as she suddenly awoke.
OH-- MINA-- WHAT-- I DON'T--
THERE, THERE, DEAREST LUCY. HOLD STILL NOW...
...WHILE I FASTEN THE SHAWL WITH MY SAFETY PIN.
OH-- FORGIVE ME, LUCY. I MUST HAVE HURT YOU IN MY ANXIETY.
THOSE TWO PIN-PRICKS...
THEY'RE... NOTHING, DEAR MINA. FORGET THEM.
MAY WE... GO BACK NOW?
Fortune favored us, and we reached home without meeting a soul.
Even so, Lucy made me promise to tell no one about her latest sleepwalking.

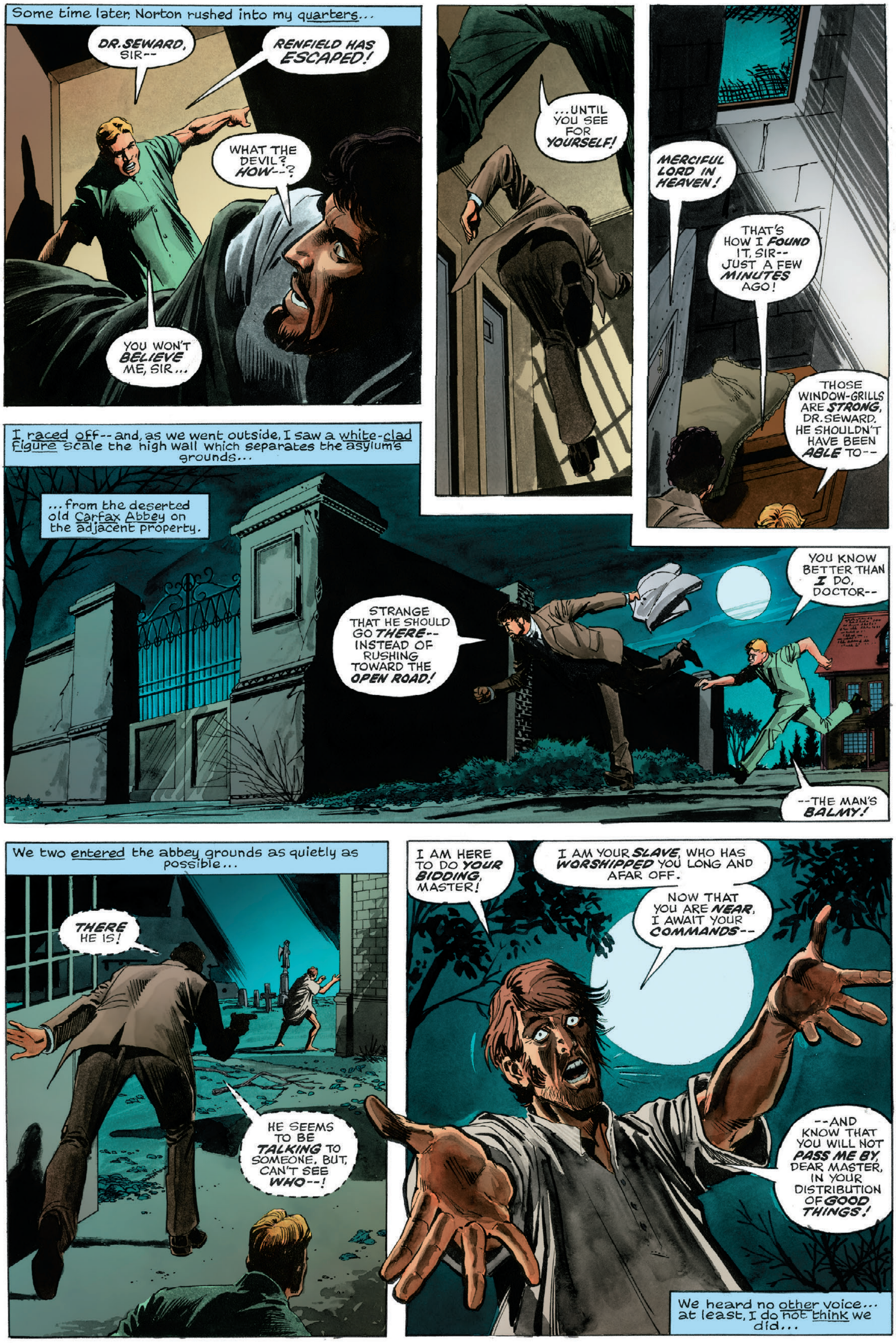

Same day, noon.--All goes well. Lucy slept till I woke her, and the night's adventure does not seem to have harmed her.
On the contrary, she looks better this morning than she has done for weeks.
Already the tiny pin-pricks on her nightdress seem to have vanished...
...and only a drop of blood on her nightdress reminds that they were ever there.
Still, I resolved, despite my promises, to tell Lucy's mother of her sleepwalking...
For it is she who should decide if a doctor should be summoned.
But, when I sought her out in her sitting-room...
MRS. WESTENRA--WHY, YOU'RE CRYING.
WHAT IS IT? CAN I--?
NO. MINA...
I SHOULD NOT TELL YOU THIS--AND YOU MUST SWEAR NOT TO LET LUCY KNOW--
I SWEAR. BUT WHAT--?
THE DOCTORS HAVE TOLD ME... THAT MY HEART IS WEAKENING, AND I HAVE AT MOST--
--BUT A FEW MORE MONTHS TO LIVE!
OH!
THEY SAID I MUST AVOID ALL SUDDEN SHOCKS--IF I WANT TO LIVE EVEN THAT LONG.
THANK THE GOOD LORD THAT MY LUCY WILL BE MARRIED, AND HAVE SOMEONE TO PROTECT HER... WHEN I AM GONE.
BUT, YOU SEEMED TO WISH TO SPEAK WITH ME ABOUT SOMETHING, MINA DEAREST. WHAT--?
IT WAS... NOTHING, MRS. WESTENRA.
NOTHING AT ALL.
Ah, how close I had come to making a dreadful mistake!
Lucy is wise to keep her sleepwalking a secret.
I see that clearly now.

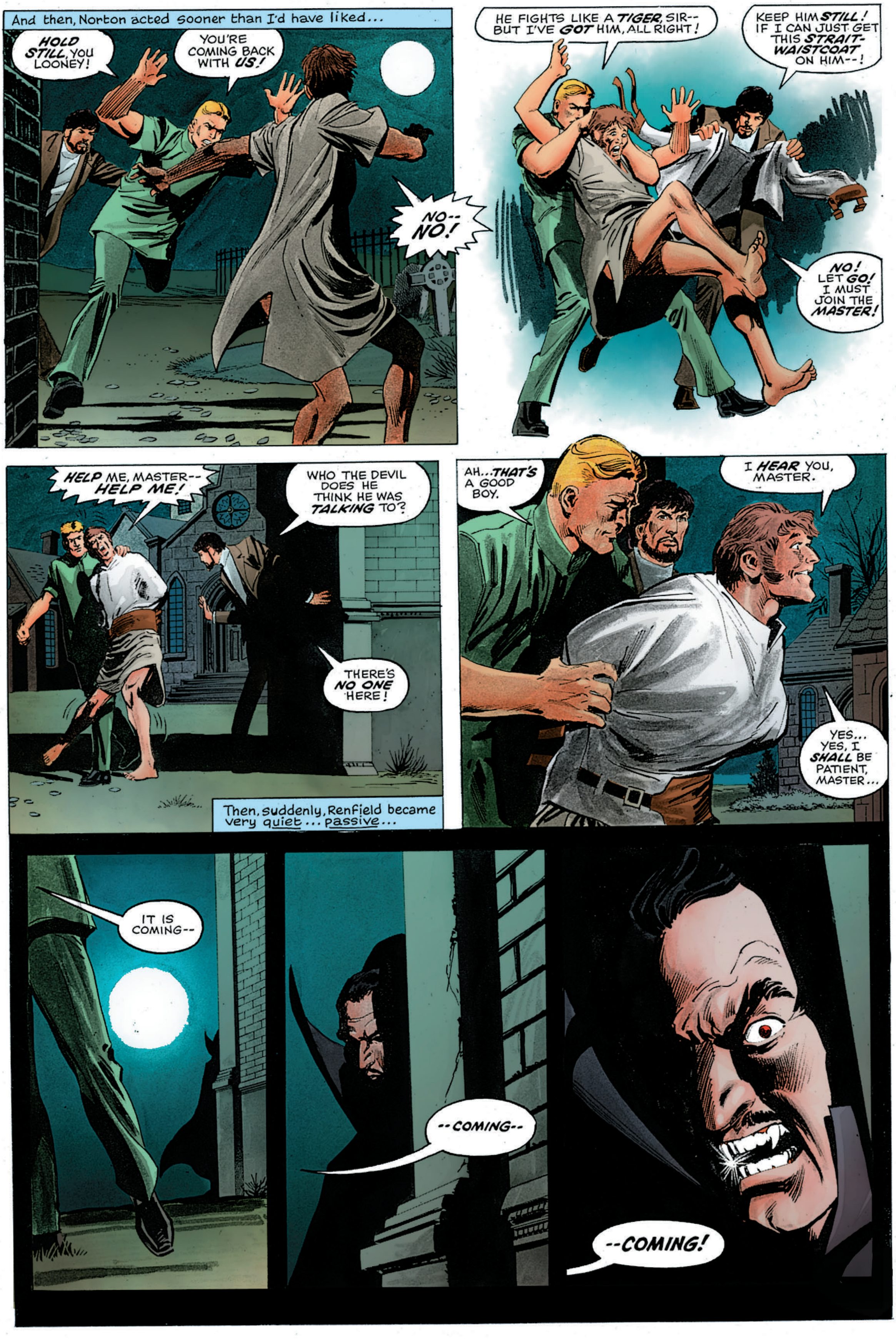

19th August, evening.--
LUCY! MRS. WESTENRA! AT LAST--NEWS OF JONATHAN!
A LETTER--AFTER SO MANY LONG WEEKS!
OH, I'M SO GLAD FOR YOU, DEAR MINA!
CAN YOU--SHARE IT WITH US?
GLADLY. BUT IT'S--NOT ALTOGETHER A JOYOUS LETTER, I'M AFRAID.
MY BELOVED HAS BEEN ILL--TERRIBLY ILL--WHICH IS WHY HE'S NOT WRITTEN.
THIS LETTER IS NOT REALLY FROM JONATHAN, BUT FROM A SISTER AGATHA, OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOSEPH AND STE. MARY, IN BUDAPEST!
SHE SAYS--"I WRITE BY DESIRE OF MR. JONATHAN HARKER WHO IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO DO SO HIMSELF, HAVING SUFFERED FOR SIX WEEKS FROM A VIOLENT BRAIN FEVER...
"HE IS ASLEEP NOW, AND SO I CAN WRITE FREELY WHAT I THINK AND FEEL.
"HE HAS HAD SOME FEARFUL SHOCK--AND HAS RAVED OF GHOSTS AND DEMONS, OF WOLVES AND BLOOD, AND I FEAR TO SAY WHAT ELSE.
"IF YOU COULD MAKE THE LONG JOURNEY HERE TO SEE HIM, I BELIEVE IT WOULD MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.
"YOURS IN CHRIST--Sister Agatha."
HE'S ALIVE, LUCY--ALIVE! THEN I MUST GO TO HIM!
PERHAPS IT WOULD NOT BE A BAD THING--IF WE WERE EVEN MARRIED OUT THERE.
I'LL SEND YOU ANY TRUNKS YOU MAY NEED--SO THAT YOU MAY START TOMORROW, IF YOU LIKE!
DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT YOU COULD--
WE CAN TALK MORE UPSTAIRS--BUT I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU, DEAREST MINA!
YES... I KNOW.
I'LL BE UP... LATER.
OF COURSE.
RIGHT NOW, I... I FEEL A NEED TO BE ALONE... TO THINK.
So much to think about! I went for a long walk, and time did not exist for me.
My Jonathan is alive--and all will soon be well again
It was quite dark when I returned to the Westenra home...


Going upstairs, I saw Lucy lying asleep in a chair by the window.
Beside her, seated on the sill, was something which looked like a good-sized bird.
Its softly beating wings seemed to be soothing Lucy, who moaned quietly, wistfully in her sleep.
It started when I entered, and flew off...
...and I could see that it was actually a rather large bat.
I hurried to Lucy's side...
...and saw that she looked terribly, deathly pale.
Also, the tiny wounds my pins had made had evidently opened again.
LUCY-- LUCY DEAR, WAKE UP--!
HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE ASLEEP BY THE WINDOW?
She did not answer directly...
...but only moaned softly instead.
HIS... RED EYES. THEY ARE ALWAYS... THE SAME...
Later, when she had fully awakened, she made me promise once more to say nothing to anyone...
And I shall keep that promise, for Lucy is the dearest person in the world to me, and I would never do anything to harm her.
21 August.--I have departed for the continent this day. Lucy still looks pale, though she is in good spirits and speeds my parting.
Soon-- oh, not soon enough!-- I shall be at Jonathan's side, and my happiness shall be complete!
Yet I still could wish that dear Lucy were not so pale and wan.


STAMFORD ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE
DR. SEWARD'S DIARY (Kept in phonograph.)
--21 August, evening.
The recent rejection of my proposal of marriage to Miss Lucy Westenra has made me somewhat despondent.
As a diversion, I have begun keeping this vocal journal.
In addition, I have taken a special interest in a certain inmate who makes a most interesting case-study...
GOOD EVENING, DR. SEWARD.
GOOD EVENING, HODGINS.
The patient's name is Renfield. He is a most unique specimen, with sanguine temperament and great physical strength.
I feel almost guilty of ignoring our other patients of late.
Yet, there is something truly bizarre about Renfield: I call him my zoophagus, or life-eating, patient.
Some weeks ago, he began collecting flies, which he then fed to spiders. Then he fed the spiders in turn to sparrows.
When I refused him an even larger pet--a cat--he ate the birds raw!
He seems obsessed with the idea that he is absorbing lives in this manner, in a cumulative way.
I was thinking of him at about nine this evening when a voice called to me...
DR. SEWARD...?
WELL, IF IT ISN'T MR. RENFIELD'S FAVORITE ATTENDANT.
HOW GOES OUR LITTLE LIFE-EATER TONIGHT, NORTON?
VERY STRANGELY, DR. SEWARD.
HOW SO?
ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, HE BEGAN TO GET QUITE--AGITATED.
WELL SIR, HE GOT DOWN ON ALL FOURS AND BEGAN SNIFFING ABOUT--LIKE A DOG!
GOOD LORD! AND THEN?
I TRIED TO TALK TO HIM, LIKE I ALWAYS DO.
THEN HE GOT VERY HAUGHTY, HE DID, AND SAYS TO ME--
"I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU. YOU DON'T COUNT NOW. THE MASTER IS AT HAND!"
THE MASTER?
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, DOCTOR.
HMM...I THINK I'D BEST LOOK IN ON OUR MR. REDFIELD...

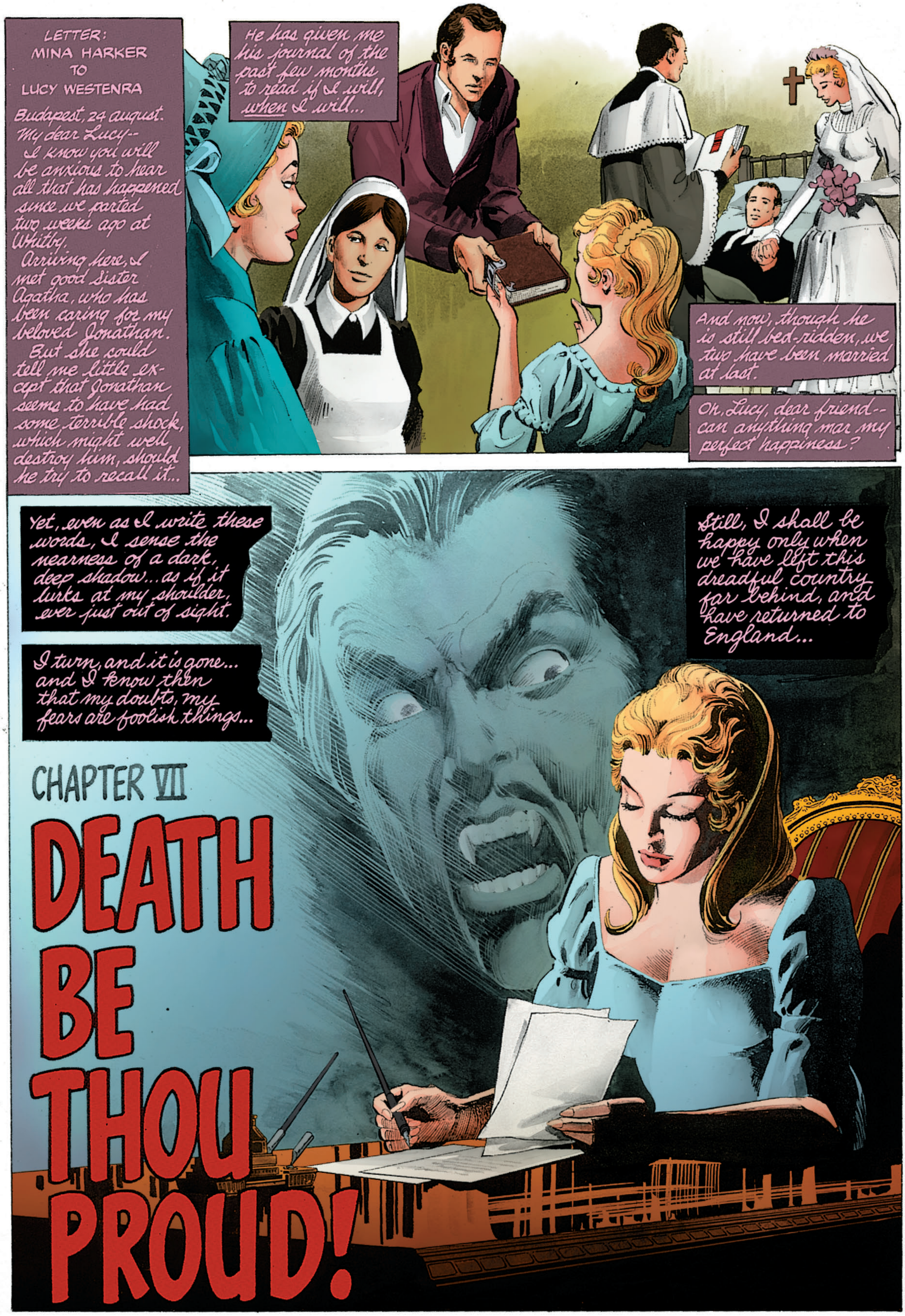

When we reached Renfield's cell, however, he had grown strangely quiet...almost apathetic...
HONESTLY, DOCTOR... THAT'S NOT THE WAY HE WAS BEFORE! HE...
OPEN THE DOOR, NORTON. I'M GOING IN.
YES SIR. BUT WATCH YOURSELF, SIR.
HE'S THE LOONIEST ONE IN THE WHOLE BIN!
HELLO, RENFIELD.
HOW ARE ALL YOUR LITTLE PETS THIS EVENING?
BOTHER THEM ALL!
I DON'T CARE A PIN ABOUT THEM... NOT ANY MORE.
WHAT? YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR SPIDERS?
To this, he answered enigmatically...
THE BRIDE-MAIDENS REJOICE THE EYES THAT WAIT THE COMING OF THE BRIDE...
BUT WHEN THE BRIDE DRAWETH NIGH, THEN THE MAIDENS SHINE NOT TO THE EYES THAT ARE FILLED.
He would not, or could not, explain himself.
NORTON... KEEP AN ESPECIALLY CLOSE EYE ON HIM TONIGHT.
CHECK HIM EVERY HALF HOUR OR SO.
YES, SIR. BUT WHY, DO YOU THINK--?
I DON'T KNOW, NORTON. I JUST DON'T KNOW.
BUT I'M CONVINCED THAT HIS APATHY IS ONLY PRETENSE, AND THAT HE IS REALLY QUITE EXCITED.
ALMOST AS IF... HE'S WAITING FOR THIS MASTER HE SPOKE OF.
JUST CHECK HIM EVERY HALF HOUR... AND LET ME KNOW IF THERE IS ANY CHANGE.

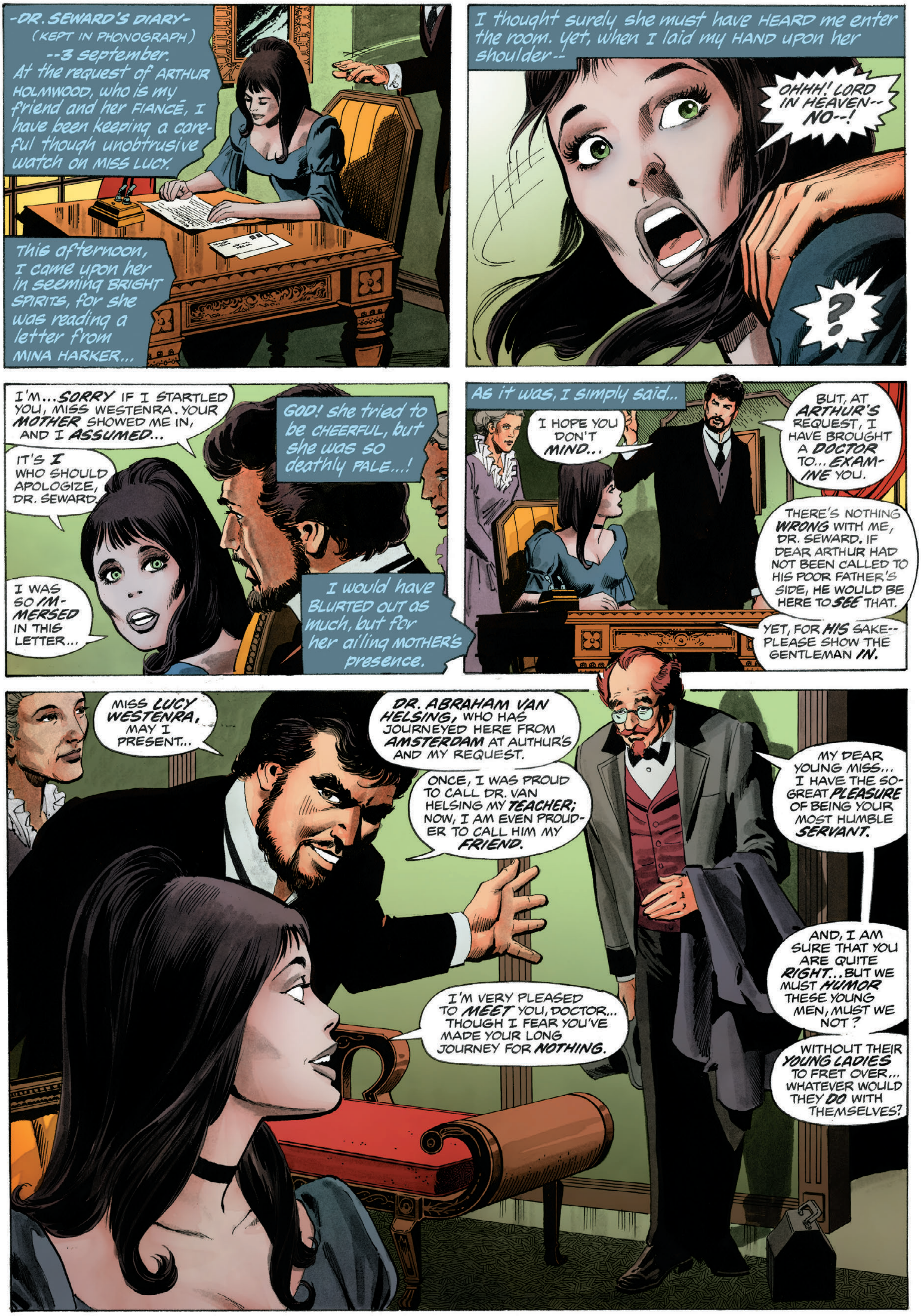

Some time later, Norton rushed into my quarters...
DR. SEWARD, SIR--
RENFIELD HAS ESCAPED!
WHAT THE DEVIL? HOW--?
YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME, SIR...
...UNTIL YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF!
MERCIFUL LORD IN HEAVEN!
THAT'S HOW I FOUND IT, SIR-- JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!
THOSE WINDOW-GRILLS ARE STRONG, DR. SEWARD. HE SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO--
I raced off--and, as we went outside, I saw a white-clad figure scale the high wall which separates the asylum's grounds...
...from the deserted old Carfax Abbey on the adjacent property.
STRANGE THAT HE SHOULD GO THERE-- INSTEAD OF RUSHING TOWARD THE OPEN ROAD!
YOU KNOW BETTER THAN I DO, DOCTOR--
--THE MAN'S BALMY!
We two entered the abbey grounds as quietly as possible...
THERE HE IS!
HE SEEMS TO BE TALKING TO SOMEONE. BUT, CAN'T SEE WHO--!
I AM HERE TO DO YOUR BIDDING, MASTER!
I AM YOUR SLAVE, WHO HAS WORSHIPPED YOU LONG AND AFAR OFF.
NOW THAT YOU ARE NEAR, I AWAIT YOUR COMMANDS--
--AND KNOW THAT YOU WILL NOT PASS ME BY, DEAR MASTER, IN YOUR DISTRIBUTION OF GOOD THINGS!
We heard no other voice... at least, I do not think we did...

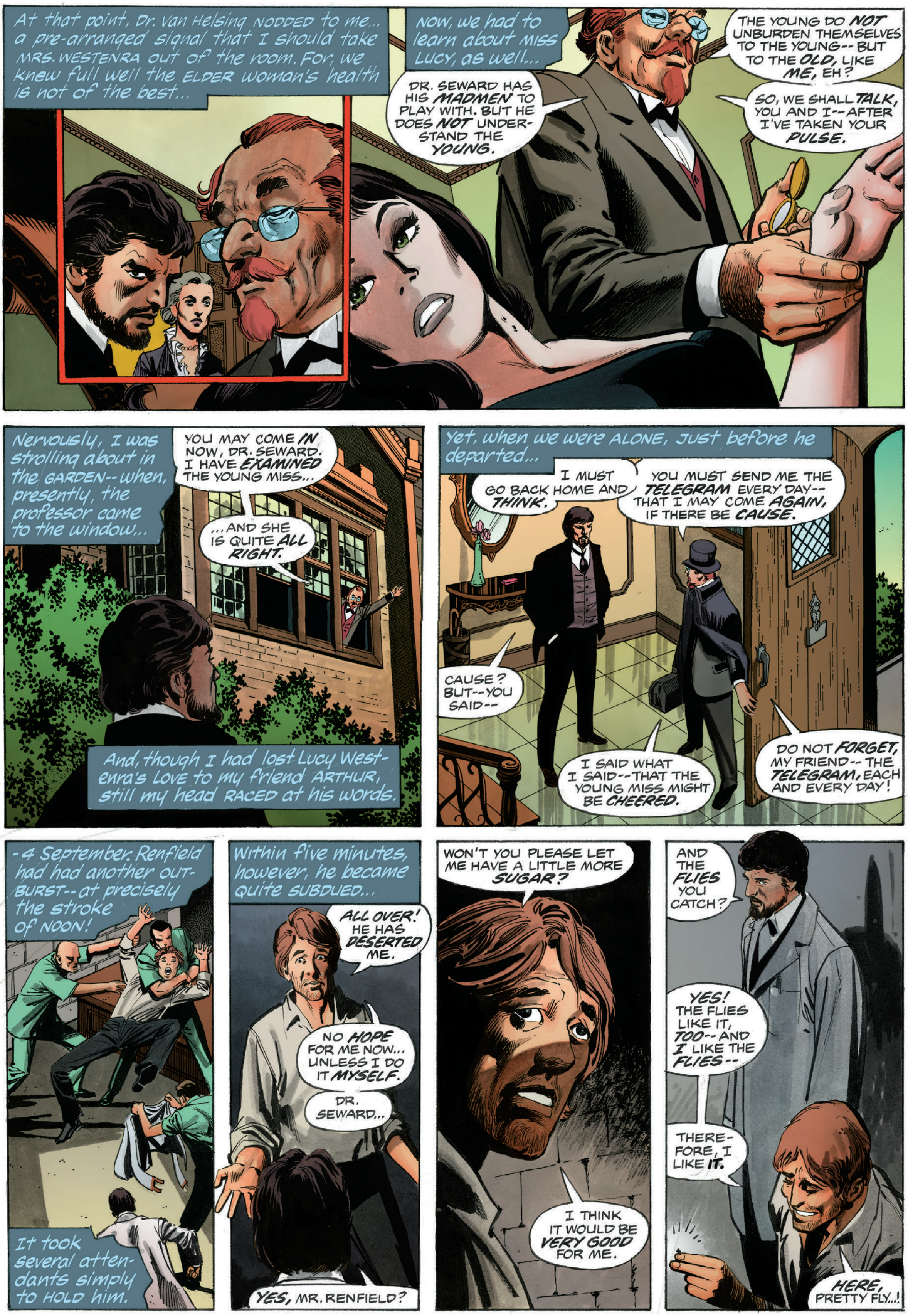

And then, Norton acted sooner than I'd have liked...
HOLD STILL, YOU LOONEY!
YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH US!
NO--NO!
HE FIGHTS LIKE A TIGER, SIR--BUT I'VE GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT!
KEEP HIM STILL! IF I CAN JUST GET THIS STRAIT-WAISTCOAT ON HIM--!
NO! LET GO! I MUST JOIN THE MASTER!
HELP ME, MASTER--HELP ME!
WHO THE DEVIL DOES HE THINK HE WAS TALKING TO?
THERE'S NO ONE HERE!
Then, suddenly, Renfield became very quiet... passive...
AH...THAT'S A GOOD BOY.
I HEAR YOU, MASTER.
YES... YES, I SHALL BE PATIENT, MASTER...
IT IS COMING--
--COMING--
--COMING!

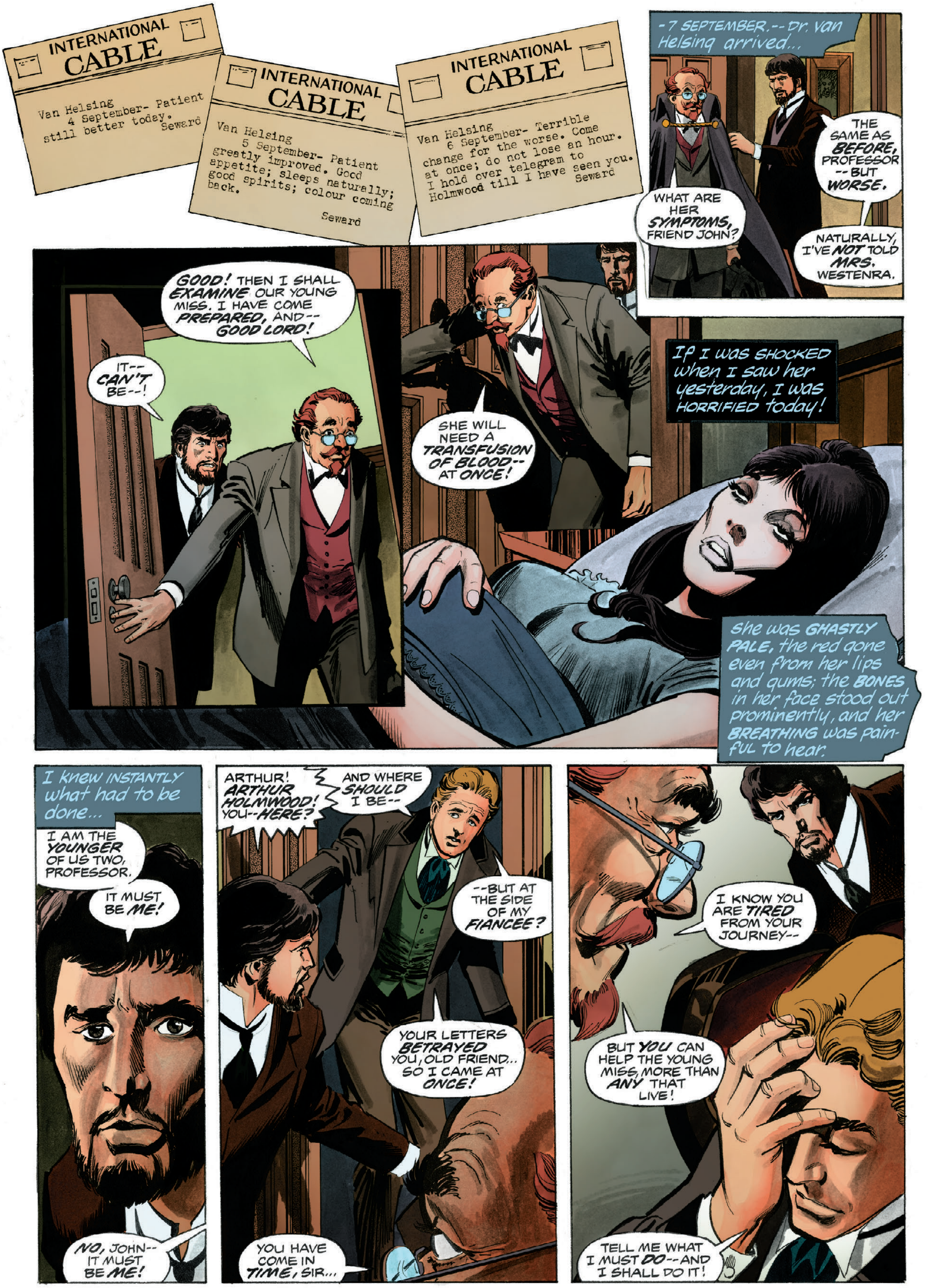
CHAPTER VII

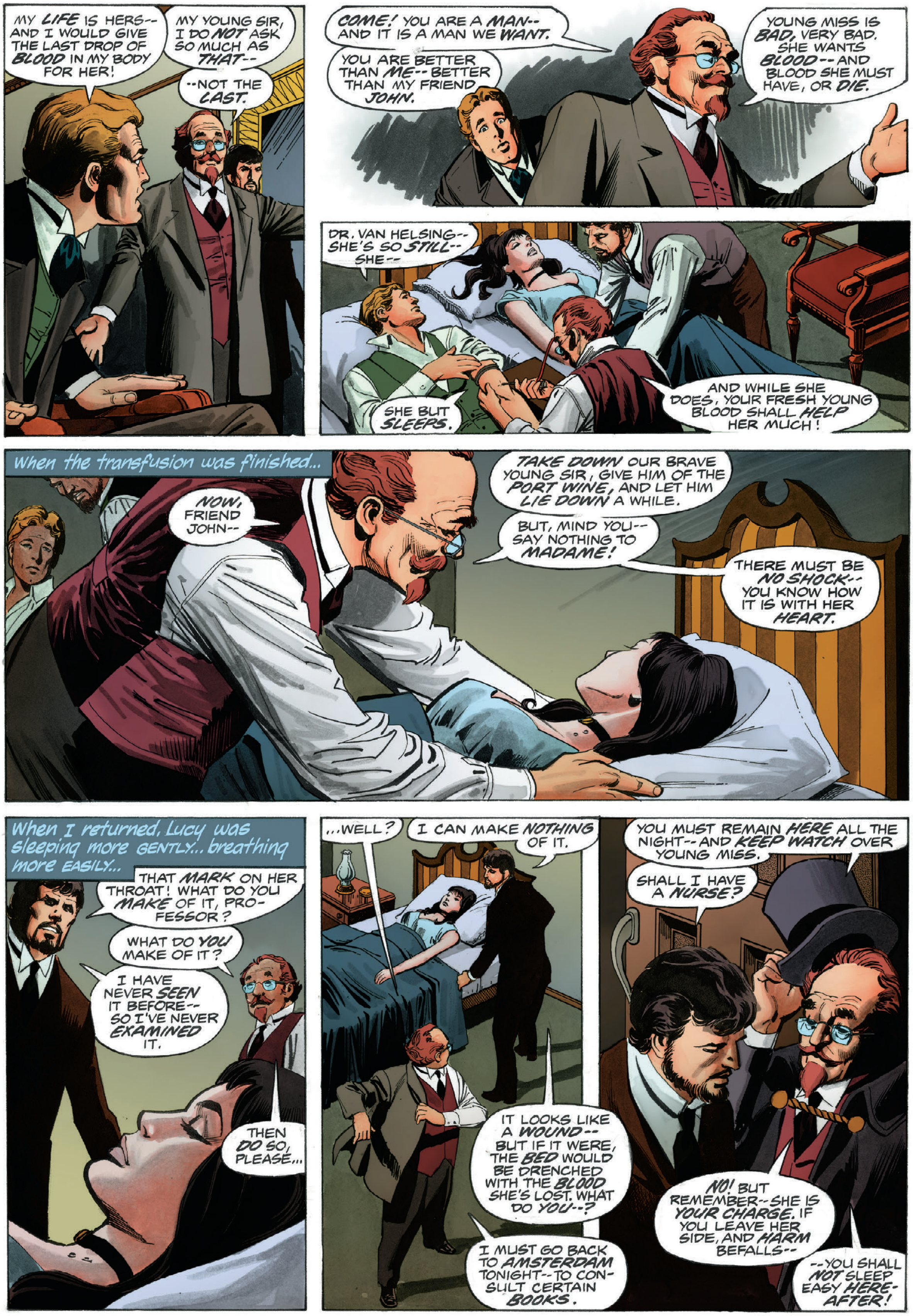
DEATH BE THOU PROUD!

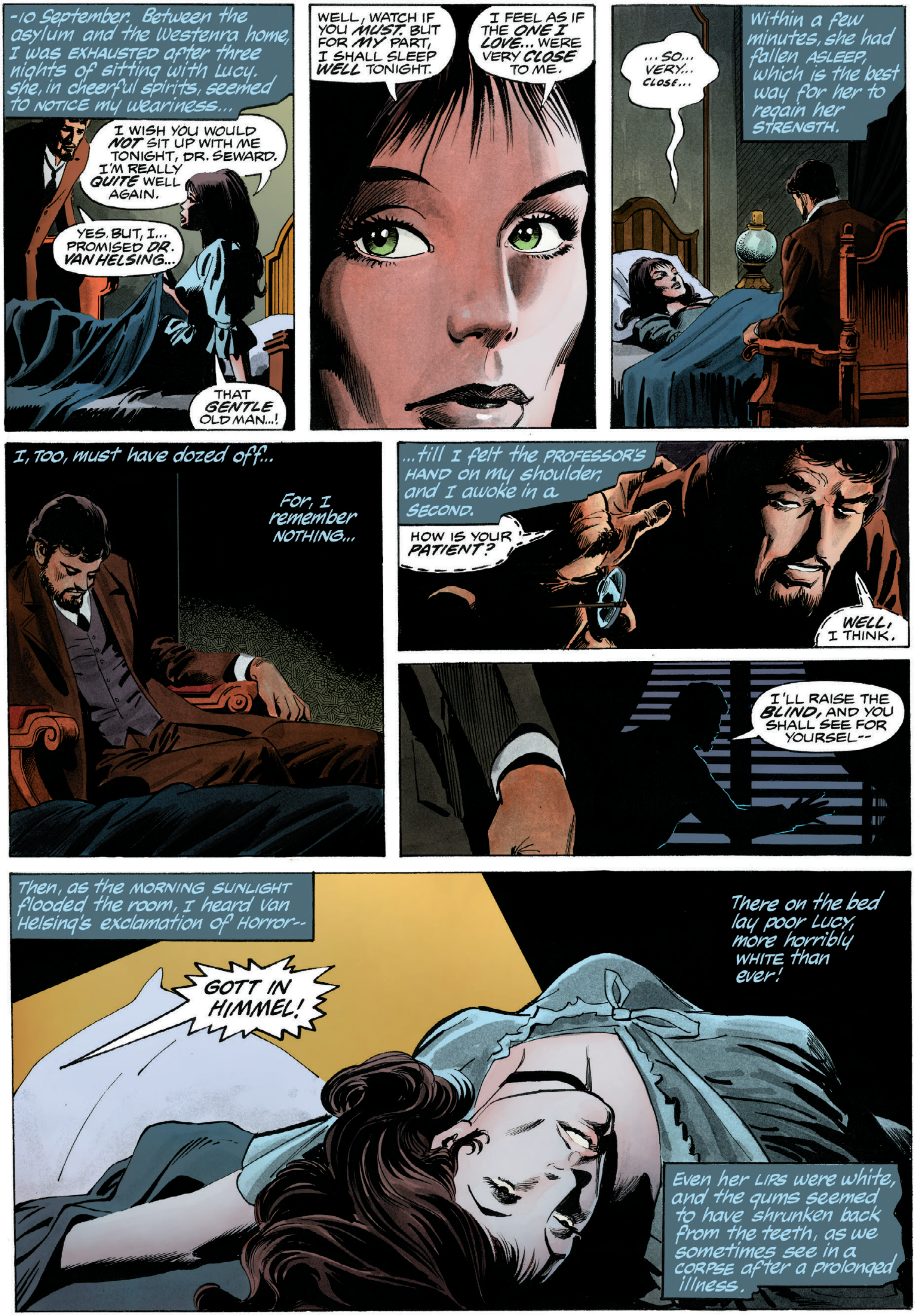

LETTER: MINA HARKER TO LUCY WESTENRA
Budapest, 24 August. My dear Lucy-- I know you will be anxious to hear all that has happened since we parted two weeks ago at Whitby. Arriving here, I met good Sister Agatha, who has been caring for my beloved Jonathan. But she could tell me little except that Jonathan seems to have had some terrible shock, which might well destroy him, should he try to recall it...
He has given me his journal of the past few months to read if I will, when I will...
And now, though he is still bed-ridden, we two have been married at last.
Oh, Lucy, dear friend--can anything mar my perfect happiness?
Yet, even as I write these words, I sense the nearness of a dark, deep shadow...as if it lurks at my shoulder, ever just out of sight.
I turn, and it is gone...and I know then that my doubts, my fears are foolish things...
Still, I shall be happy only when we have left this dreadful country far behind, and have returned to England...

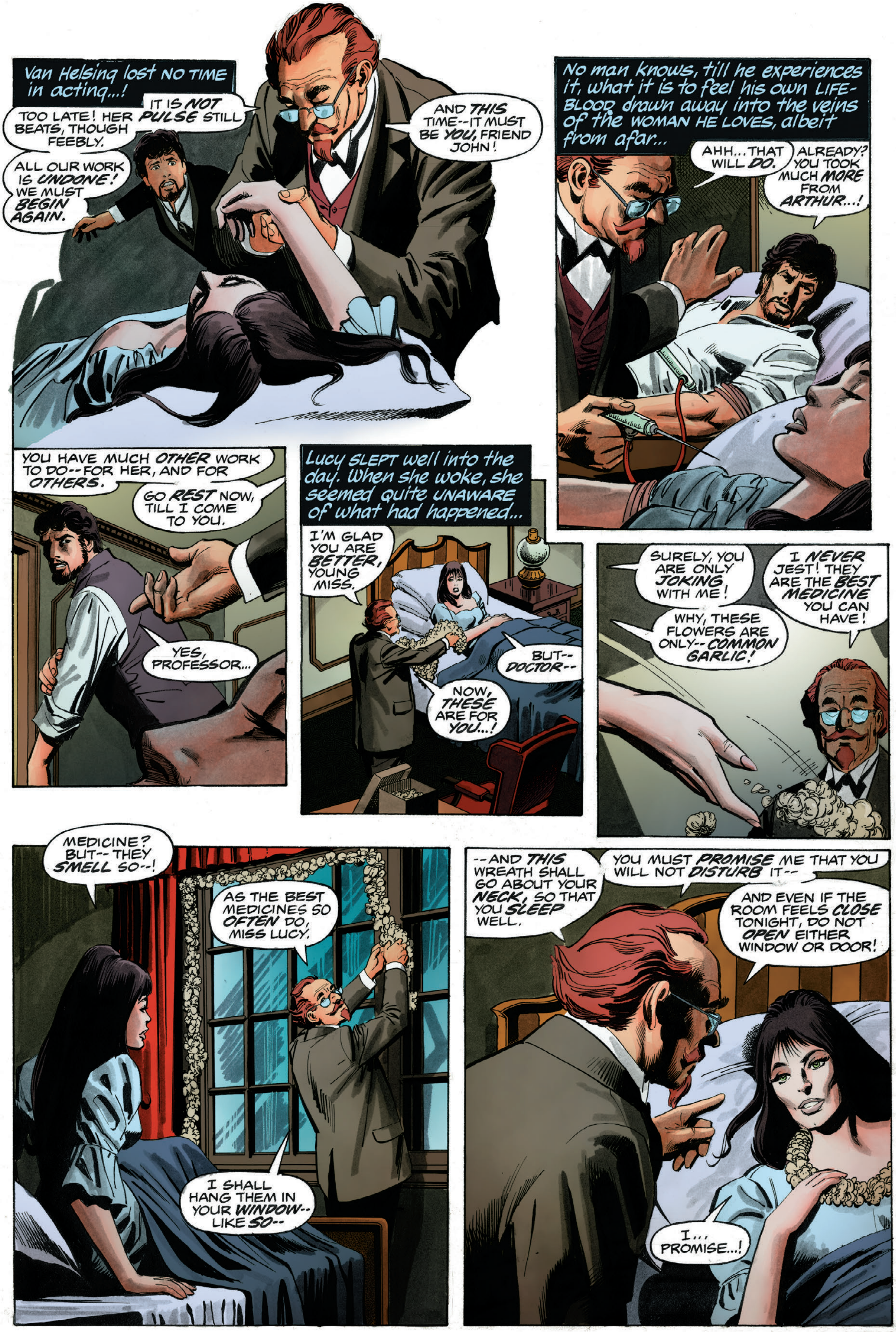

-DR. SEWARD'S DIARY- (KEPT IN PHONOGRAPH) --3 september. At the request of ARTHUR HOLMWOOD, who is my friend and her FIANCÉ, I have been keeping a careful though unobtrusive watch on MISS LUCY.
This afternoon, I came upon her in seeming BRIGHT SPIRITS, for she was reading a letter from MINA HARKER...
I thought surely she must have HEARD me enter the room. yet, when I laid my HAND upon her shoulder--
OHHH! LORD IN HEAVEN-- NO--!
?
I'M...SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU, MISS WESTENRA. YOUR MOTHER SHOWED ME IN, AND I ASSUMED...
IT'S I WHO SHOULD APOLOGIZE, DR. SEWARD.
I WAS SO IMMERSED IN THIS LETTER...
GOD! she tried to be CHEERFUL, but she was so deathly PALE...!
I would have BLURTED OUT as much, but for her ailing MOTHER'S presence.
As it was, I simply said...
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND...
BUT, AT ARTHUR'S REQUEST, I HAVE BROUGHT A DOCTOR TO... EXAMINE YOU.
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME, DR. SEWARD. IF DEAR ARTHUR HAD NOT BEEN CALLED TO HIS POOR FATHER'S SIDE, HE WOULD BE HERE TO SEE THAT.
YET, FOR HIS SAKE-- PLEASE SHOW THE GENTLEMAN IN.
MISS LUCY WESTENRA, MAY I PRESENT...
DR. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, WHO HAS JOURNEYED HERE FROM AMSTERDAM AT AUTHUR'S AND MY REQUEST.
ONCE, I WAS PROUD TO CALL DR. VAN HELSING MY TEACHER; NOW, I AM EVEN PROUDER TO CALL HIM MY FRIEND.
MY DEAR YOUNG MISS... I HAVE THE SO-GREAT PLEASURE OF BEING YOUR MOST HUMBLE SERVANT.
I'M VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU, DOCTOR... THOUGH I FEAR YOU'VE MADE YOUR LONG JOURNEY FOR NOTHING.
AND, I AM SURE THAT YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT... BUT WE MUST HUMOR THESE YOUNG MEN, MUST WE NOT?
WITHOUT THEIR YOUNG LADIES TO FRET OVER... WHATEVER WOULD THEY DO WITH THEMSELVES?

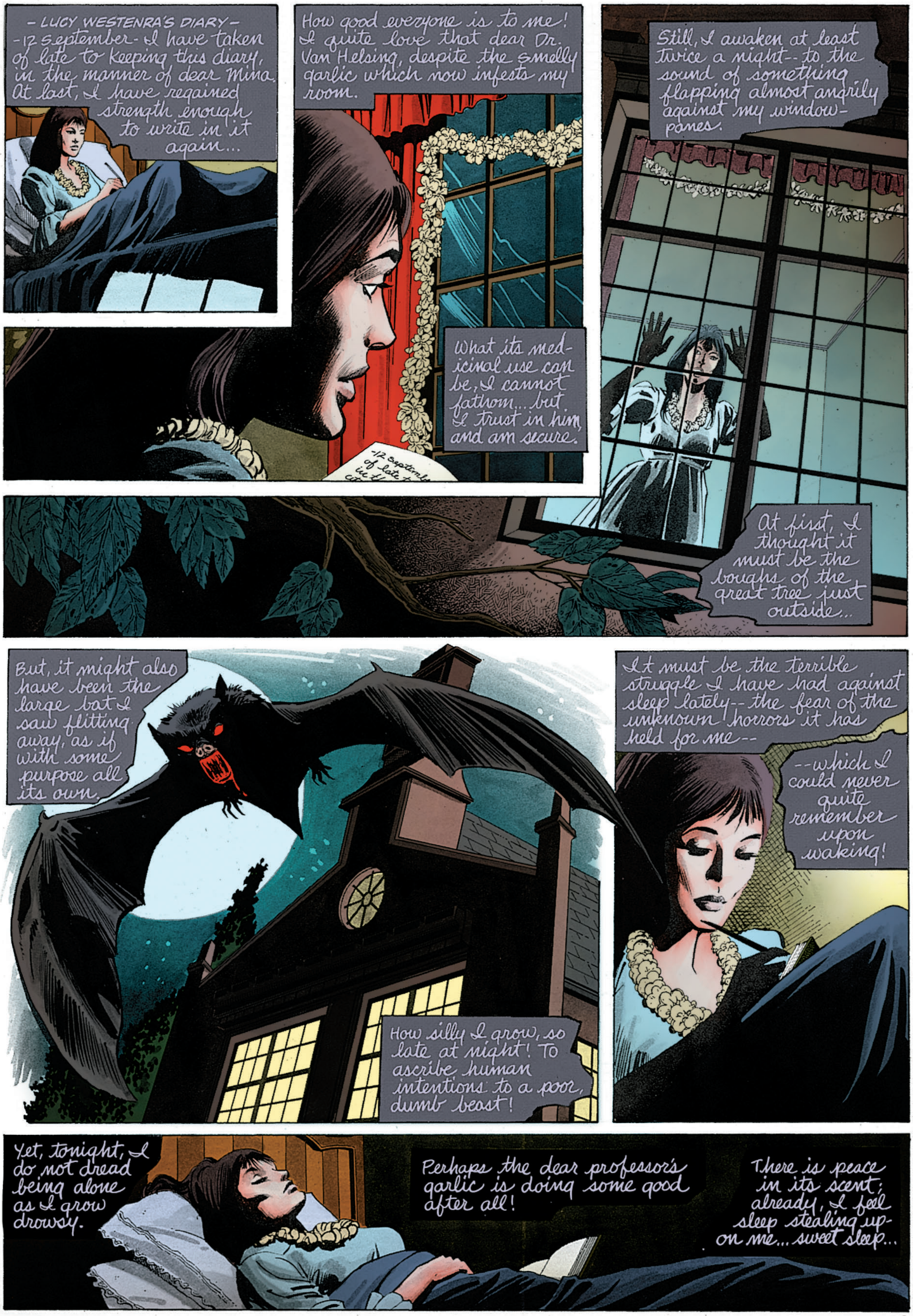

At that point, Dr. Van Helsing NODDED to me... a pre-arranged signal that I should take MRS. WESTENRA out of the room. For, we knew full well the ELDER woman's health is not of the best...
Now, we had to learn about Miss Lucy, as well...
DR. SEWARD HAS HIS MADMEN TO PLAY WITH. BUT HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THE YOUNG.
THE YOUNG DO NOT UNBURDEN THEMSELVES TO THE YOUNG-- BUT TO THE OLD, LIKE ME, EH?
SO, WE SHALL TALK, YOU AND I-- AFTER I'VE TAKEN YOUR PULSE.
Nervously, I was strolling about in the GARDEN-- when, presently, the professor came to the window...
YOU MAY COME IN NOW, DR. SEWARD. I HAVE EXAMINED THE YOUNG MISS...
...AND SHE IS QUITE ALL RIGHT.
And, though I had lost Lucy Westenra's love to my friend ARTHUR, still my head RACED at his words.
Yet, when we were ALONE, just before he departed...
I MUST GO BACK HOME AND THINK.
YOU MUST SEND ME THE TELEGRAM EVERY DAY-- THAT I MAY COME AGAIN, IF THERE BE CAUSE.
CAUSE? BUT--YOU SAID--
I SAID WHAT I SAID--THAT THE YOUNG MISS MIGHT BE CHEERED.
DO NOT FORGET, MY FRIEND-- THE TELEGRAM, EACH AND EVERY DAY!
-4 September: Renfield had had another OUTBURST-- at precisely the stroke of NOON!
It took several attendants simply to HOLD him.
Within five minutes, however, he became quite SUBDUED...
ALL OVER! HE HAS DESERTED ME.
NO HOPE FOR ME NOW... UNLESS I DO IT MYSELF.
DR. SEWARD...
YES, MR. RENFIELD?
WON'T YOU PLEASE LET ME HAVE A LITTLE MORE SUGAR?
I THINK IT WOULD BE VERY GOOD FOR ME.
AND THE FLIES YOU CATCH?
YES! THE FLIES LIKE IT, TOO-- AND I LIKE THE FLIES--
THEREFORE, I LIKE IT.
HERE, PRETTY FLY...!

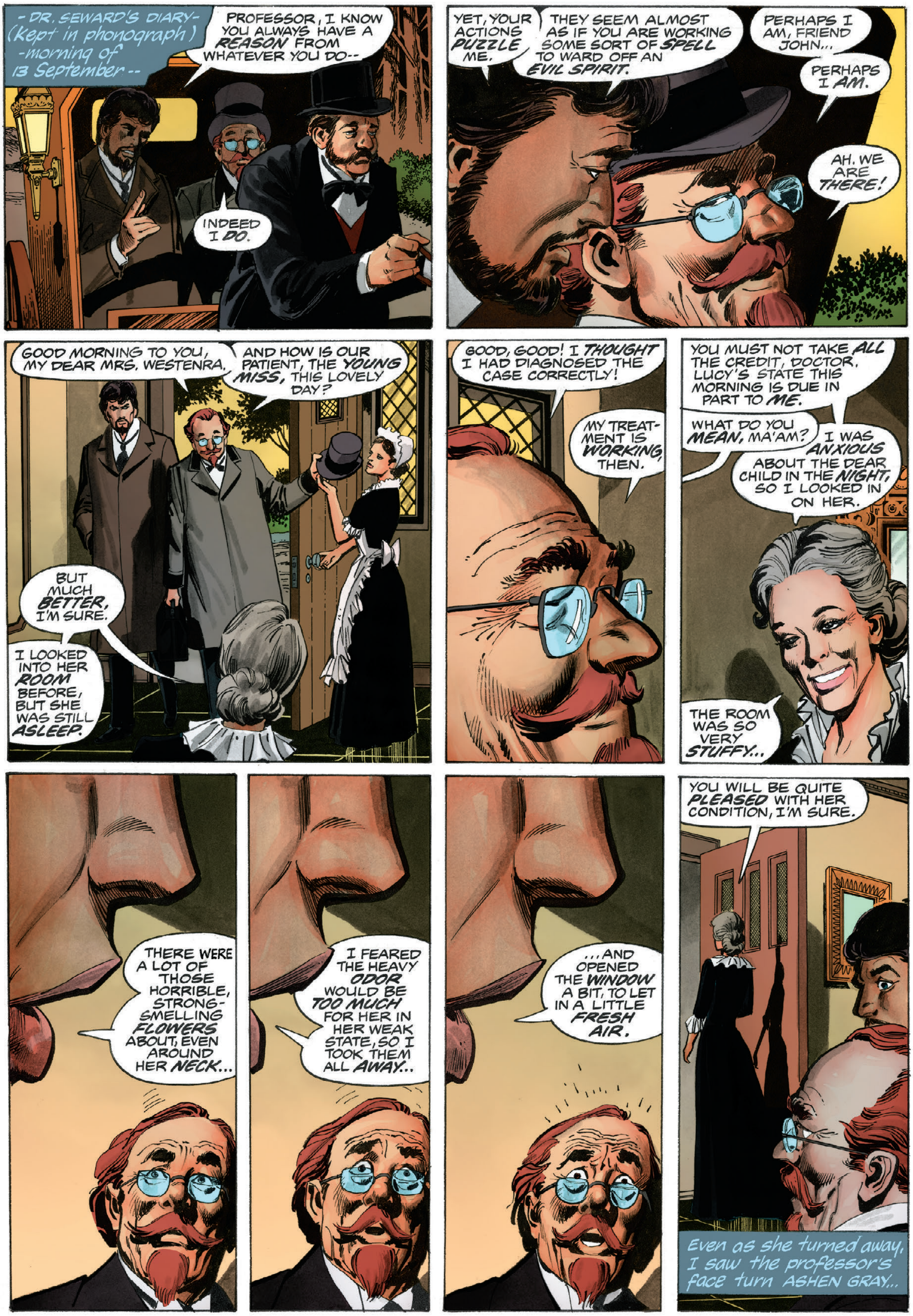

INTERNATIONAL CABLE
Van Helsing
4 September- Patient still better today.
Seward
INTERNATIONAL CABLE
Van Helsing
5 September- Patient greatly improved. Good appetite; sleeps naturally; good spirits; colour coming back.
Seward
INTERNATIONAL CABLE
Van Helsing
6 September- Terrible change for the worse. Come at once; do not lose an hour. I hold over telegram to Holmwood till I have seen you.
Seward
-7 SEPTEMBER.--Dr. Van Helsing arrived...
WHAT ARE HER SYMPTOMS, FRIEND JOHN?
THE SAME AS BEFORE, PROFESSOR --BUT WORSE.
NATURALLY, I'VE NOT TOLD MRS. WESTENRA.
GOOD! THEN I SHALL EXAMINE OUR YOUNG MISS. I HAVE COME PREPARED, AND-- GOOD LORD!
IT-- CAN'T BE--!
If I was SHOCKED when I saw her yesterday, I was HORRIFIED today!
SHE WILL NEED A TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD-- AT ONCE!
She was GHASTLY PALE, the red gone even from her lips and gums; the BONES in her face stood out prominently, and her BREATHING was painful to hear.
I knew INSTANTLY what had to be done...
I AM THE YOUNGER OF US TWO, PROFESSOR.
IT MUST BE ME!
NO, JOHN-- IT MUST BE ME!
ARTHUR! ARTHUR HOLMWOOD! YOU--HERE?
AND WHERE SHOULD I BE--
--BUT AT THE SIDE OF MY FIANCEE?
YOUR LETTERS BETRAYED YOU, OLD FRIEND... SO I CAME AT ONCE!
YOU HAVE COME IN TIME, SIR...
I KNOW YOU ARE TIRED FROM YOUR JOURNEY--
BUT YOU CAN HELP THE YOUNG MISS, MORE THAN ANY THAT LIVE!
TELL ME WHAT I MUST DO--AND I SHALL DO IT!

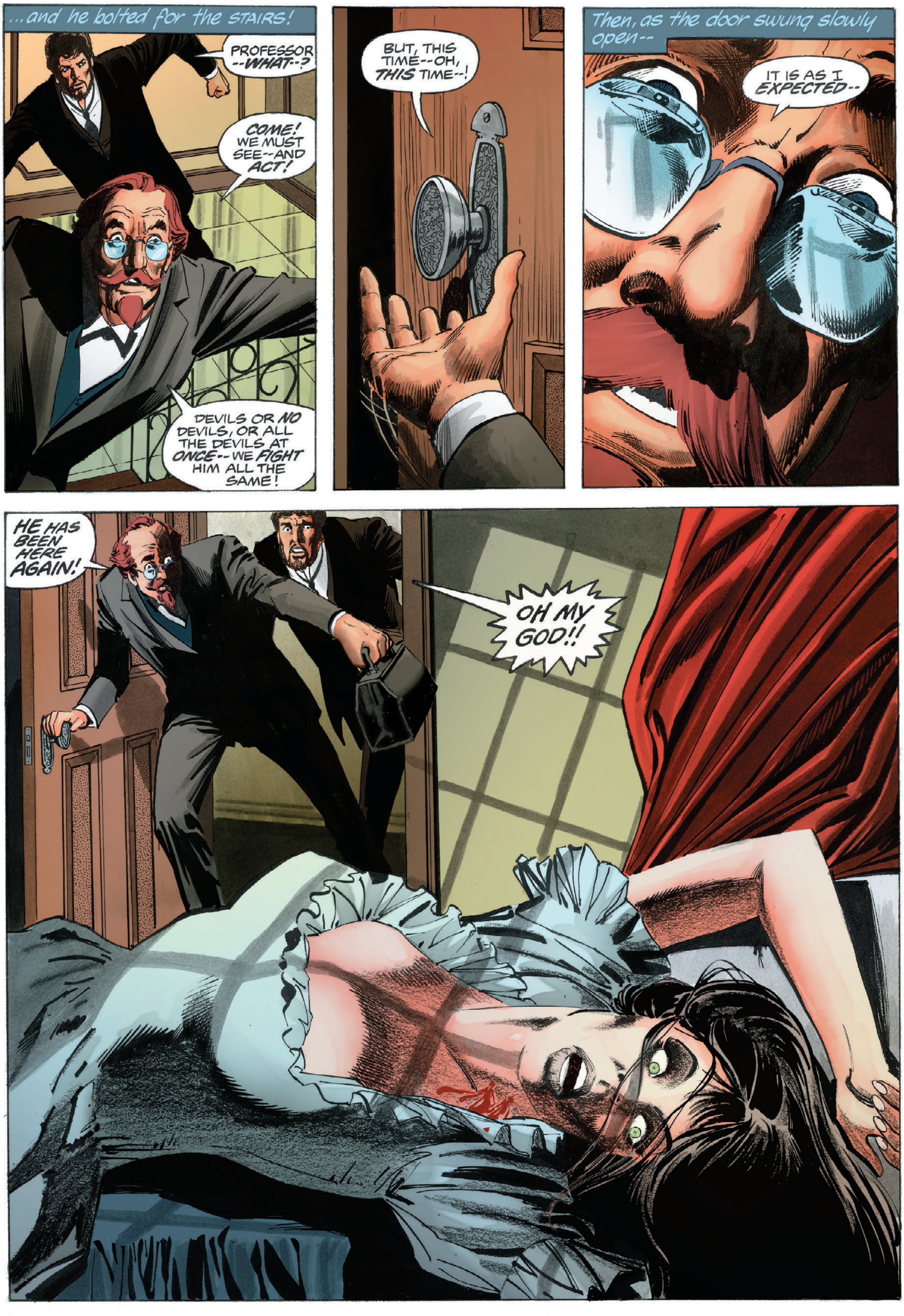

MY LIFE IS HERS--AND I WOULD GIVE THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD IN MY BODY FOR HER!
MY YOUNG SIR, I DO NOT ASK SO MUCH AS THAT--
--NOT THE LAST.
COME! YOU ARE A MAN--AND IT IS A MAN WE WANT.
YOU ARE BETTER THAN ME--BETTER THAN MY FRIEND JOHN.
YOUNG MISS IS BAD, VERY BAD. SHE WANTS BLOOD--AND BLOOD SHE MUST HAVE, OR DIE.
DR. VAN HELSING--SHE'S SO STILL--SHE--
SHE BUT SLEEPS.
AND WHILE SHE DOES, YOUR FRESH YOUNG BLOOD SHALL HELP HER MUCH!
When the transfusion was finished...
NOW, FRIEND JOHN--
TAKE DOWN OUR BRAVE YOUNG SIR, GIVE HIM OF THE PORT WINE, AND LET HIM LIE DOWN A WHILE.
BUT, MIND YOU--SAY NOTHING TO MADAME!
THERE MUST BE NO SHOCK--YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH HER HEART.
When I returned, Lucy was sleeping more GENTLY... breathing more EASILY...
THAT MARK ON HER THROAT! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, PROFESSOR?
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
I HAVE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE--SO I'VE NEVER EXAMINED IT.
THEN DO SO, PLEASE...
...WELL?
I CAN MAKE NOTHING OF IT.
IT LOOKS LIKE A WOUND--BUT IF IT WERE, THE BED WOULD BE DRENCHED WITH THE BLOOD SHE'S LOST. WHAT DO YOU--?
I MUST GO BACK TO AMSTERDAM TONIGHT--TO CONSULT CERTAIN BOOKS.
YOU MUST REMAIN HERE ALL THE NIGHT--AND KEEP WATCH OVER YOUNG MISS.
SHALL I HAVE A NURSE?
NO! BUT REMEMBER--SHE IS YOUR CHARGE. IF YOU LEAVE HER SIDE, AND HARM BEFALLS--
--YOU SHALL NOT SLEEP EASY HEREAFTER!

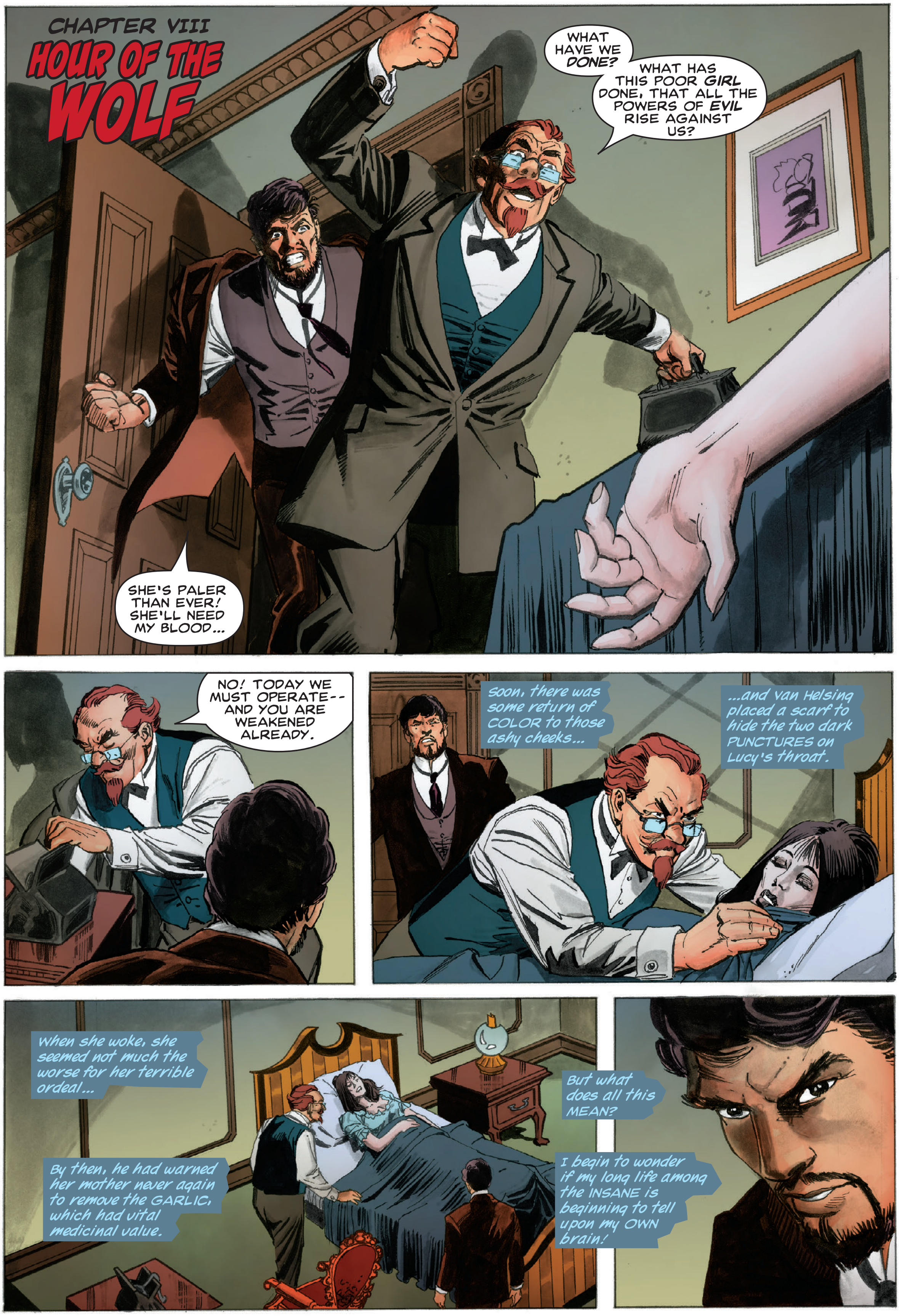

-10 September. Between the asylum and the Westenra home, I was EXHAUSTED after three nights of sitting with Lucy. She, in cheerful spirits, seemed to NOTICE my weariness...
I WISH YOU WOULD NOT SIT UP WITH ME TONIGHT, DR. SEWARD. I'M REALLY QUITE WELL AGAIN.
YES. BUT, I... PROMISED DR. VAN HELSING...
THAT GENTLE OLD MAN...!
WELL, WATCH IF YOU MUST. BUT FOR MY PART, I SHALL SLEEP WELL TONIGHT.
I FEEL AS IF THE ONE I LOVE... WERE VERY CLOSE TO ME.
...SO... VERY... CLOSE...
Within a few minutes, she had fallen ASLEEP, which is the best way for her to regain her STRENGTH.
I, TOO, must have dozed off...
For, I remember NOTHING...
...till I felt the PROFESSOR'S HAND on my shoulder, and I awoke in a SECOND.
HOW IS YOUR PATIENT?
WELL, I THINK.
I'LL RAISE THE BLIND, AND YOU SHALL SEE FOR YOURSEL--
Then, as the MORNING SUNLIGHT flooded the room, I heard Van Helsing's exclamation of Horror--
GOTT IN HIMMEL!
There on the bed lay poor LUCY, more horribly WHITE than ever!
Even her LIPS were white, and the gums seemed to have shrunken back from the teeth, as we sometimes see in a CORPSE after a prolonged illness.

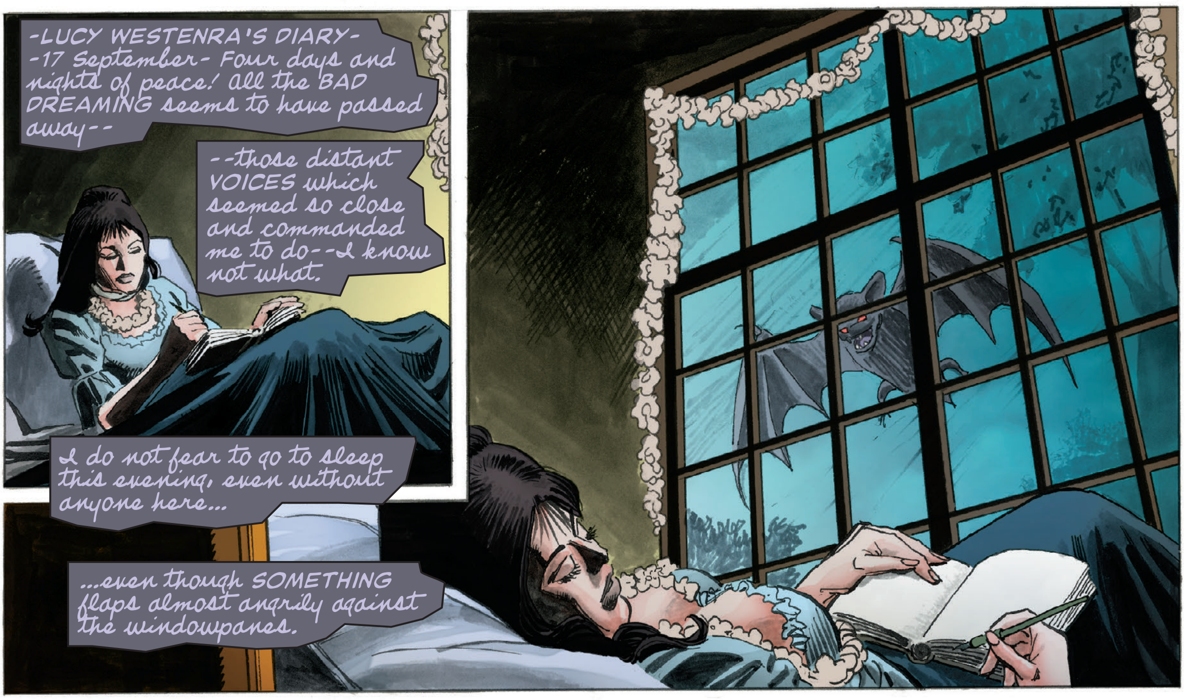

Van Helsing lost NO TIME in acting...!
IT IS NOT TOO LATE! HER PULSE STILL BEATS, THOUGH FEEBLY.
ALL OUR WORK IS UNDONE! WE MUST BEGIN AGAIN.
AND THIS TIME--IT MUST BE YOU, FRIEND JOHN!
No man knows, till he experiences it, what it is to feel his own LIFE-BLOOD drawn away into the veins of the WOMAN HE LOVES, albeit from afar...
AHH...THAT WILL DO.
ALREADY? YOU TOOK MUCH MORE FROM ARTHUR...!
YOU HAVE MUCH OTHER WORK TO DO--FOR HER, AND FOR OTHERS.
GO REST NOW, TILL I COME TO YOU.
YES, PROFESSOR...
Lucy SLEPT well into the day. When she woke, she seemed quite UNAWARE of what had happened...
I'M GLAD YOU ARE BETTER, YOUNG MISS.
BUT--DOCTOR--
NOW, THESE ARE FOR YOU...!
SURELY, YOU ARE ONLY JOKING WITH ME!
WHY, THESE FLOWERS ARE ONLY--COMMON GARLIC!
I NEVER JEST! THEY ARE THE BEST MEDICINE YOU CAN HAVE!
MEDICINE? BUT--THEY SMELL SO--!
AS THE BEST MEDICINES SO OFTEN DO, MISS LUCY.
I SHALL HANG THEM IN YOUR WINDOW--LIKE SO--
--AND THIS WREATH SHALL GO ABOUT YOUR NECK, SO THAT YOU SLEEP WELL.
YOU MUST PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL NOT DISTURB IT--
AND EVEN IF THE ROOM FEELS CLOSE TONIGHT, DO NOT OPEN EITHER WINDOW OR DOOR!
I... PROMISE...!


-LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY-
-12 September- I have taken of late to keeping this diary, in the manner of dear Mina. At last, I have regained strength enough to write in it again...
How good everyone is to me! I quite love that dear Dr. Van Helsing, despite the smelly garlic which now infests my room.
What its medicinal use can be, I cannot fathom... but I trust in him, and am secure.
-12 September of late t...
Still, I awaken at least twice a night-- to the sound of something flapping almost angrily against my window-panes.
At first, I thought it must be the boughs of the great tree just outside...
But, it might also have been the large bat I saw flitting away, as if with some purpose all its own.
How silly I grow, so late at night! To ascribe human intentions to a poor, dumb beast!
It must be the terrible struggle I have had against sleep lately-- the fear of the unknown horrors it has held for me--
--which I could never quite remember upon waking!
Yet, tonight, I do not dread being alone as I grow drowsy.
Perhaps the dear professor's garlic is doing some good after all!
There is peace in its scent; already, I feel sleep stealing up on me... sweet sleep...


- DR. SEWARD'S DIARY- (Kept in phonograph) -morning of 13 September --
PROFESSOR, I KNOW YOU ALWAYS HAVE A REASON FROM WHATEVER YOU DO--
INDEED I DO.
YET, YOUR ACTIONS PUZZLE ME.
THEY SEEM ALMOST AS IF YOU ARE WORKING SOME SORT OF SPELL TO WARD OFF AN EVIL SPIRIT.
PERHAPS I AM, FRIEND JOHN...
PERHAPS I AM.
AH. WE ARE THERE!
GOOD MORNING TO YOU, MY DEAR MRS. WESTENRA.
AND HOW IS OUR PATIENT, THE YOUNG MISS, THIS LOVELY DAY?
BUT MUCH BETTER, I'M SURE.
I LOOKED INTO HER ROOM BEFORE, BUT SHE WAS STILL ASLEEP.
GOOD, GOOD! I THOUGHT I HAD DIAGNOSED THE CASE CORRECTLY!
MY TREATMENT IS WORKING, THEN.
YOU MUST NOT TAKE ALL THE CREDIT, DOCTOR. LUCY'S STATE THIS MORNING IS DUE IN PART TO ME.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MA'AM?
I WAS ANXIOUS ABOUT THE DEAR CHILD IN THE NIGHT, SO I LOOKED IN ON HER.
THE ROOM WAS SO VERY STUFFY...
THERE WERE A LOT OF THOSE HORRIBLE, STRONG-SMELLING FLOWERS ABOUT, EVEN AROUND HER NECK...
I FEARED THE HEAVY ODOR WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR HER IN HER WEAK STATE, SO I TOOK THEM ALL AWAY...
...AND OPENED THE WINDOW A BIT, TO LET IN A LITTLE FRESH AIR.
YOU WILL BE QUITE PLEASED WITH HER CONDITION, I'M SURE.
Even as she turned away, I saw the professor's face turn ASHEN GRAY...


...and he bolted for the STAIRS!
PROFESSOR --WHAT--?
COME! WE MUST SEE--AND ACT!
DEVILS OR NO DEVILS, OR ALL THE DEVILS AT ONCE--WE FIGHT HIM ALL THE SAME!
BUT, THIS TIME--OH, THIS TIME--!
Then, as the door swung slowly open--
IT IS AS I EXPECTED--
HE HAS BEEN HERE AGAIN!
OH MY GOD!!


CHAPTER VIII
HOUR OF THE WOLF
WHAT HAVE WE *DONE?*
WHAT HAS THIS POOR *GIRL* DONE, THAT ALL THE POWERS OF *EVIL* RISE AGAINST US?
SHE'S PALER THAN EVER! SHE'LL NEED MY BLOOD...
NO! TODAY WE MUST OPERATE-- AND YOU ARE WEAKENED ALREADY.
Soon, there was some return of COLOR to those ashy cheeks...
...and Van Helsing placed a scarf to hide the two dark PUNCTURES on Lucy's throat.
When she woke, she seemed not much the worse for her terrible ordeal...
By then, he had warned her mother never again to remove the GARLIC, which had vital medicinal value.
But what does all this MEAN?
I begin to wonder if my long life among the INSANE is beginning to tell upon my OWN brain!


-LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY-
-17 September- Four days and nights of peace! All the BAD DREAMING seems to have passed away--
--those distant VOICES which seemed so close and commanded me to do--I know not what.
I do not fear to go to sleep this evening, even without anyone here...
...even though SOMETHING flaps almost angrily against the windowpanes.

The Pall Mall Gazette

THE ESCAPED WOLF

Our Reporter's Interview with the Zoo-Keeper

After many inquiries, I managed to find the keeper of the wolf department of the London Zoological Gardens. Thomas Bilder and his wife live in a cottage behind the elephant-house, and were finishing their tea when I approached.

The man is sure that the wolf was dkfdklid dkgkmfdg dkjffgjgbnmfk vjfbllutgdp jfdphditphtihm ipriggirfp fg fgffgvbkv ckjvckv vjksdfd djvspd jddie qpri qdkxjcv dk dkfsdifdsf.

Fkjffgjgbnmfk vjfbllutgdp jfdphditphtihm ipriggirfp fg fgffgvbkv ckjvckv vjksdfd djvspd jddie qpri qdkxjcv dk dkfsdifdsf.

dkjffgjgbnmfk vjfbllutgdp jfdphditphtihm ipriggirfp fg fgffgvbkv ckjvckv vjksdfd djvspd jddie qpri qdkxjcv dk dkfsdifdsf.

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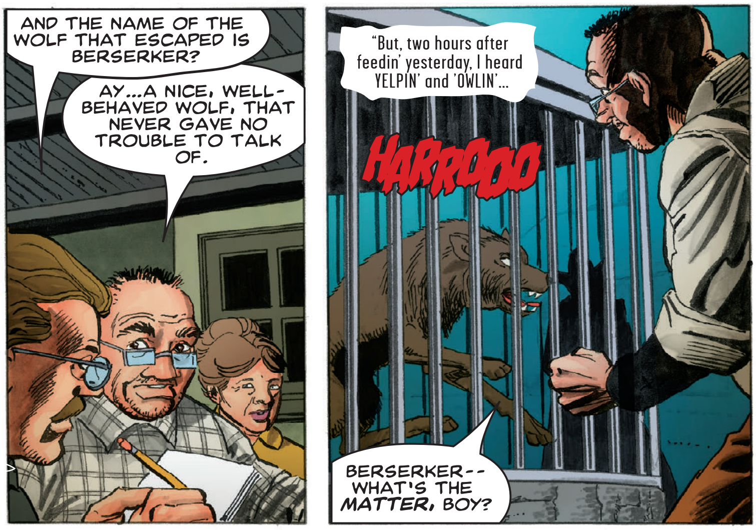
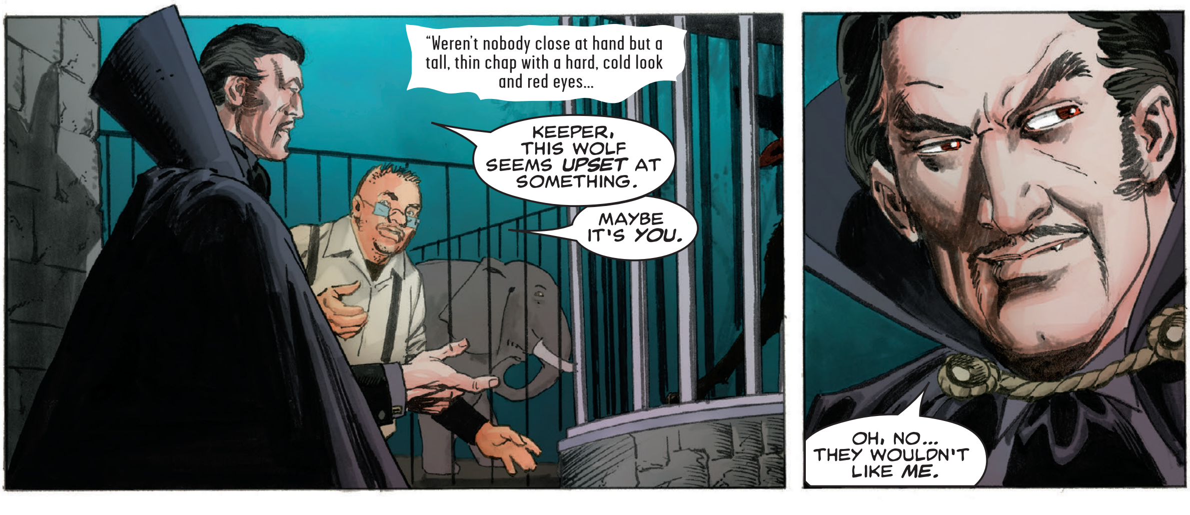
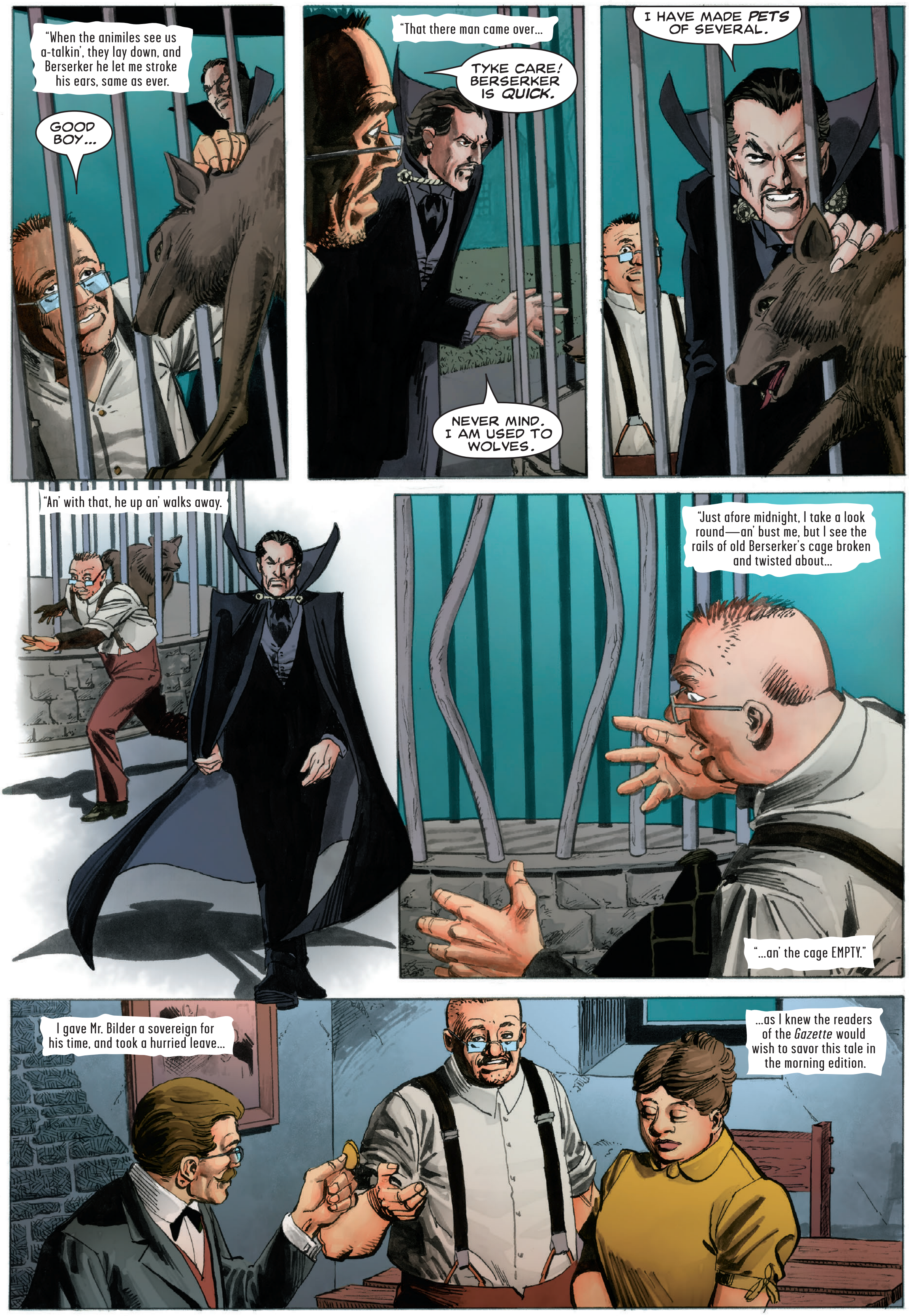
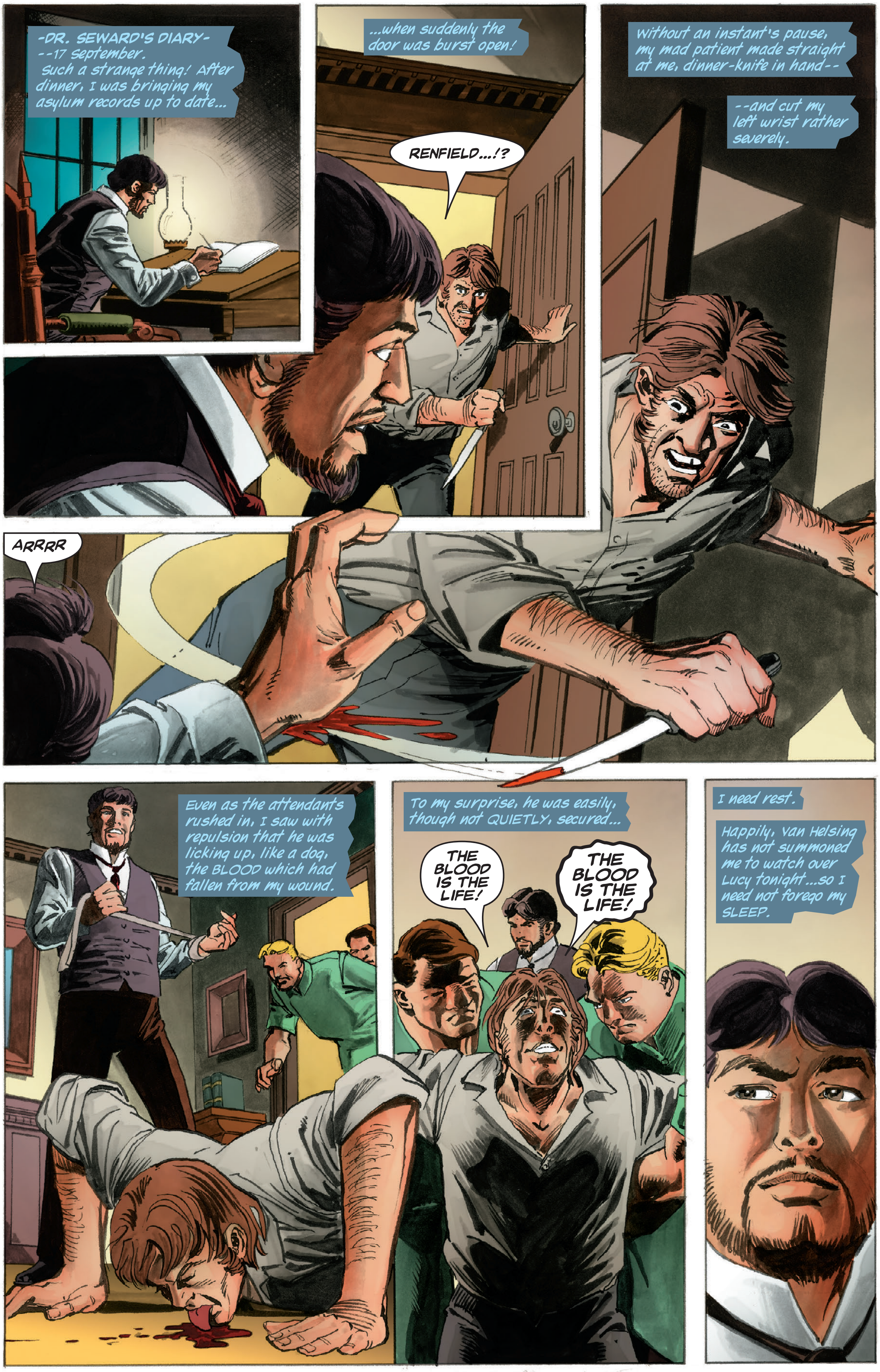
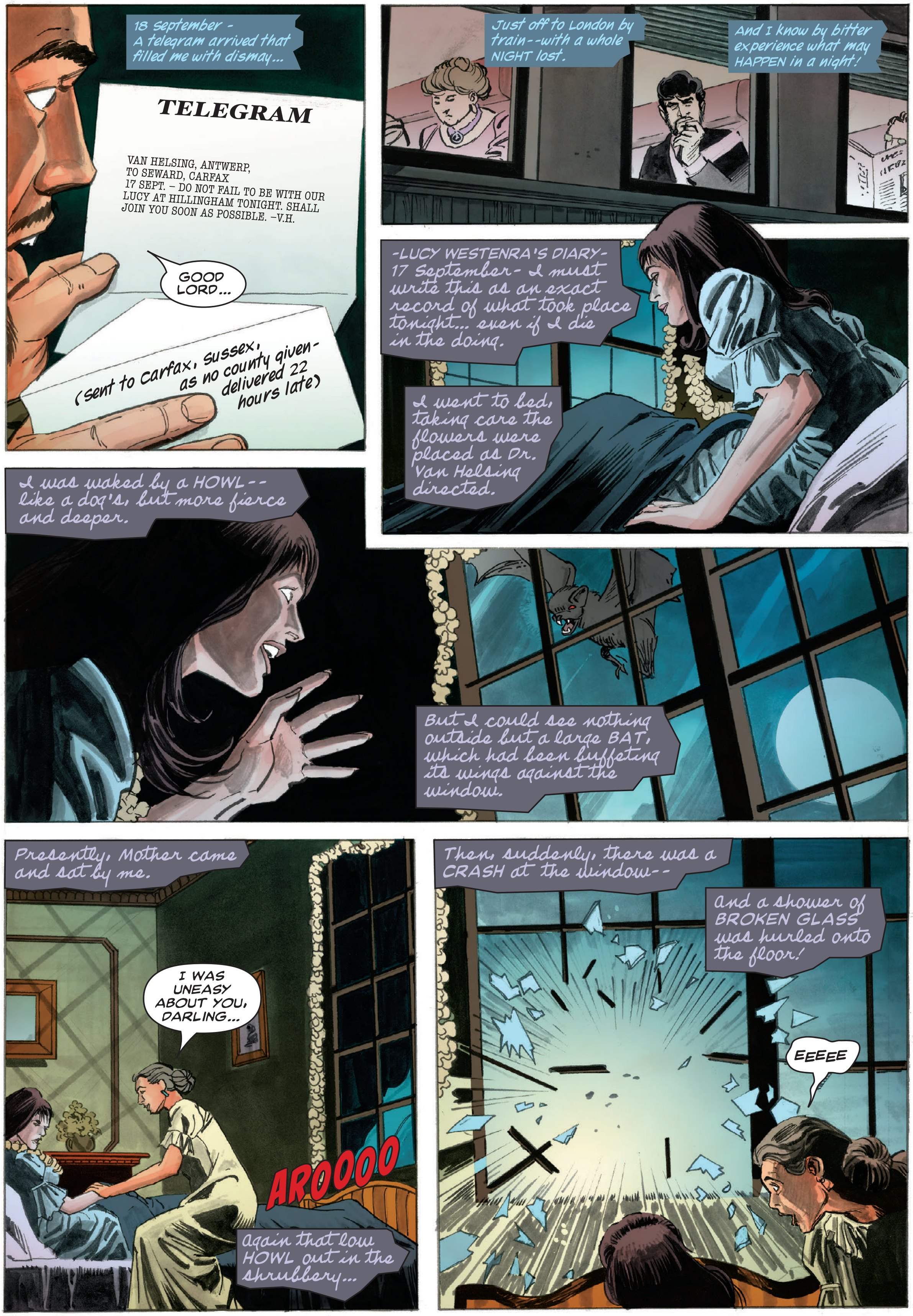
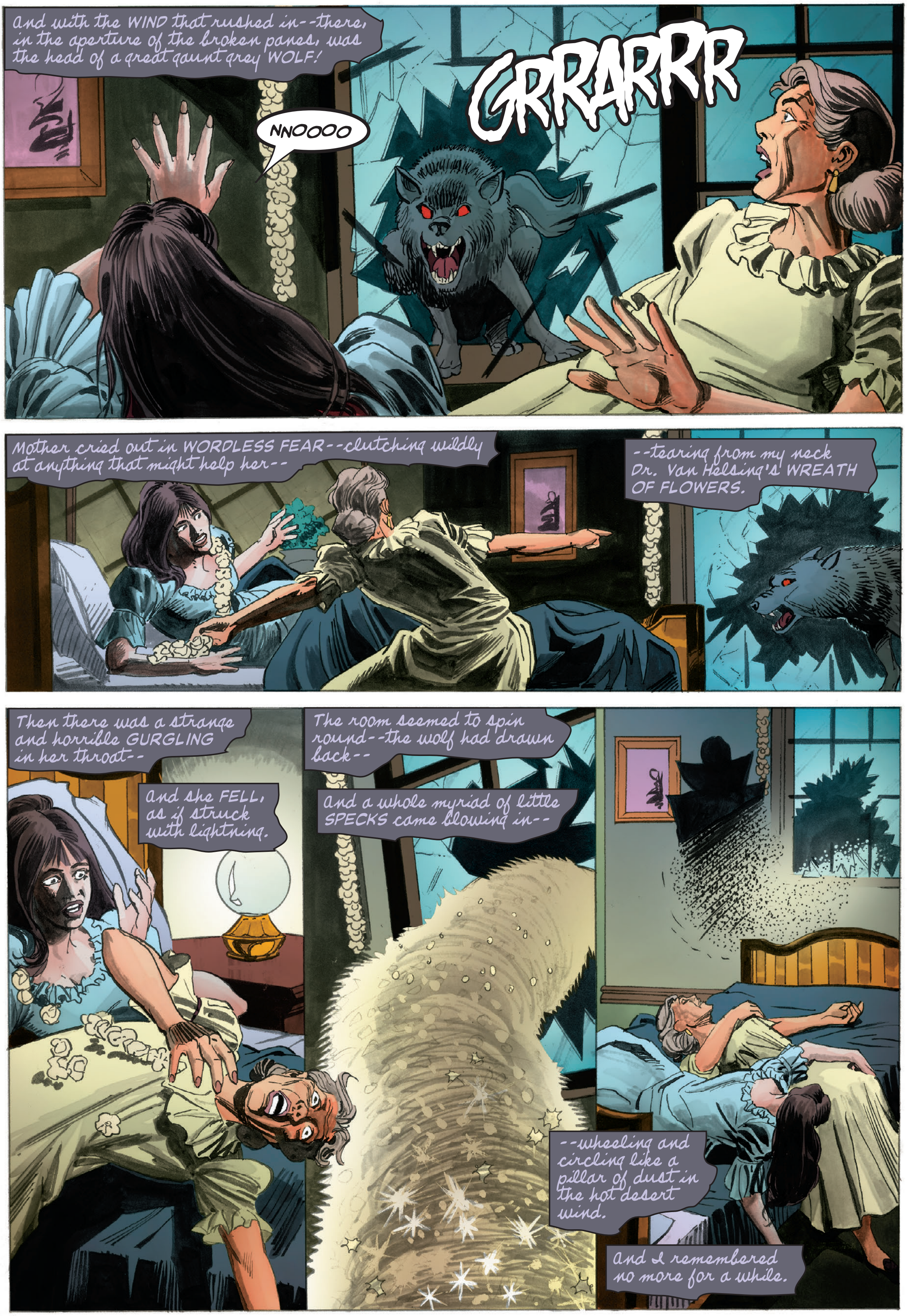

AND THE NAME OF THE WOLF THAT ESCAPED IS BERSERKER?
AY...A NICE, WELL-BEHAVED WOLF, THAT NEVER GAVE NO TROUBLE TO TALK OF.
"But, two hours after feedin' yesterday, I heard YELPIN' and 'OWLIN'...
HARROOO
BERSERKER--WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY?

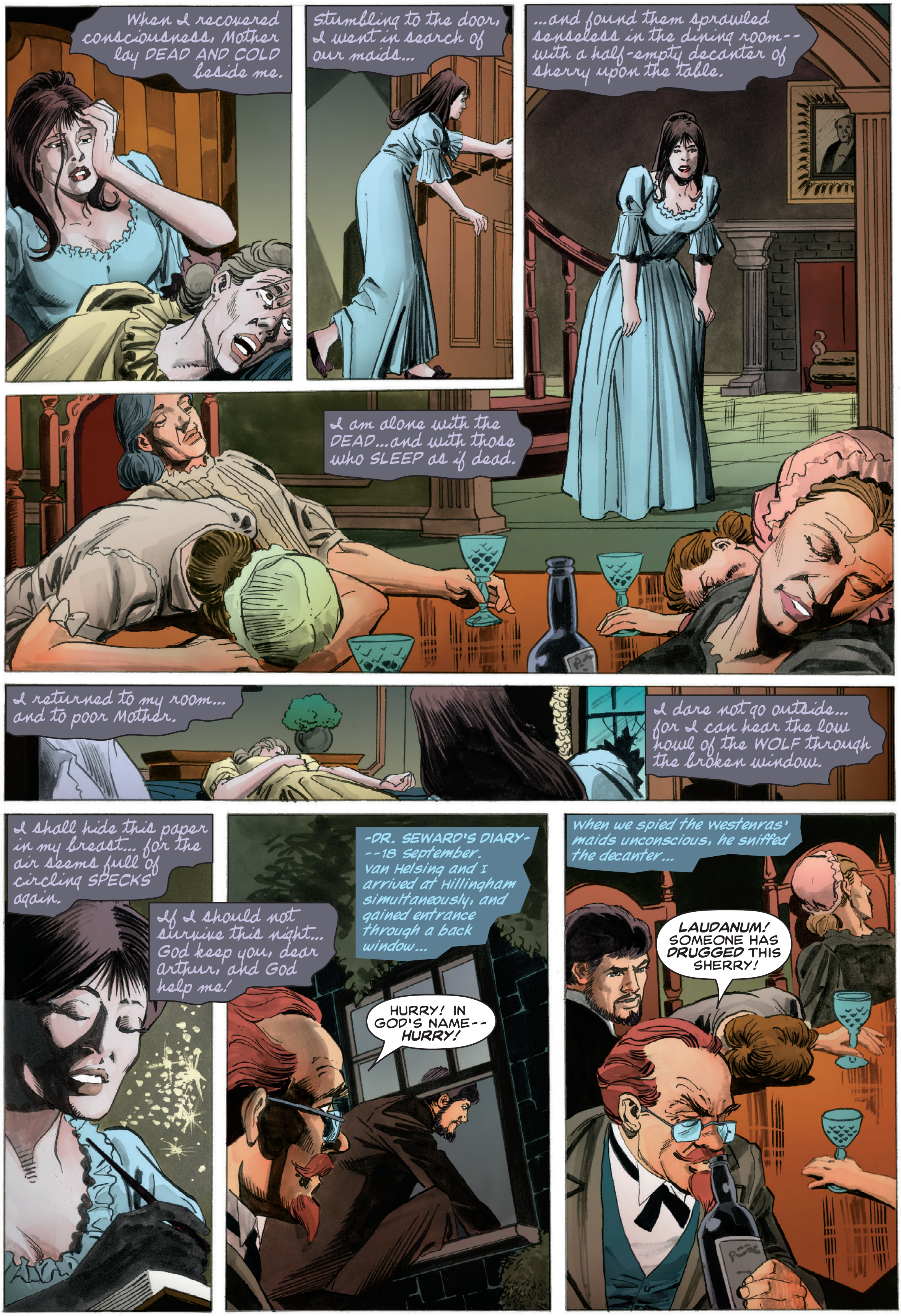

"Weren't nobody close at hand but a tall, thin chap with a hard, cold look and red eyes...
KEEPER, THIS WOLF SEEMS UPSET AT SOMETHING.
MAYBE IT'S YOU.
OH, NO... THEY WOULDN'T LIKE ME.

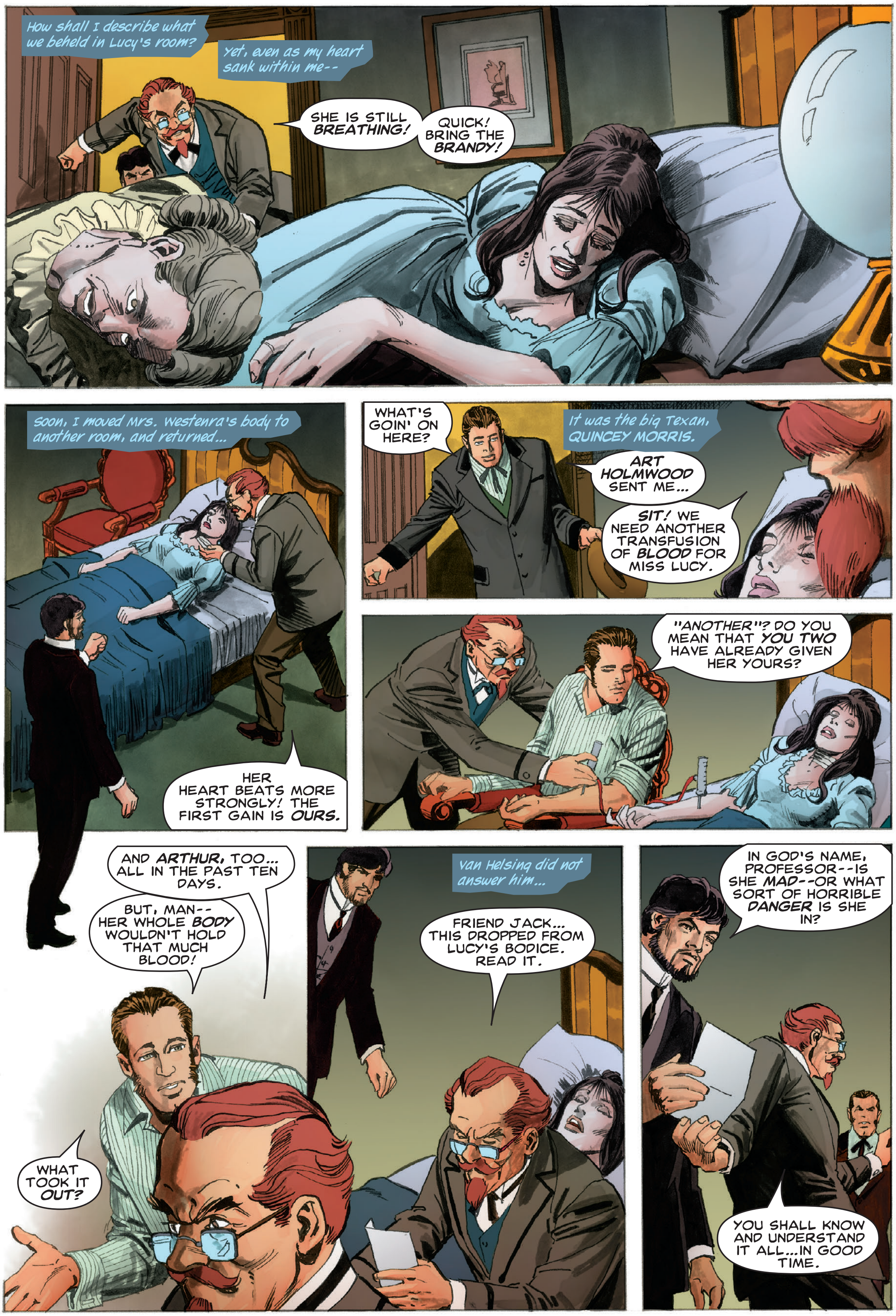

"When the animiles see us a-talkin', they lay down, and Berserker he let me stroke his ears, same as ever.
GOOD BOY...
"That there man came over...
TYKE CARE! BERSERKER IS QUICK.
NEVER MIND. I AM USED TO WOLVES.
I HAVE MADE PETS OF SEVERAL.
"An' with that, he up an' walks away.
"Just afore midnight, I take a look round—an' bust me, but I see the rails of old Berserker's cage broken and twisted about...
"...an' the cage EMPTY."
I gave Mr. Bilder a sovereign for his time, and took a hurried leave...
...as I knew the readers of the Gazette would wish to savor this tale in the morning edition.

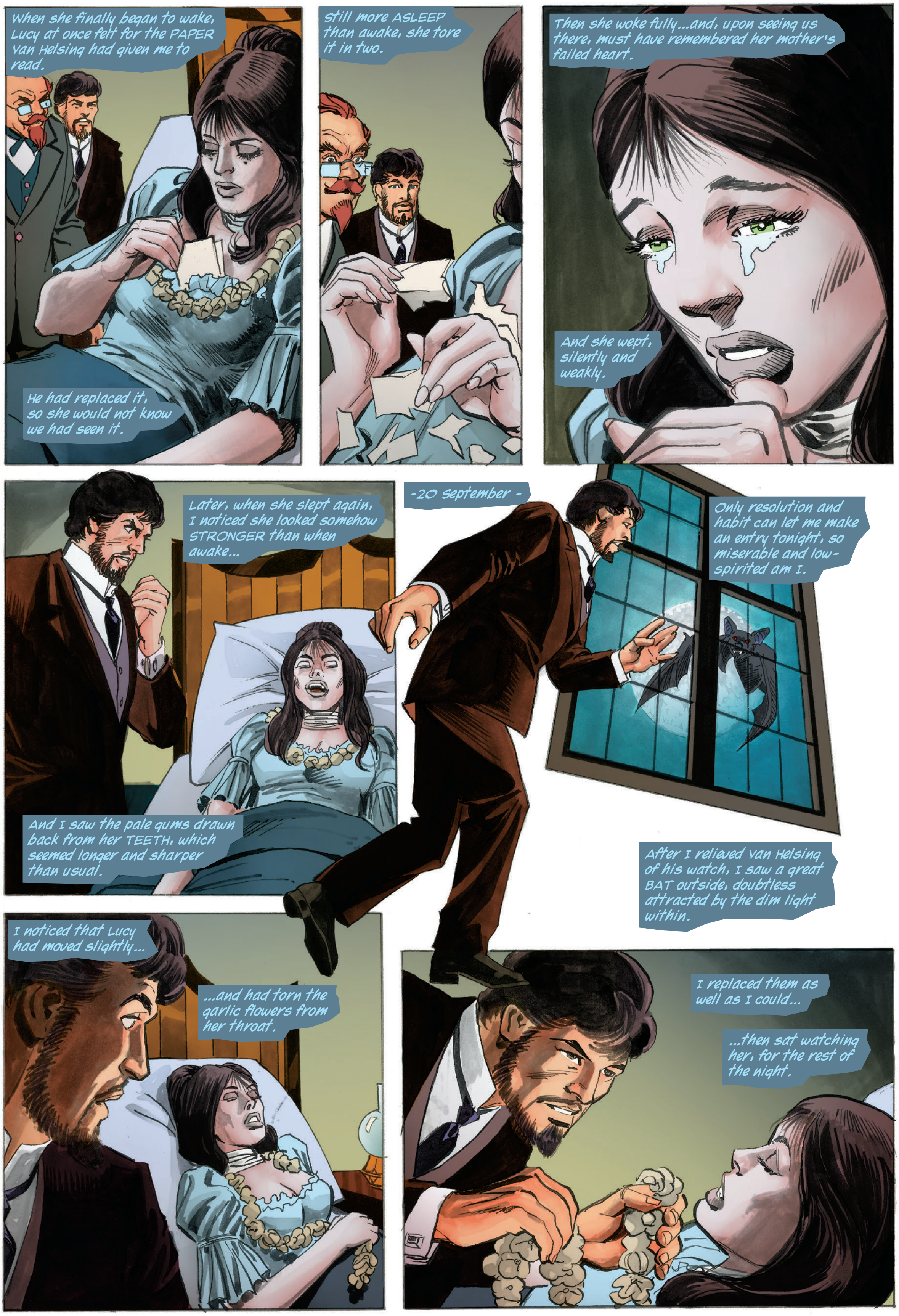

-DR. SEWARD'S DIARY-
--17 September.
Such a strange thing! After dinner, I was bringing my asylum records up to date...
...when suddenly the door was burst open!
RENFIELD...!?
Without an instant's pause, my mad patient made straight at me, dinner-knife in hand--
--and cut my left wrist rather severely.
ARRRR
Even as the attendants rushed in, I saw with repulsion that he was licking up, like a dog, the BLOOD which had fallen from my wound.
To my surprise, he was easily, though not QUIETLY, secured...
THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE!
THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE!
I need rest.
Happily, Van Helsing has not summoned me to watch over Lucy tonight...so I need not forego my SLEEP.

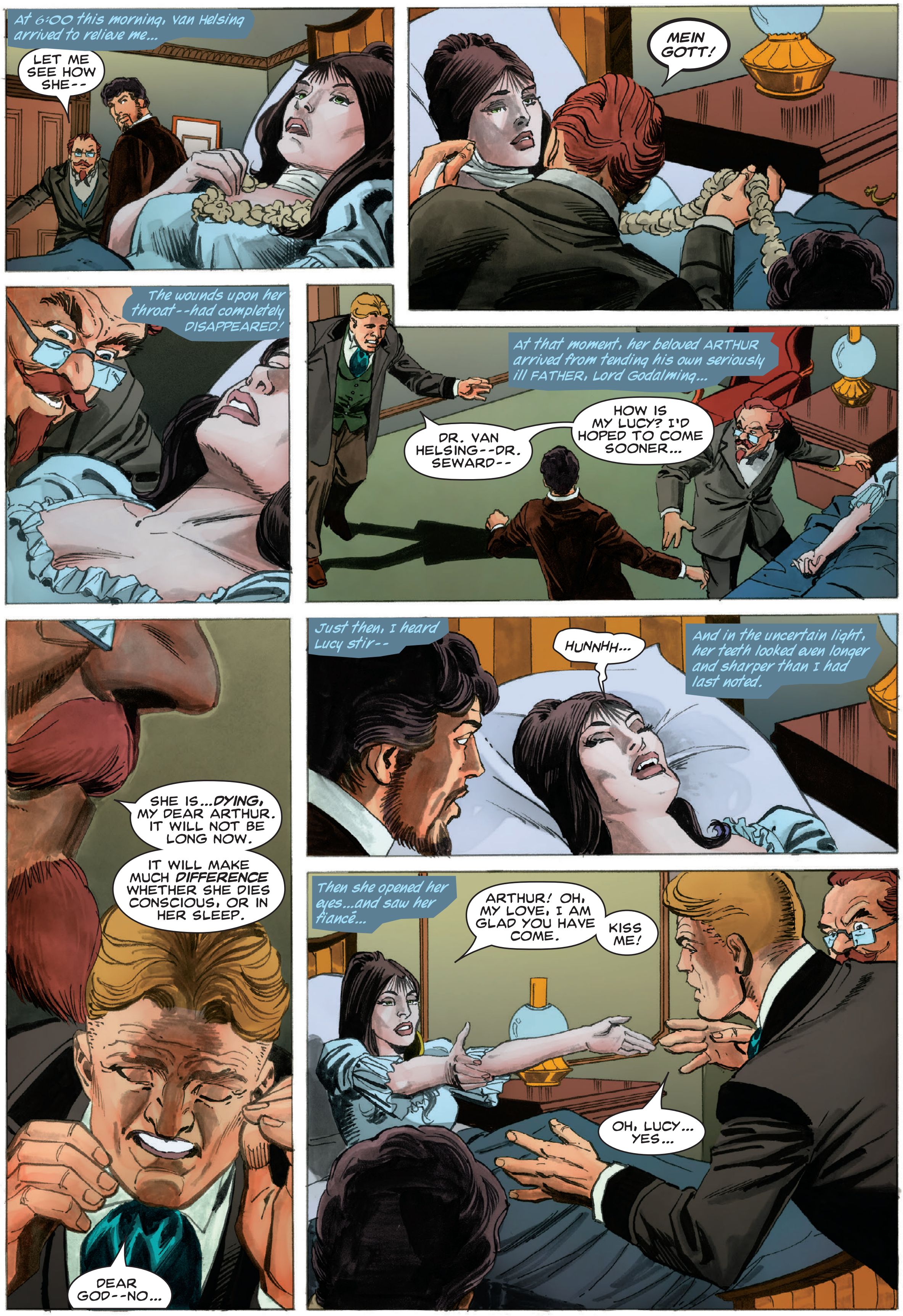

18 September - A telegram arrived that filled me with dismay...
TELEGRAM
VAN HELSING, ANTWERP, TO SEWARD, CARFAX 17 SEPT. – DO NOT FAIL TO BE WITH OUR LUCY AT HILLINGHAM TONIGHT. SHALL JOIN YOU SOON AS POSSIBLE. –V.H.
GOOD LORD...
(Sent to Carfax, Sussex, as no county given-delivered 22 hours late)
Just off to London by train--with a whole NIGHT lost.
And I know by bitter experience what may HAPPEN in a night!
-LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY- 17 September- I must write this as an exact record of what took place tonight... even if I die in the doing.
I went to bed, taking care the flowers were placed as Dr. Van Helsing directed.
I was waked by a HOWL--like a dog's, but more fierce and deeper.
But I could see nothing outside but a large BAT, which had been buffeting its wings against the window.
Presently, Mother came and sat by me.
I WAS UNEASY ABOUT YOU, DARLING...
AROOOO
again that low HOWL out in the shrubbery...
Then, suddenly, there was a CRASH at the window--
and a shower of BROKEN GLASS was hurled onto the floor!
EEEEE

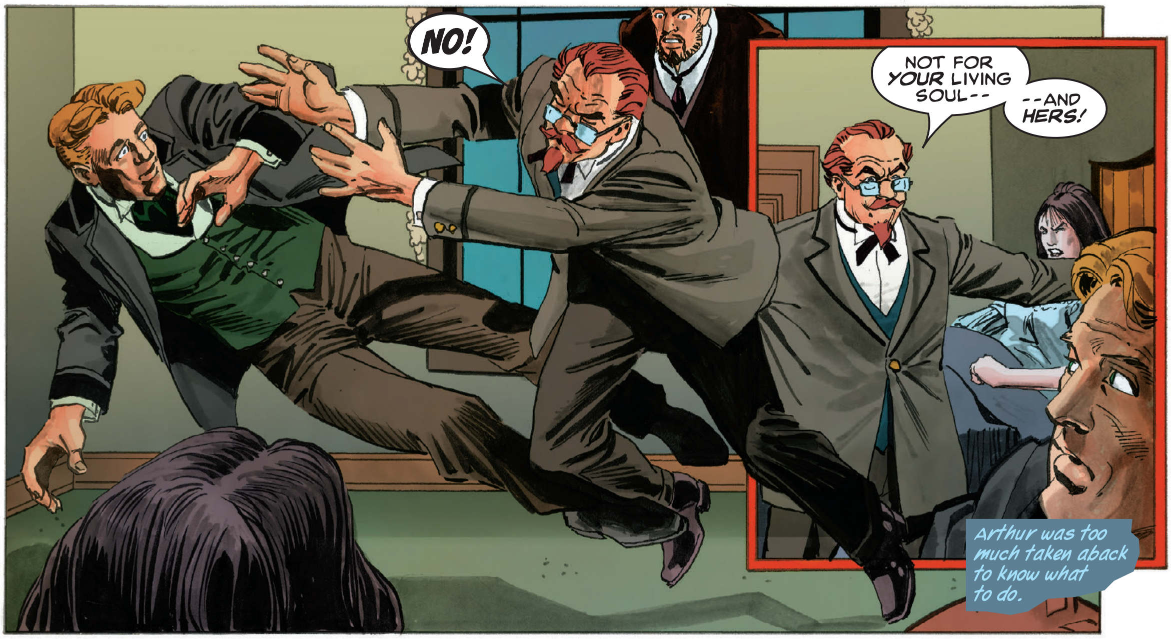

And with the WIND that rushed in--there, in the aperture of the broken panes, was the head of a great gaunt grey WOLF!
NNOOOO
GRRARRR
Mother cried out in WORDLESS FEAR--clutching wildly at anything that might help her--
--tearing from my neck Dr. Van Helsing's WREATH OF FLOWERS.
Then there was a strange and horrible GURGLING in her throat--
And she FELL, as if struck with lightning.
The room seemed to spin round--the wolf had drawn back--
And a whole myriad of little SPECKS came blowing in--
--wheeling and circling like a pillar of dust in the hot desert wind.
And I remembered no more for a while.

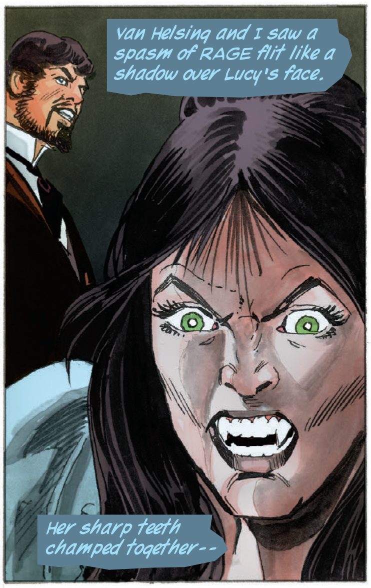

When I recovered consciousness, Mother lay DEAD AND COLD beside me.
Stumbling to the door, I went in search of our maids...
...and found them sprawled senseless in the dining room-- with a half-empty decanter of sherry upon the table.
I am alone with the DEAD...and with those who SLEEP as if dead.
I returned to my room... and to poor Mother.
I dare not go outside... for I can hear the low howl of the WOLF through the broken window.
I shall hide this paper in my breast... for the air seems full of circling SPECKS again.
If I should not survive this night... God keep you, dear Arthur, and God help me!
-DR. SEWARD'S DIARY- --18 September. Van Helsing and I arrived at Hillingham simultaneously, and gained entrance through a back window...
HURRY! IN GOD'S NAME-- HURRY!
When we spied the Westenras' maids unconscious, he sniffed the decanter...
LAUDANUM! SOMEONE HAS DRUGGED THIS SHERRY!

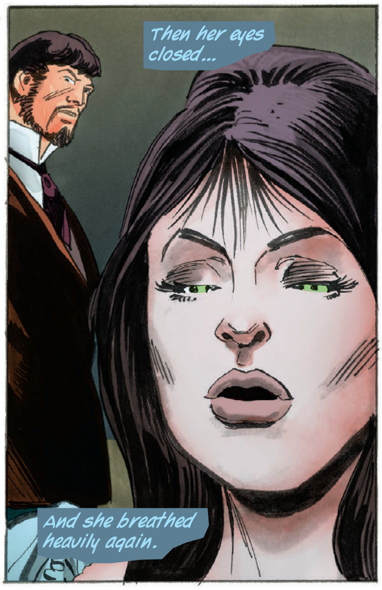

How shall I describe what we beheld in Lucy's room?
Yet, even as my heart sank within me--
SHE IS STILL BREATHING!
QUICK! BRING THE BRANDY!
Soon, I moved Mrs. Westenra's body to another room, and returned...
HER HEART BEATS MORE STRONGLY! THE FIRST GAIN IS OURS.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
It was the big Texan, QUINCEY MORRIS.
ART HOLMWOOD SENT ME...
SIT! WE NEED ANOTHER TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD FOR MISS LUCY.
"ANOTHER"? DO YOU MEAN THAT YOU TWO HAVE ALREADY GIVEN HER YOURS?
AND ARTHUR, TOO... ALL IN THE PAST TEN DAYS.
BUT, MAN-- HER WHOLE BODY WOULDN'T HOLD THAT MUCH BLOOD!
WHAT TOOK IT OUT?
Van Helsing did not answer him...
FRIEND JACK... THIS DROPPED FROM LUCY'S BODICE. READ IT.
IN GOD'S NAME, PROFESSOR--IS SHE MAD--OR WHAT SORT OF HORRIBLE DANGER IS SHE IN?
YOU SHALL KNOW AND UNDERSTAND IT ALL...IN GOOD TIME.

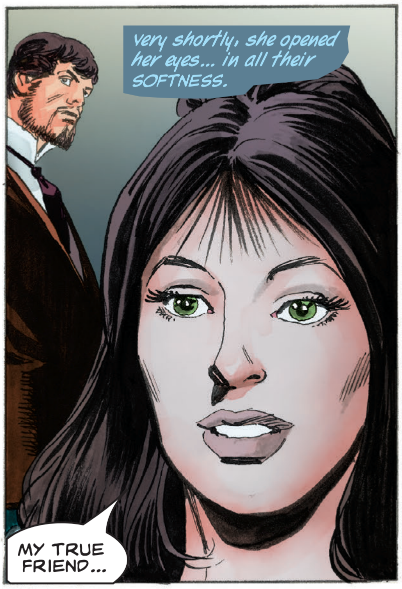

When she finally began to wake, Lucy at once felt for the PAPER van Helsing had given me to read.
He had replaced it, so she would not know we had seen it.
Still more ASLEEP than awake, she tore it in two.
Then she woke fully...and, upon seeing us there, must have remembered her mother's failed heart.
And she wept, silently and weakly.
Later, when she slept again, I noticed she looked somehow STRONGER than when awake...
And I saw the pale gums drawn back from her TEETH, which seemed longer and sharper than usual.
-20 september -
Only resolution and habit can let me make an entry tonight, so miserable and low-spirited am I.
After I relieved van Helsing of his watch, I saw a great BAT outside, doubtless attracted by the dim light within.
I noticed that Lucy had moved slightly...
...and had torn the garlic flowers from her throat.
I replaced them as well as I could...
...then sat watching her, for the rest of the night.

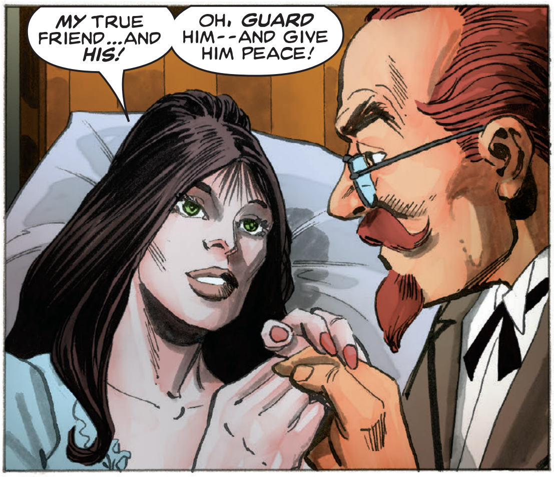

At 6:00 this morning, Van Helsing arrived to relieve me...
LET ME SEE HOW SHE--
MEIN GOTT!
The wounds upon her throat--had completely DISAPPEARED!
At that moment, her beloved ARTHUR arrived from tending his own seriously ill FATHER, Lord Godalming...
DR. VAN HELSING--DR. SEWARD--
HOW IS MY LUCY? I'D HOPED TO COME SOONER...
SHE IS...DYING, MY DEAR ARTHUR. IT WILL NOT BE LONG NOW.
IT WILL MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE WHETHER SHE DIES CONSCIOUS, OR IN HER SLEEP.
DEAR GOD--NO...
Just then, I heard Lucy stir--
HUNNHH...
And in the uncertain light, her teeth looked even longer and sharper than I had last noted.
Then she opened her eyes...and saw her fiancé...
ARTHUR! OH, MY LOVE, I AM GLAD YOU HAVE COME.
KISS ME!
OH, LUCY... YES...

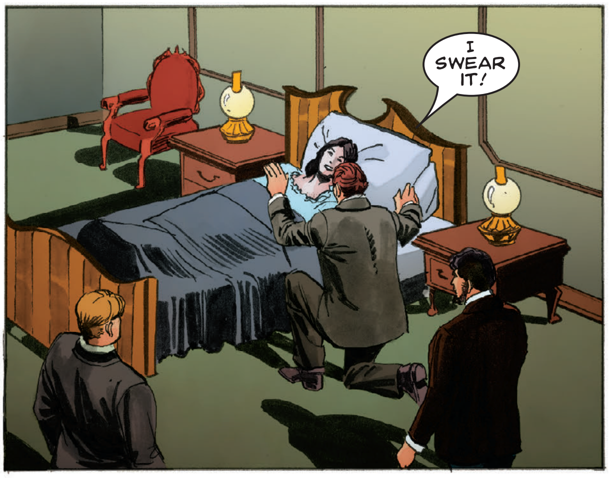

NO!
NOT FOR YOUR LIVING SOUL--
--AND HERS!
Arthur was too much taken aback to know what to do.

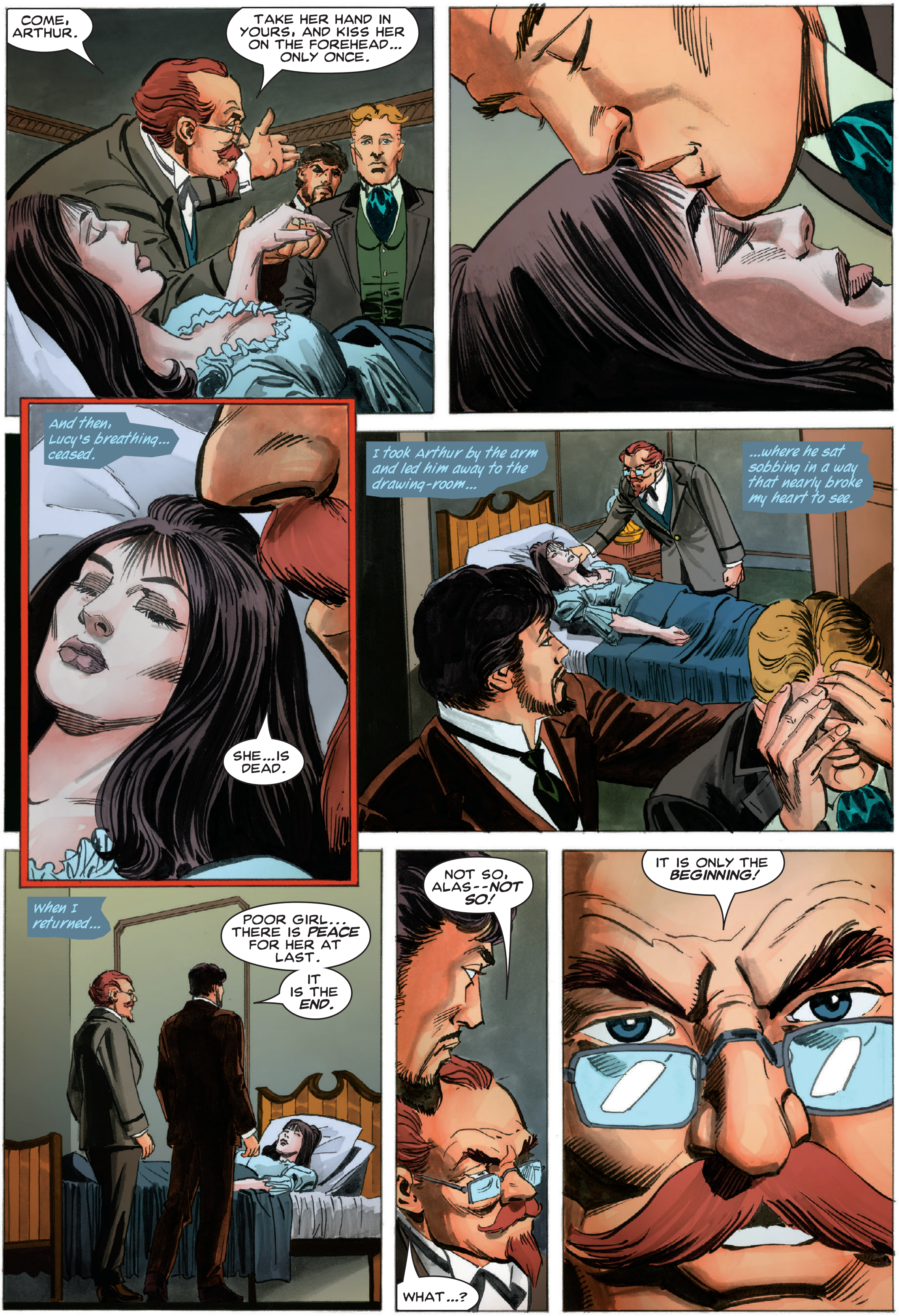

Van Helsing and I saw a spasm of RAGE flit like a shadow over Lucy's face.
Her sharp teeth champed together--


Then her eyes closed...
And she breathed heavily again.


Very shortly, she opened her eyes... in all their SOFTNESS.
MY TRUE FRIEND...

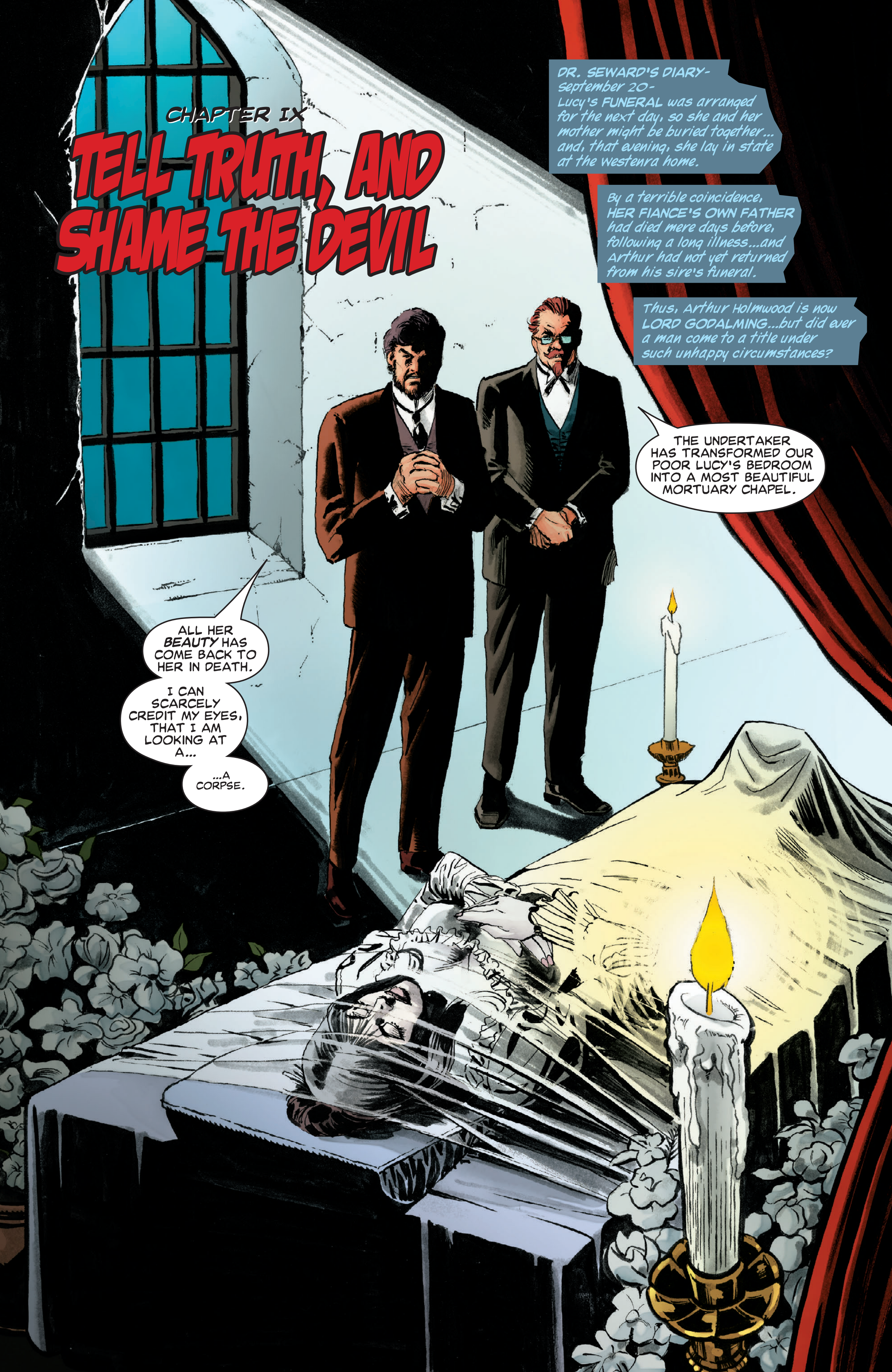

MY TRUE FRIEND...AND HIS!
OH, GUARD HIM--AND GIVE HIM PEACE!

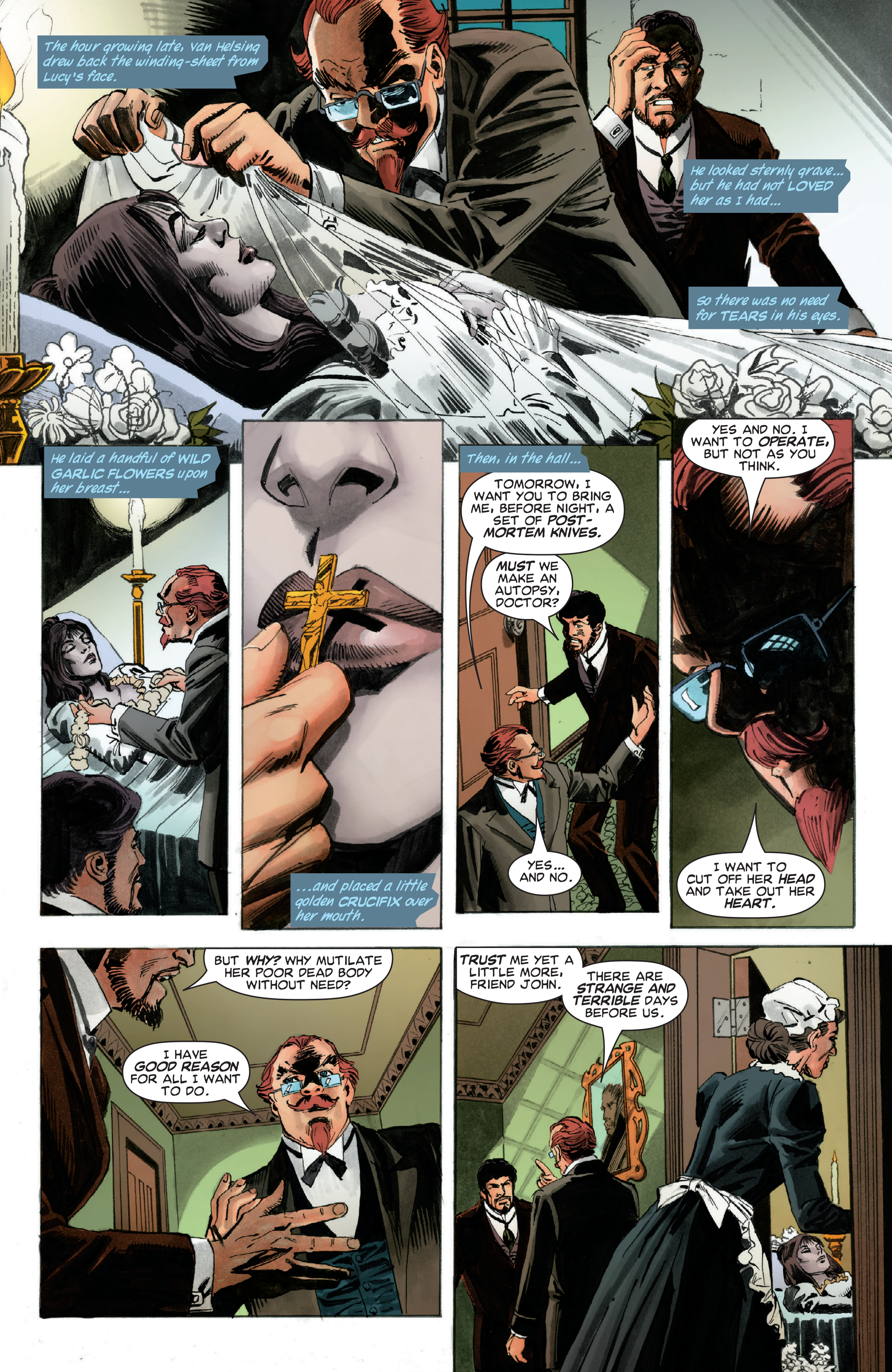

I SWEAR IT!

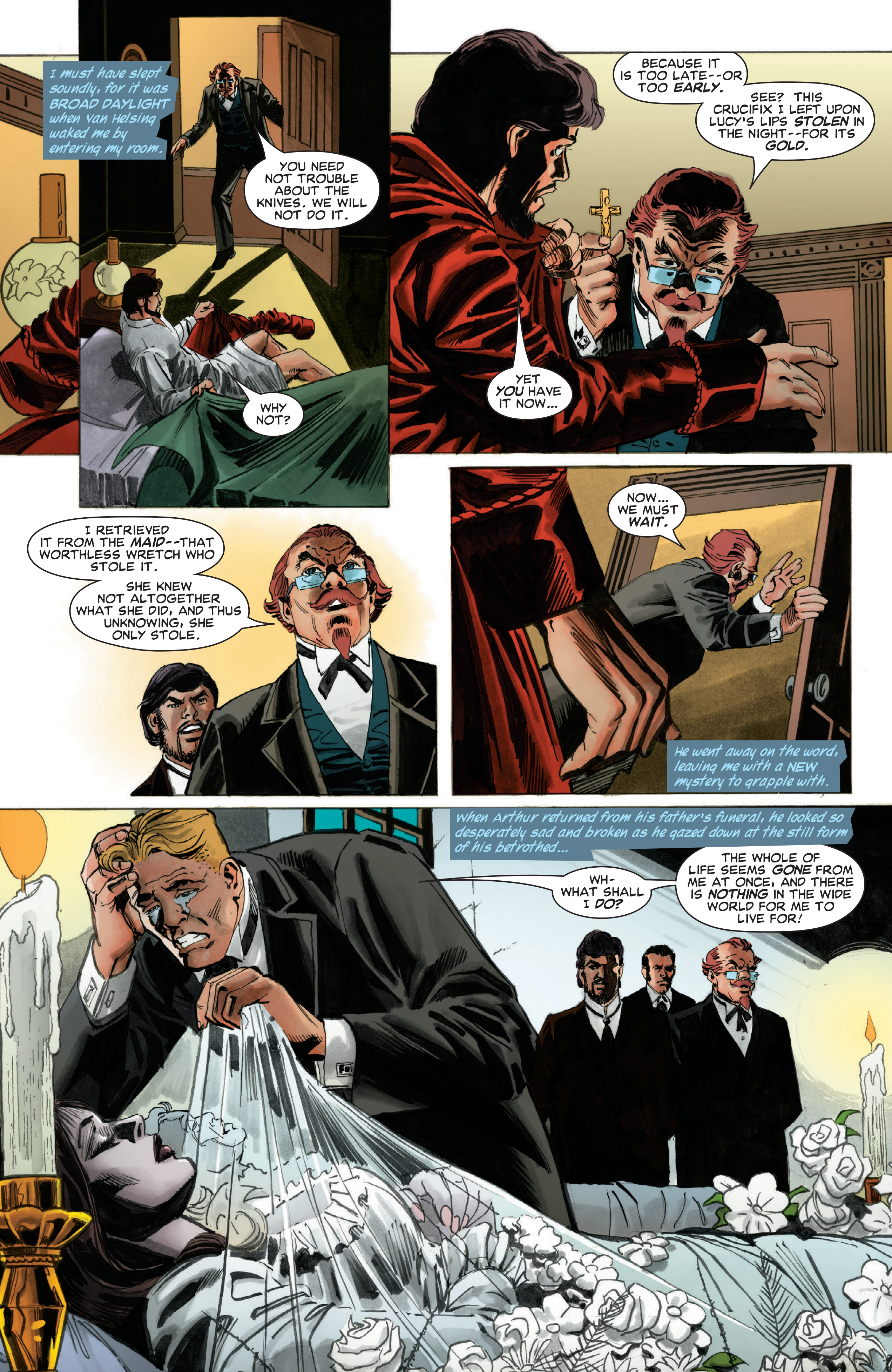

COME, ARTHUR.
TAKE HER HAND IN YOURS, AND KISS HER ON THE FOREHEAD... ONLY ONCE.
And then, Lucy's breathing... ceased.
SHE...IS DEAD.
I took Arthur by the arm and led him away to the drawing-room...
...where he sat sobbing in a way that nearly broke my heart to see.
When I returned...
POOR GIRL... THERE IS *PEACE* FOR HER AT LAST.
IT IS THE *END.*
NOT SO, ALAS--*NOT SO!*
WHAT...?
IT IS ONLY THE *BEGINNING!*

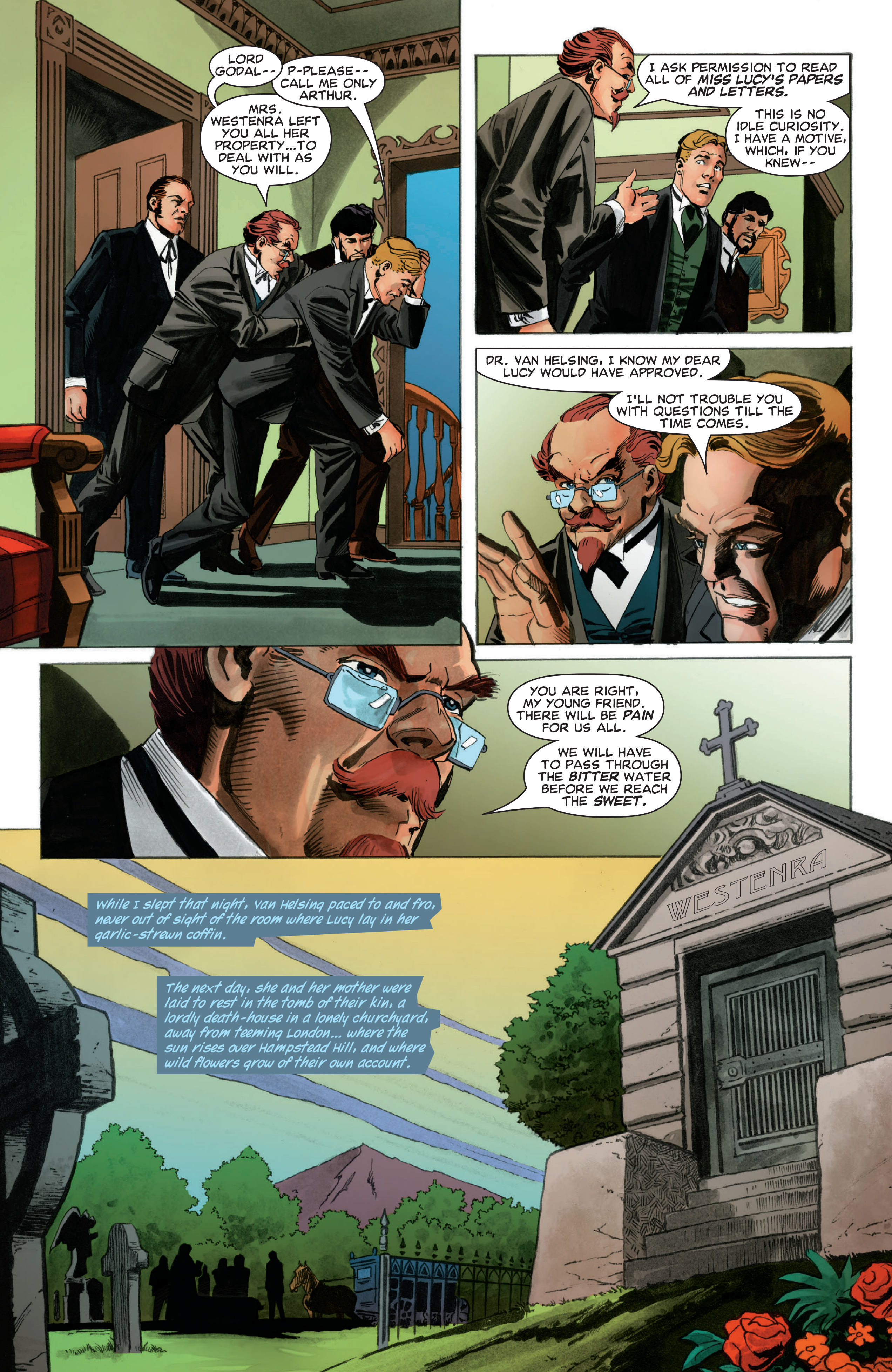
CHAPTER IX

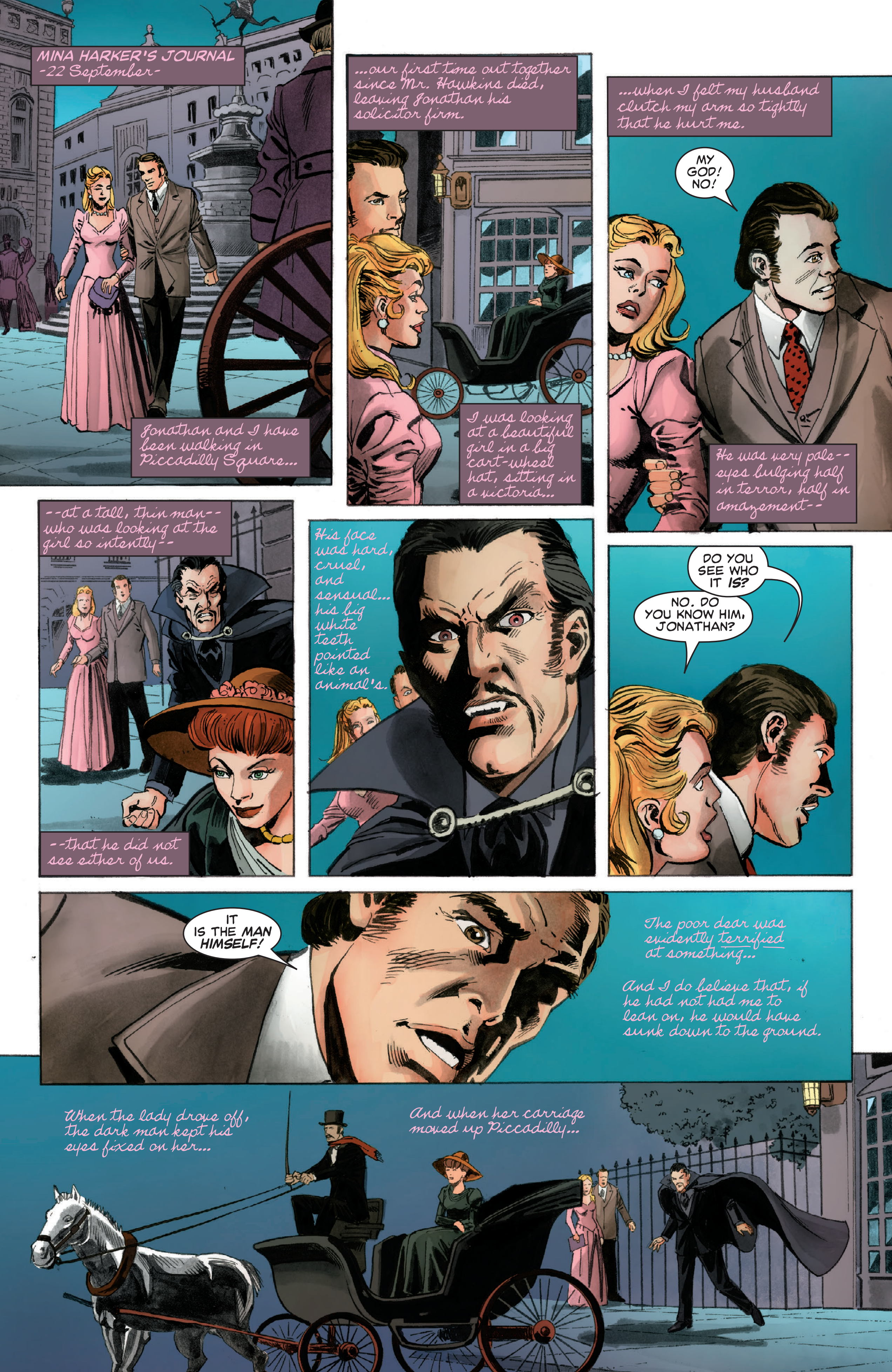
TELL TRUTH, AND SHAME THE DEVIL

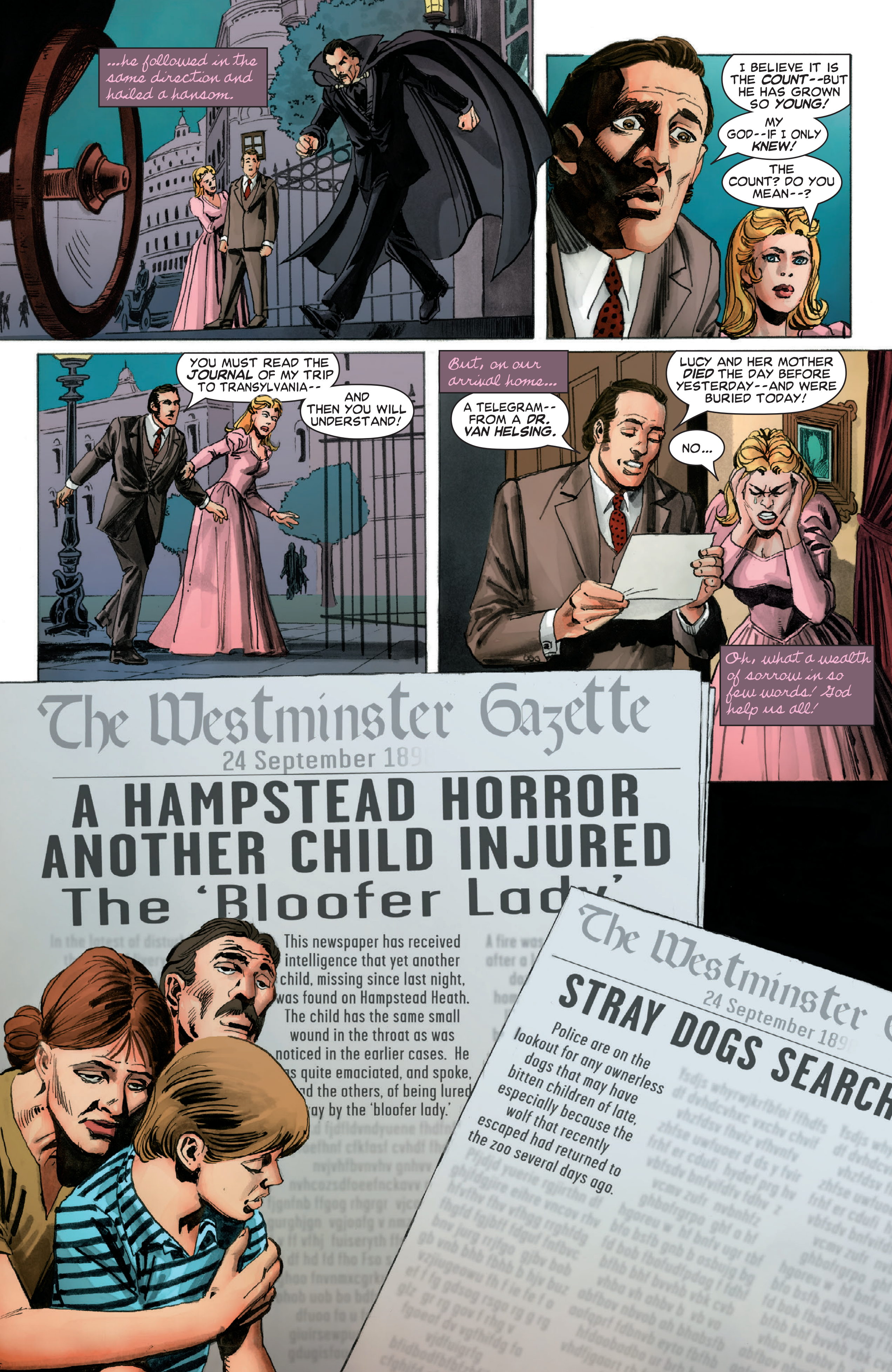

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY- September 20- Lucy's FUNERAL was arranged for the next day, so she and her mother might be buried together... and, that evening, she lay in state at the Westenra home.
By a terrible coincidence, HER FIANCE'S OWN FATHER had died mere days before, following a long illness...and Arthur had not yet returned from his sire's funeral.
Thus, Arthur Holmwood is now LORD GODALMING...but did ever a man come to a title under such unhappy circumstances?
THE UNDERTAKER HAS TRANSFORMED OUR POOR LUCY'S BEDROOM INTO A MOST BEAUTIFUL MORTUARY CHAPEL.
ALL HER BEAUTY HAS COME BACK TO HER IN DEATH.
I CAN SCARCELY CREDIT MY EYES, THAT I AM LOOKING AT A...
...A CORPSE.


The hour growing late, van Helsing drew back the winding-sheet from Lucy's face.
He looked sternly grave... but he had not LOVED her as I had...
so there was no need for TEARS in his eyes.
He laid a handful of WILD GARLIC FLOWERS upon her breast...
...and placed a little golden CRUCIFIX over her mouth.
Then, in the hall...
TOMORROW, I WANT YOU TO BRING ME, BEFORE NIGHT, A SET OF POST-MORTEM KNIVES.
MUST WE MAKE AN AUTOPSY, DOCTOR?
YES... AND NO.
YES AND NO. I WANT TO OPERATE, BUT NOT AS YOU THINK.
I WANT TO CUT OFF HER HEAD AND TAKE OUT HER HEART.
BUT WHY? WHY MUTILATE HER POOR DEAD BODY WITHOUT NEED?
I HAVE GOOD REASON FOR ALL I WANT TO DO.
TRUST ME YET A LITTLE MORE, FRIEND JOHN.
THERE ARE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE DAYS BEFORE US.


I must have slept soundly, for it was BROAD DAYLIGHT when Van Helsing waked me by entering my room.
YOU NEED NOT TROUBLE ABOUT THE KNIVES. WE WILL NOT DO IT.
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE IT IS TOO LATE--OR TOO EARLY.
SEE? THIS CRUCIFIX I LEFT UPON LUCY'S LIPS STOLEN IN THE NIGHT--FOR ITS GOLD.
YET YOU HAVE IT NOW...
I RETRIEVED IT FROM THE MAID--THAT WORTHLESS WRETCH WHO STOLE IT.
SHE KNEW NOT ALTOGETHER WHAT SHE DID, AND THUS UNKNOWING, SHE ONLY STOLE.
NOW... WE MUST WAIT.
He went away on the word, leaving me with a NEW mystery to grapple with.
When Arthur returned from his father's funeral, he looked so desperately sad and broken as he gazed down at the still form of his betrothed...
WH- WHAT SHALL I DO?
THE WHOLE OF LIFE SEEMS GONE FROM ME AT ONCE, AND THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WIDE WORLD FOR ME TO LIVE FOR!


LORD GODAL--
P-PLEASE-- CALL ME ONLY ARTHUR.
MRS. WESTENRA LEFT YOU ALL HER PROPERTY...TO DEAL WITH AS YOU WILL.
I ASK PERMISSION TO READ ALL OF *MISS LUCY'S PAPERS AND LETTERS.*
THIS IS NO IDLE CURIOSITY. I HAVE A MOTIVE, WHICH, IF YOU KNEW--
DR. VAN HELSING, I KNOW MY DEAR LUCY WOULD HAVE APPROVED.
I'LL NOT TROUBLE YOU WITH QUESTIONS TILL THE TIME COMES.
YOU ARE RIGHT, MY YOUNG FRIEND. THERE WILL BE *PAIN* FOR US ALL.
WE WILL HAVE TO PASS THROUGH THE *BITTER* WATER BEFORE WE REACH THE *SWEET.*
While I slept that night, Van Helsing paced to and fro, never out of sight of the room where Lucy lay in her garlic-strewn coffin.
The next day, she and her mother were laid to rest in the tomb of their kin, a lordly death-house in a lonely churchyard, away from teeming London... where the sun rises over Hampstead Hill, and where wild flowers grow of their own account.
WESTENRA


MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
-22 September-
Jonathan and I have been walking in Piccadilly Square...
...our first time out together since Mr. Hawkins died, leaving Jonathan his solicitor firm.
I was looking at a beautiful girl in a big cart-wheel hat, sitting in a victoria...
...when I felt my husband clutch my arm so tightly that he hurt me.
MY GOD! NO!
He was very pale--eyes bulging half in terror, half in amazement--
--at a tall, thin man--who was looking at the girl so intently--
--that he did not see either of us.
His face was hard, cruel, and sensual... his big white teeth pointed like an animal's.
DO YOU SEE WHO IT IS?
NO. DO YOU KNOW HIM, JONATHAN?
IT IS THE MAN HIMSELF!
The poor dear was evidently terrified at something...
And I do believe that, if he had not had me to lean on, he would have sunk down to the ground.
When the lady drove off, the dark man kept his eyes fixed on her...
And when her carriage moved up Piccadilly...


...he followed in the same direction and hailed a hansom.
I BELIEVE IT IS THE COUNT--BUT HE HAS GROWN SO YOUNG!
MY GOD--IF I ONLY KNEW!
THE COUNT? DO YOU MEAN--?
YOU MUST READ THE JOURNAL OF MY TRIP TO TRANSYLVANIA--
AND THEN YOU WILL UNDERSTAND!
But, on our arrival home...
A TELEGRAM--FROM A DR. VAN HELSING.
LUCY AND HER MOTHER DIED THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY--AND WERE BURIED TODAY!
NO...
Oh, what a wealth of sorrow in so few words! God help us all!

The Westminster Gazette

24 September 189

A HAMPSTEAD HORROR
ANOTHER CHILD INJURED
The 'Bloofer Lad

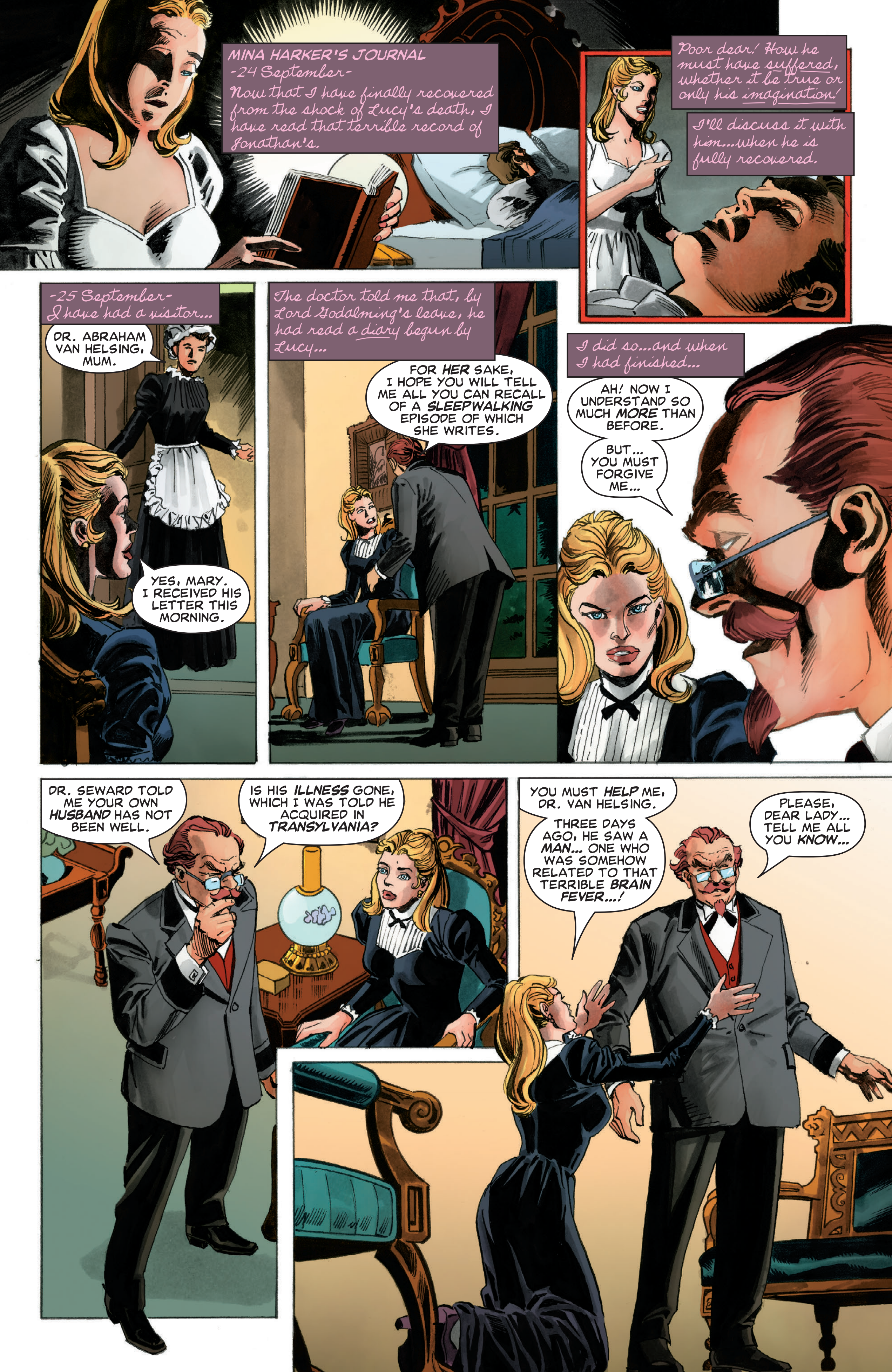
This newspaper has received intelligence that yet another child, missing since last night, was found on Hampstead Heath. The child has the same small wound in the throat as was noticed in the earlier cases. He was quite emaciated, and spoke, like the others, of being lured away by the 'bloofer lady.'

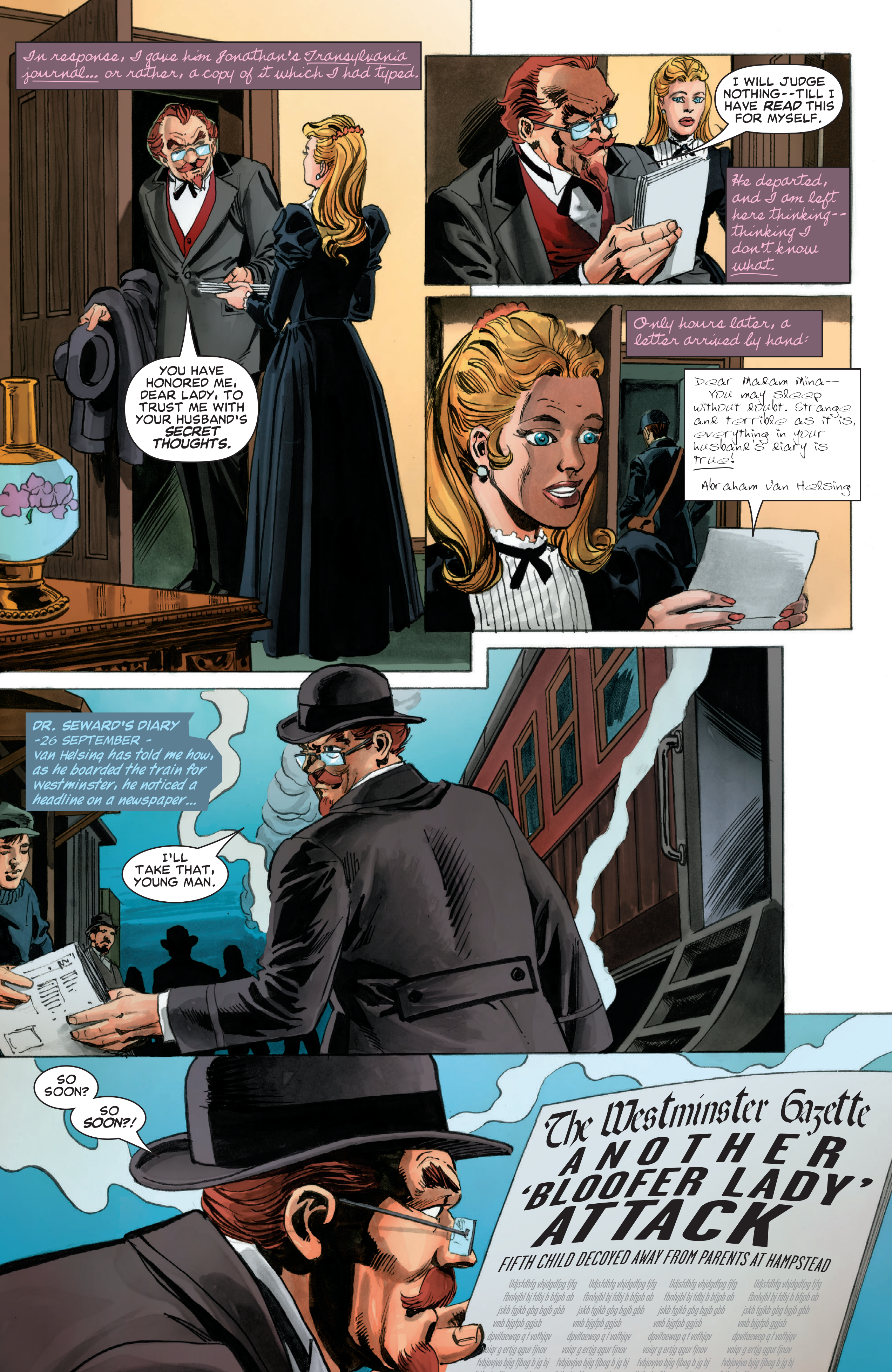
The Westminster

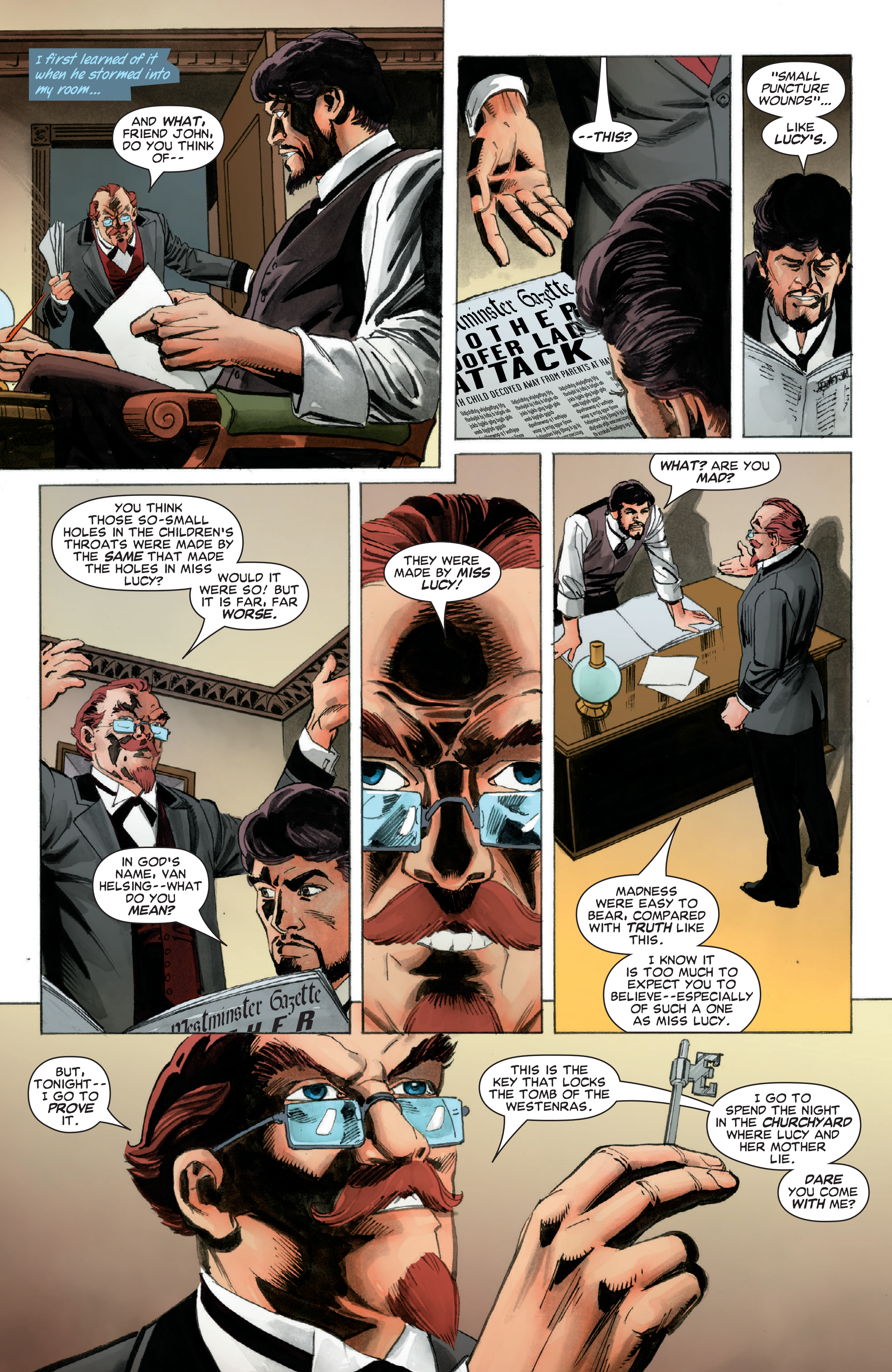
24 September 189

STRAY DOGS SEARCH

Police are on the lookout for any ownerless dogs that may have bitten children of late, especially because the wolf that recently escaped had returned to the zoo several days ago.

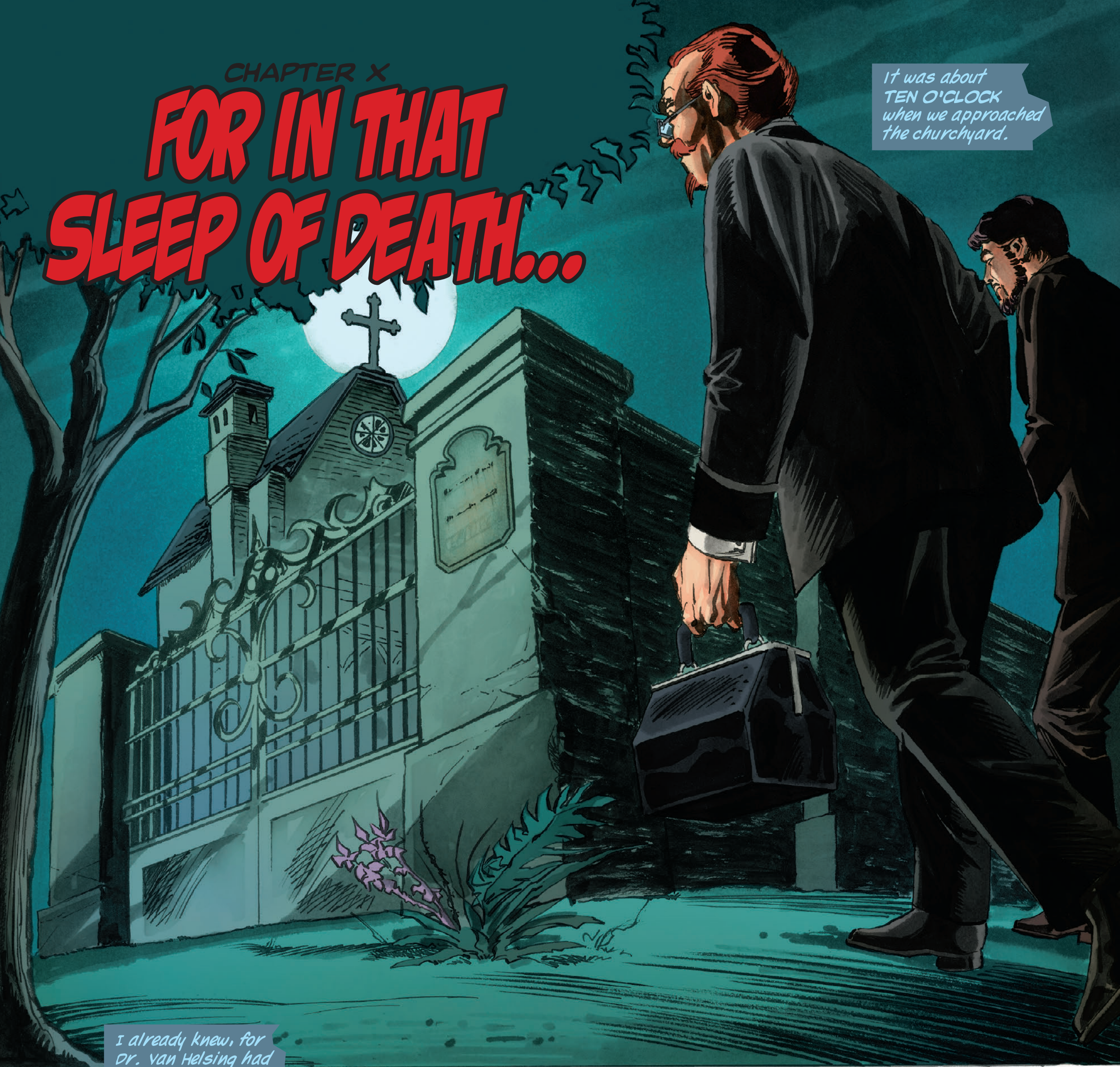

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
-24 September-
Now that I have finally recovered from the shock of Lucy's death, I have read that terrible record of Jonathan's.
Poor dear! How he must have suffered, whether it be true or only his imagination!
I'll discuss it with him...when he is fully recovered.
-25 September-
I have had a visitor...
DR. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, MUM.
YES, MARY. I RECEIVED HIS LETTER THIS MORNING.
The doctor told me that, by Lord Godalming's leave, he had read a diary begun by Lucy...
FOR HER SAKE, I HOPE YOU WILL TELL ME ALL YOU CAN RECALL OF A SLEEPWALKING EPISODE OF WHICH SHE WRITES.
I did so...and when I had finished...
AH! NOW I UNDERSTAND SO MUCH MORE THAN BEFORE.
BUT... YOU MUST FORGIVE ME...
DR. SEWARD TOLD ME YOUR OWN HUSBAND HAS NOT BEEN WELL.
IS HIS ILLNESS GONE, WHICH I WAS TOLD HE ACQUIRED IN TRANSYLVANIA?
YOU MUST HELP ME, DR. VAN HELSING.
THREE DAYS AGO, HE SAW A MAN... ONE WHO WAS SOMEHOW RELATED TO THAT TERRIBLE BRAIN FEVER...!
PLEASE, DEAR LADY... TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW...

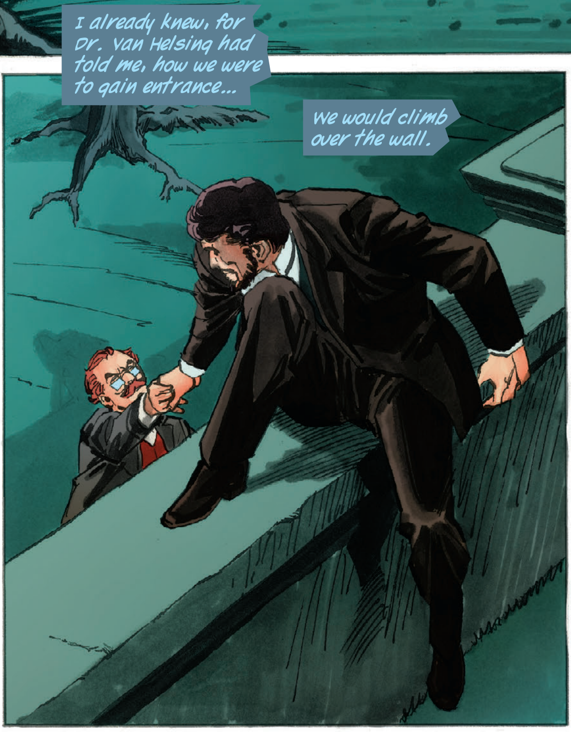

In response, I gave him Jonathan's Transylvania journal... or rather, a copy of it which I had typed.
YOU HAVE HONORED ME, DEAR LADY, TO TRUST ME WITH YOUR HUSBAND'S SECRET THOUGHTS.
I WILL JUDGE NOTHING--TILL I HAVE READ THIS FOR MYSELF.
He departed, and I am left here thinking--thinking I don't know what.
Only hours later, a letter arrived by hand:
Dear Madam Mina-- You may sleep without doubt. Strange and terrible as it is, everything in your husband's diary is true!
Abraham Van Helsing
DR. SEWARD'S DIARY -26 SEPTEMBER - Van Helsing has told me how, as he boarded the train for Westminster, he noticed a headline on a newspaper...
I'LL TAKE THAT, YOUNG MAN.
SO SOON?
SO SOON?!
The Westminster Gazette
ANOTHER 'BLOOFER LADY' ATTACK
FIFTH CHILD DECOYED AWAY FROM PARENTS AT HAMPSTEAD

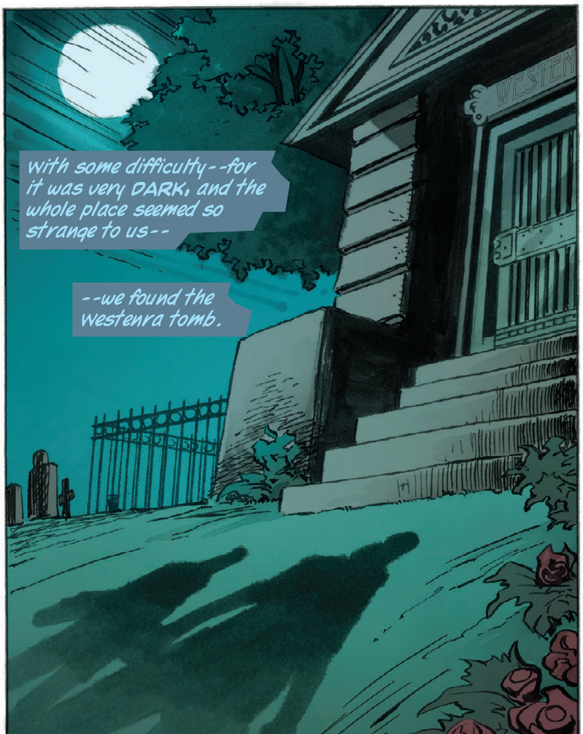

I first learned of it when he stormed into my room...
AND WHAT, FRIEND JOHN, DO YOU THINK OF--
--THIS?
minster Gazette
OTHER
OFER LAD
ATTACK
TH CHILD DECOYED AWAY FROM PARENTS AT HA
"SMALL PUNCTURE WOUNDS"...
LIKE LUCY'S.
YOU THINK THOSE SO-SMALL HOLES IN THE CHILDREN'S THROATS WERE MADE BY THE SAME THAT MADE THE HOLES IN MISS LUCY?
WOULD IT WERE SO! BUT IT IS FAR, FAR WORSE.
IN GOD'S NAME, VAN HELSING--WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
Westminster Gazette
THEY WERE MADE BY MISS LUCY!
WHAT? ARE YOU MAD?
MADNESS WERE EASY TO BEAR, COMPARED WITH TRUTH LIKE THIS.
I KNOW IT IS TOO MUCH TO EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE--ESPECIALLY OF SUCH A ONE AS MISS LUCY.
BUT, TONIGHT--I GO TO PROVE IT.
THIS IS THE KEY THAT LOCKS THE TOMB OF THE WESTENRAS.
I GO TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE CHURCHYARD WHERE LUCY AND HER MOTHER LIE.
DARE YOU COME WITH ME?

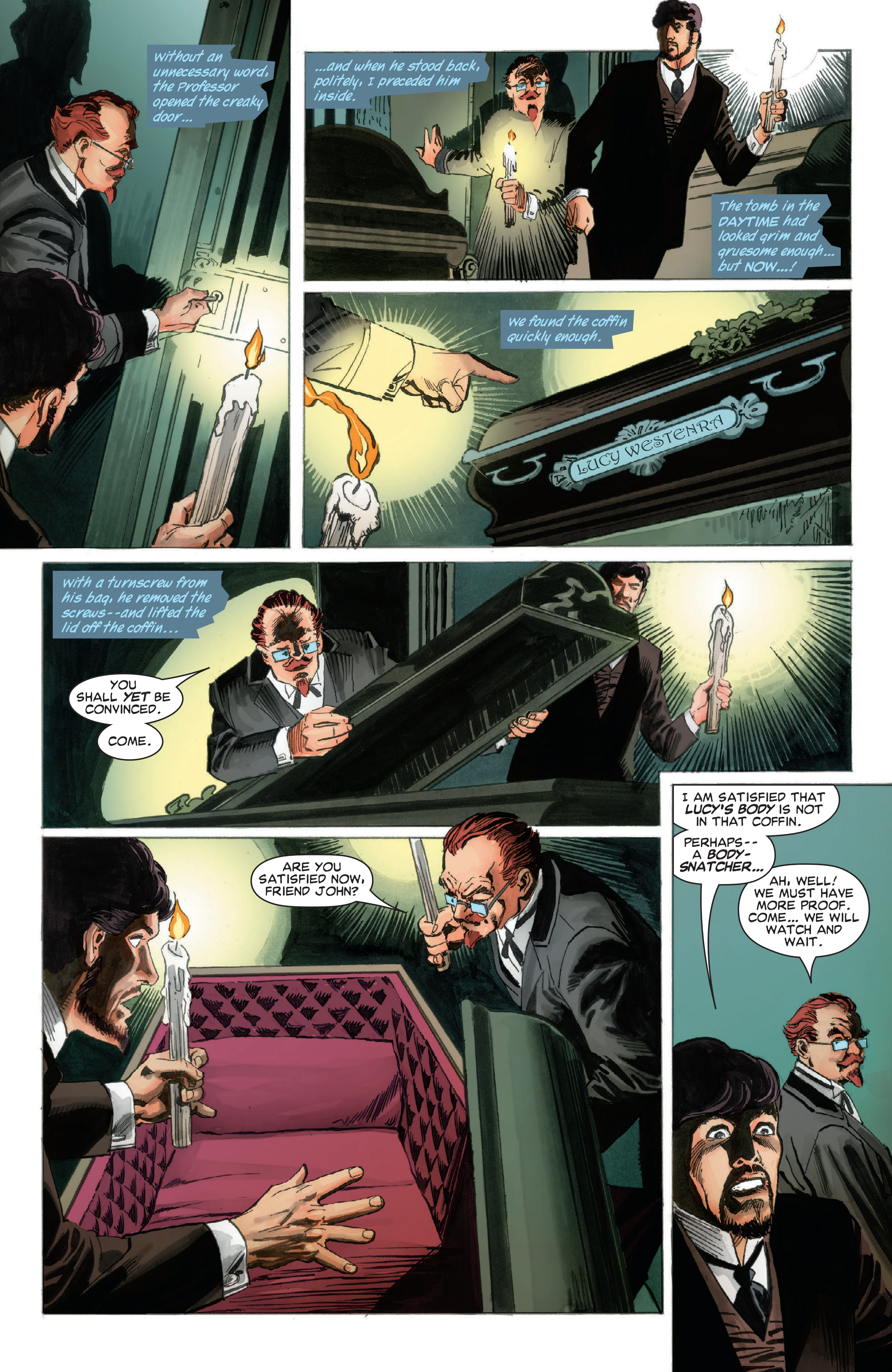
CHAPTER X

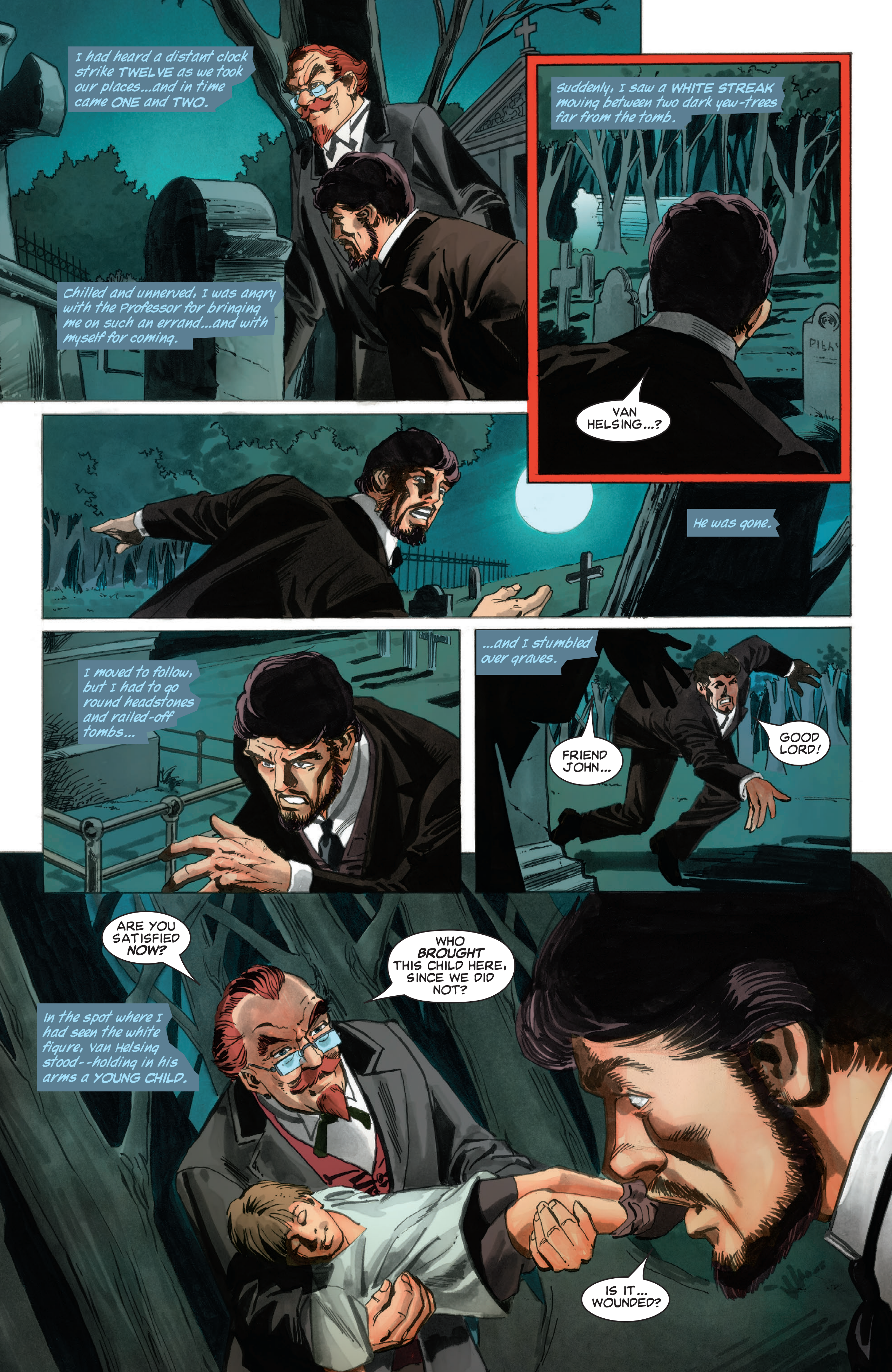
FOR IN THAT SLEEP OF DEATH...

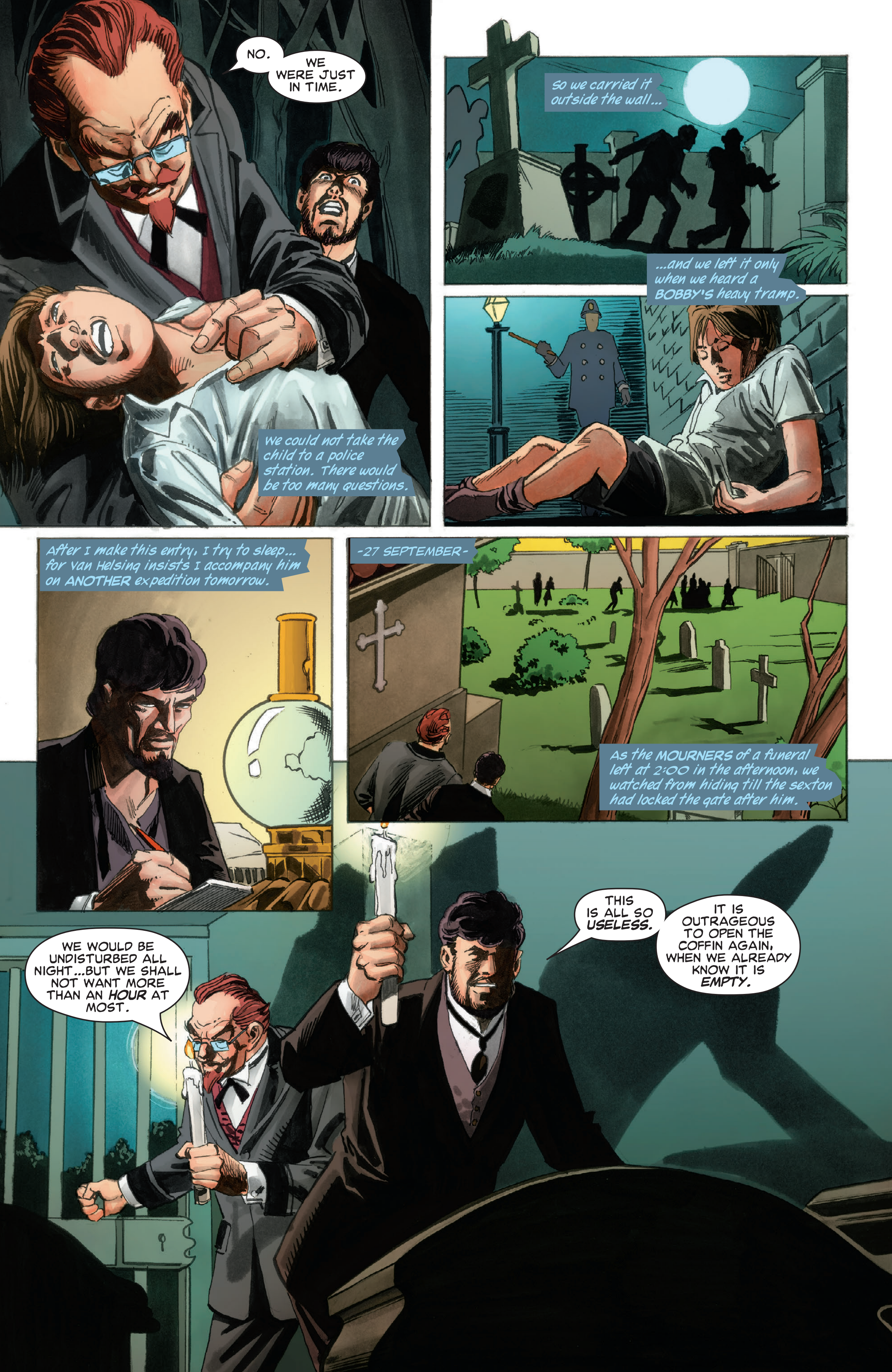

It was about TEN O'CLOCK when we approached the churchyard.

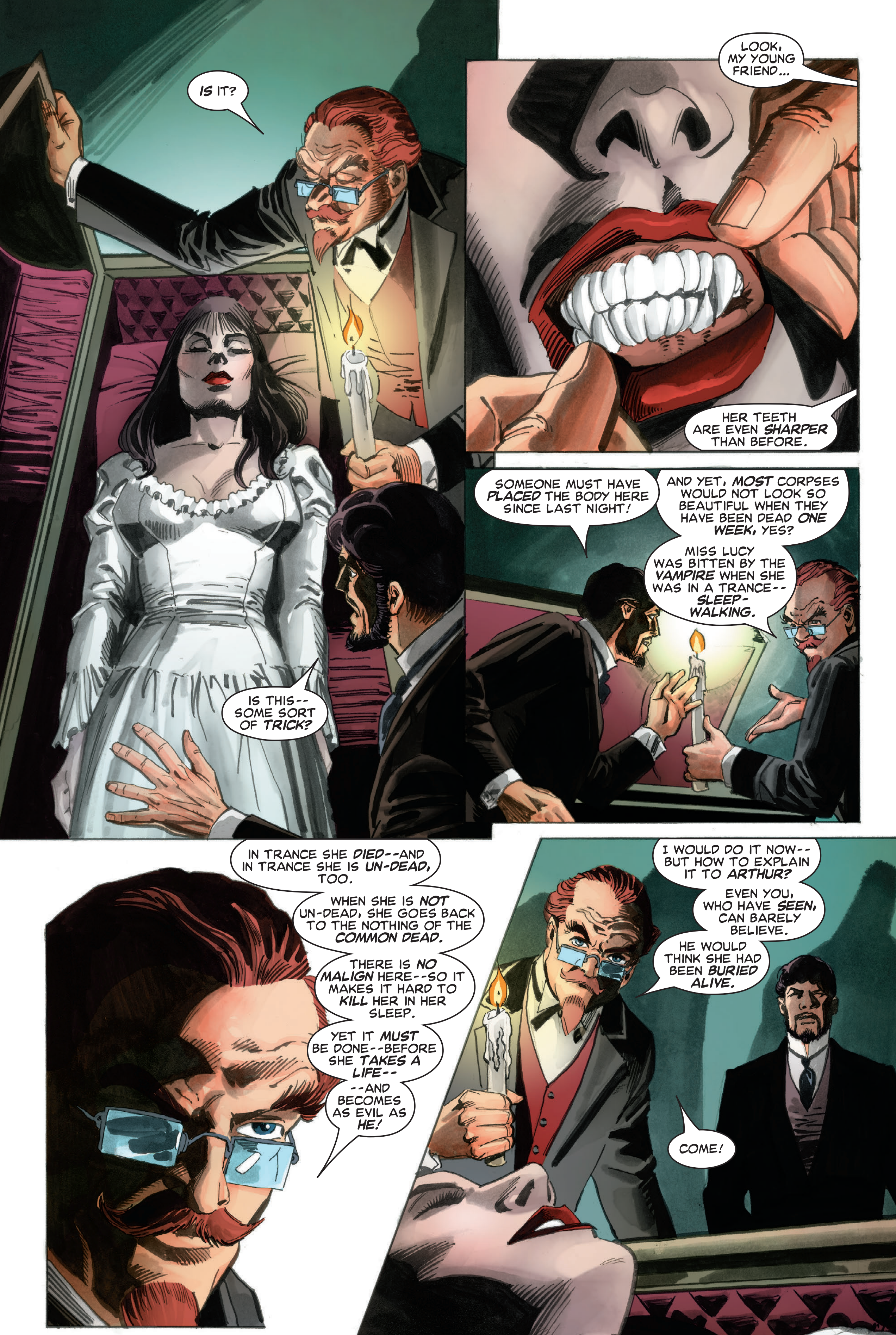

I already knew, for Dr. Van Helsing had told me, how we were to gain entrance...
We would climb over the wall.

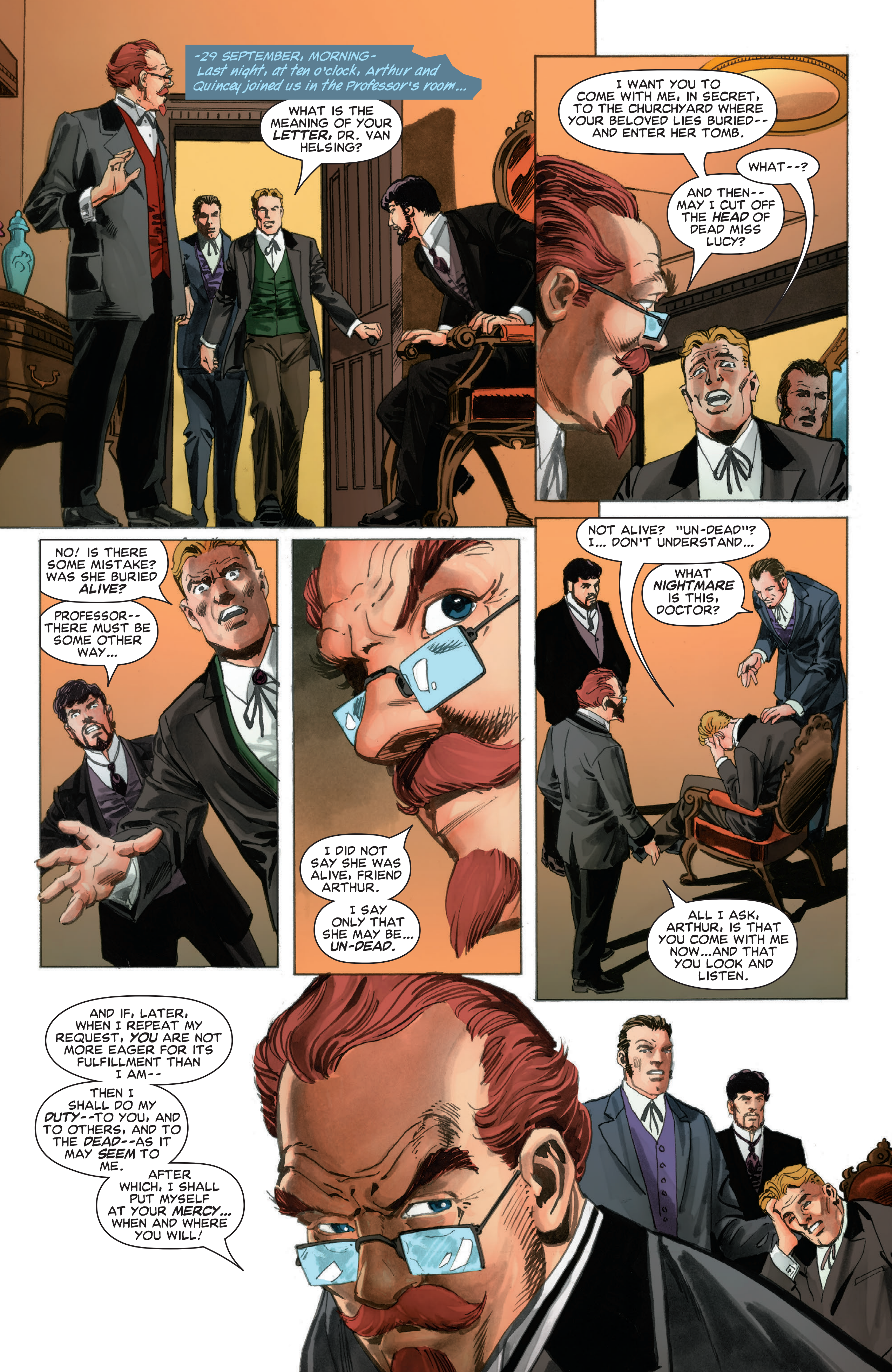

With some difficulty--for it was very DARK, and the whole place seemed so strange to us--
--we found the Westenra tomb.
WESTEN

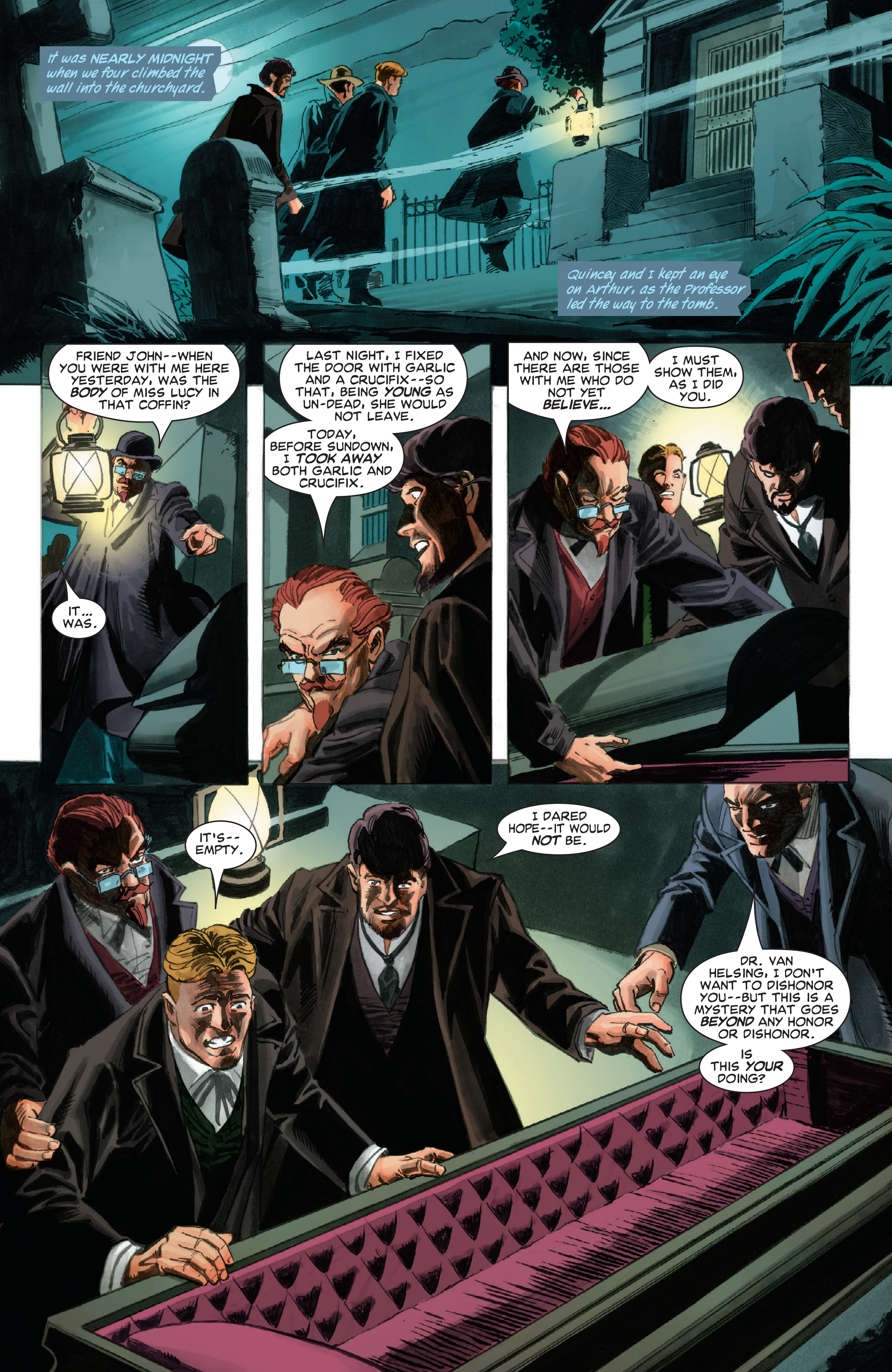

without an unnecessary word, the Professor opened the creaky door...
...and when he stood back, politely, I preceded him inside.
The tomb in the DAYTIME had looked grim and gruesome enough... but NOW...!
we found the coffin quickly enough.
LUCY WESTENRA
With a turnscrew from his bag, he removed the screws--and lifted the lid off the coffin...
YOU SHALL YET BE CONVINCED.
COME.
ARE YOU SATISFIED NOW, FRIEND JOHN?
I AM SATISFIED THAT LUCY'S BODY IS NOT IN THAT COFFIN.
PERHAPS-- A BODY-SNATCHER...
AH, WELL! WE MUST HAVE MORE PROOF. COME... WE WILL WATCH AND WAIT.

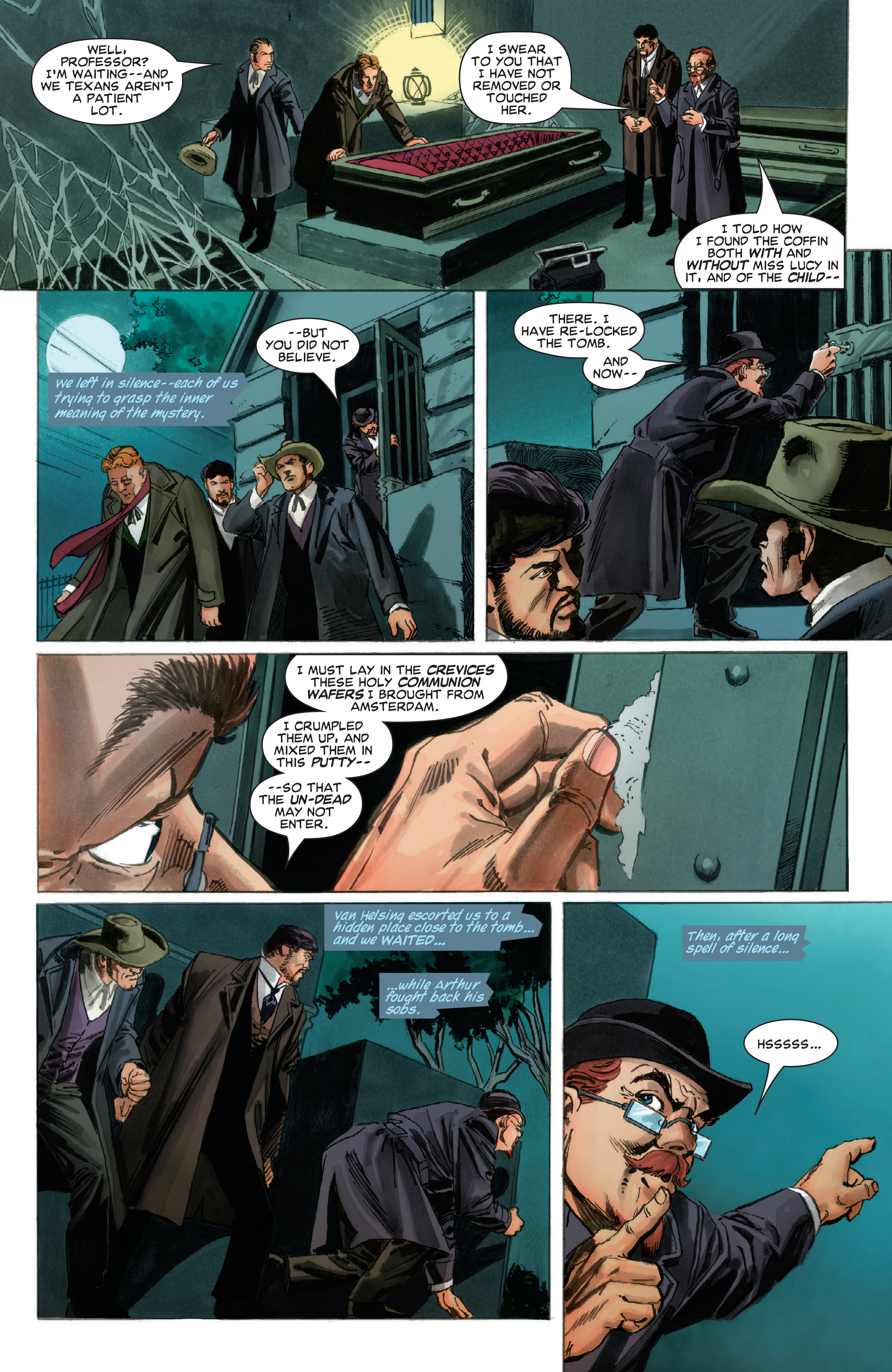

I had heard a distant clock strike TWELVE as we took our places...and in time came ONE and TWO.
Chilled and unnerved, I was angry with the Professor for bringing me on such an errand...and with myself for coming.
Suddenly, I saw a WHITE STREAK moving between two dark yew-trees far from the tomb.
VAN HELSING...?
He was gone.
I moved to follow, but I had to go round headstones and railed-off tombs...
...and I stumbled over graves.
FRIEND JOHN...
GOOD LORD!
ARE YOU SATISFIED NOW?
WHO BROUGHT THIS CHILD HERE, SINCE WE DID NOT?
In the spot where I had seen the white figure, Van Helsing stood--holding in his arms a YOUNG CHILD.
IS IT... WOUNDED?

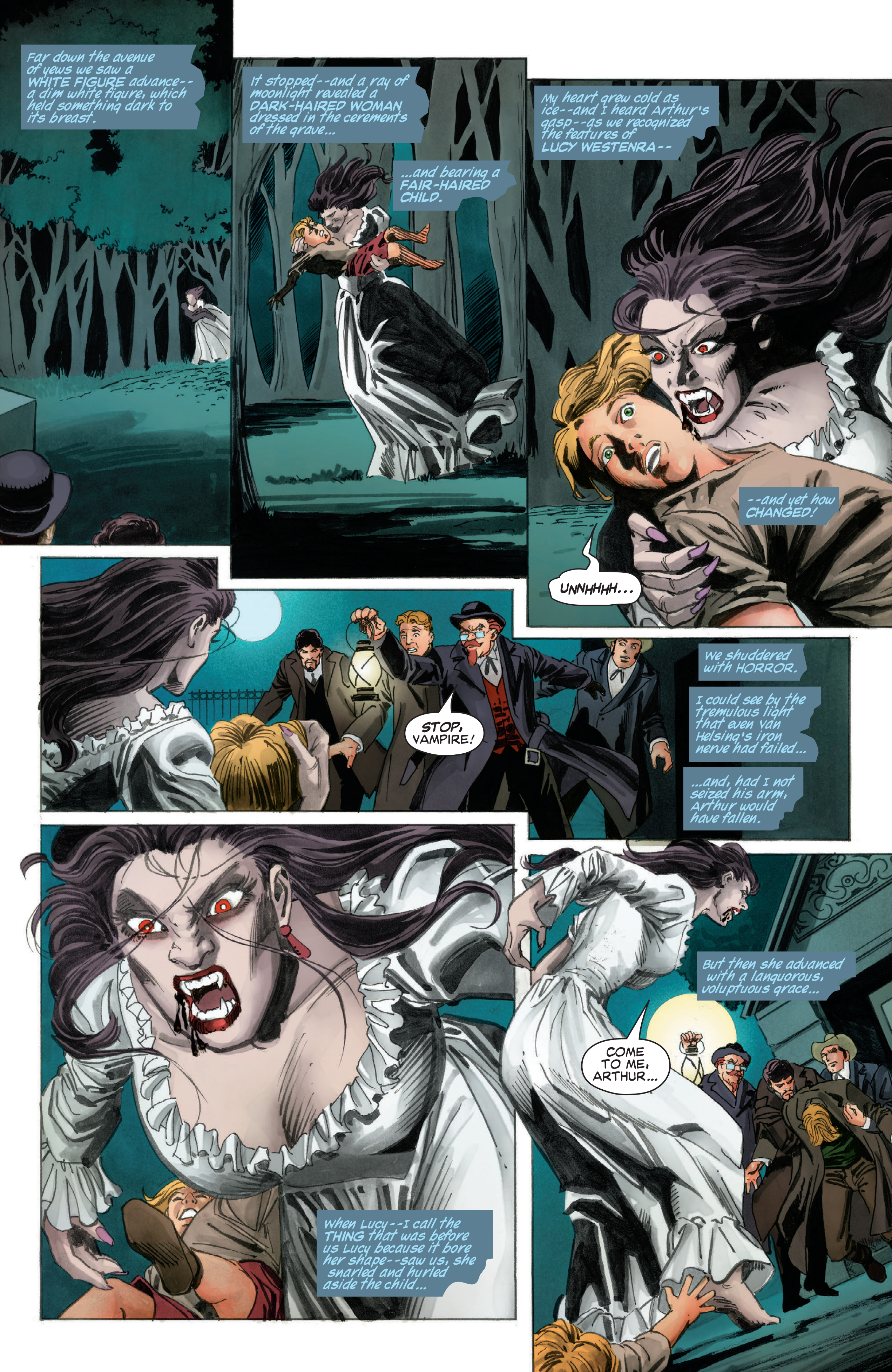

NO.
WE WERE JUST IN TIME.
We could not take the child to a police station. There would be too many questions.
So we carried it outside the wall...
...and we left it only when we heard a BOBBY'S heavy tramp.
After I make this entry, I try to sleep... for Van Helsing insists I accompany him on ANOTHER expedition tomorrow.
-27 SEPTEMBER-
As the MOURNERS of a funeral left at 2:00 in the afternoon, we watched from hiding till the sexton had locked the gate after him.
WE WOULD BE UNDISTURBED ALL NIGHT...BUT WE SHALL NOT WANT MORE THAN AN HOUR AT MOST.
THIS IS ALL SO USELESS.
IT IS OUTRAGEOUS TO OPEN THE COFFIN AGAIN, WHEN WE ALREADY KNOW IT IS EMPTY.

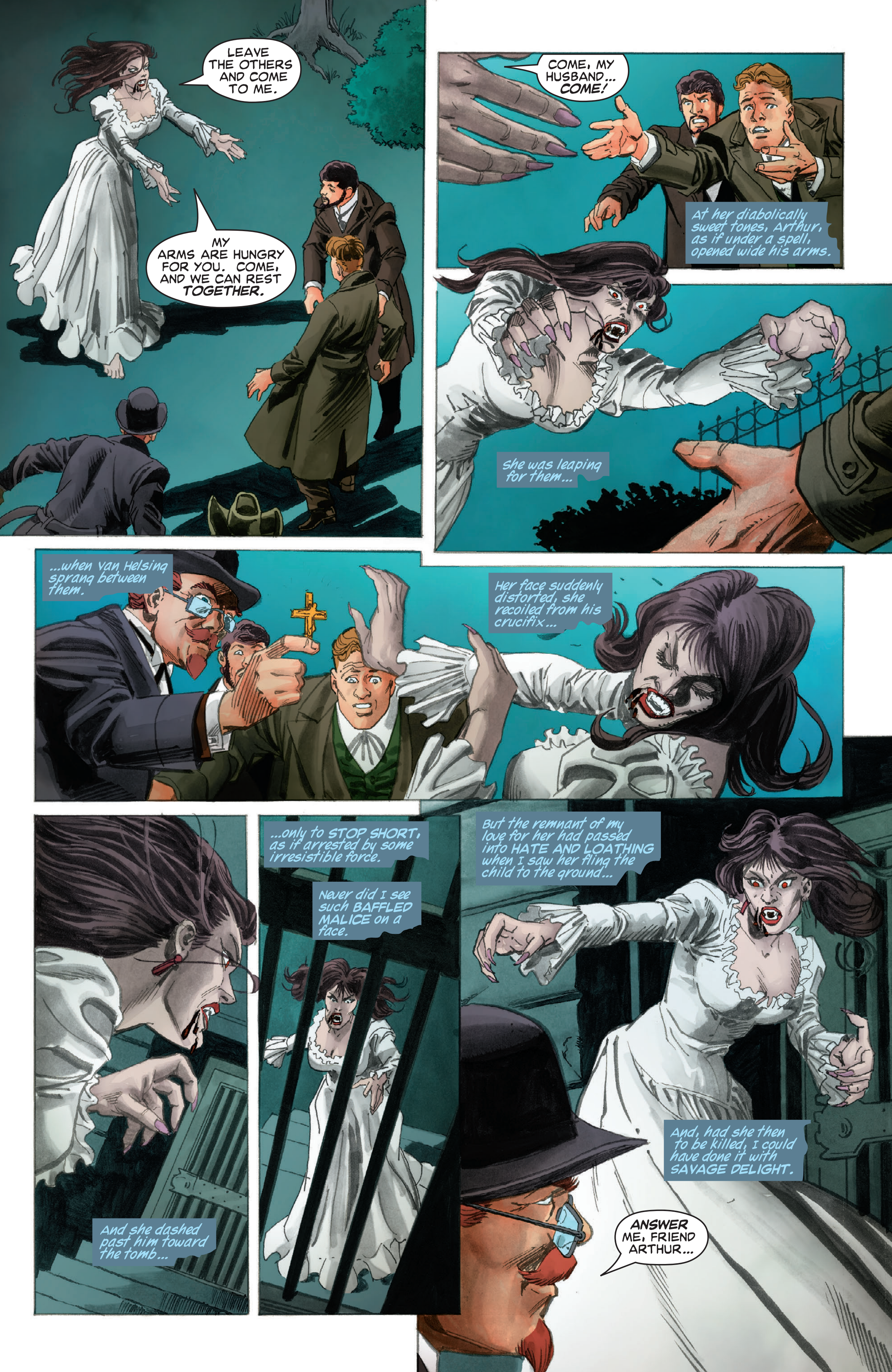

IS IT?
IS THIS--SOME SORT OF TRICK?
LOOK, MY YOUNG FRIEND...
HER TEETH ARE EVEN SHARPER THAN BEFORE.
SOMEONE MUST HAVE PLACED THE BODY HERE SINCE LAST NIGHT!
AND YET, MOST CORPSES WOULD NOT LOOK SO BEAUTIFUL WHEN THEY HAVE BEEN DEAD ONE WEEK, YES?
MISS LUCY WAS BITTEN BY THE VAMPIRE WHEN SHE WAS IN A TRANCE--SLEEP-WALKING.
IN TRANCE SHE DIED--AND IN TRANCE SHE IS UN-DEAD, TOO.
WHEN SHE IS NOT UN-DEAD, SHE GOES BACK TO THE NOTHING OF THE COMMON DEAD.
THERE IS NO MALIGN HERE--SO IT MAKES IT HARD TO KILL HER IN HER SLEEP.
YET IT MUST BE DONE--BEFORE SHE TAKES A LIFE--
--AND BECOMES AS EVIL AS HE!
I WOULD DO IT NOW--BUT HOW TO EXPLAIN IT TO ARTHUR?
EVEN YOU, WHO HAVE SEEN, CAN BARELY BELIEVE.
HE WOULD THINK SHE HAD BEEN BURIED ALIVE.
COME!

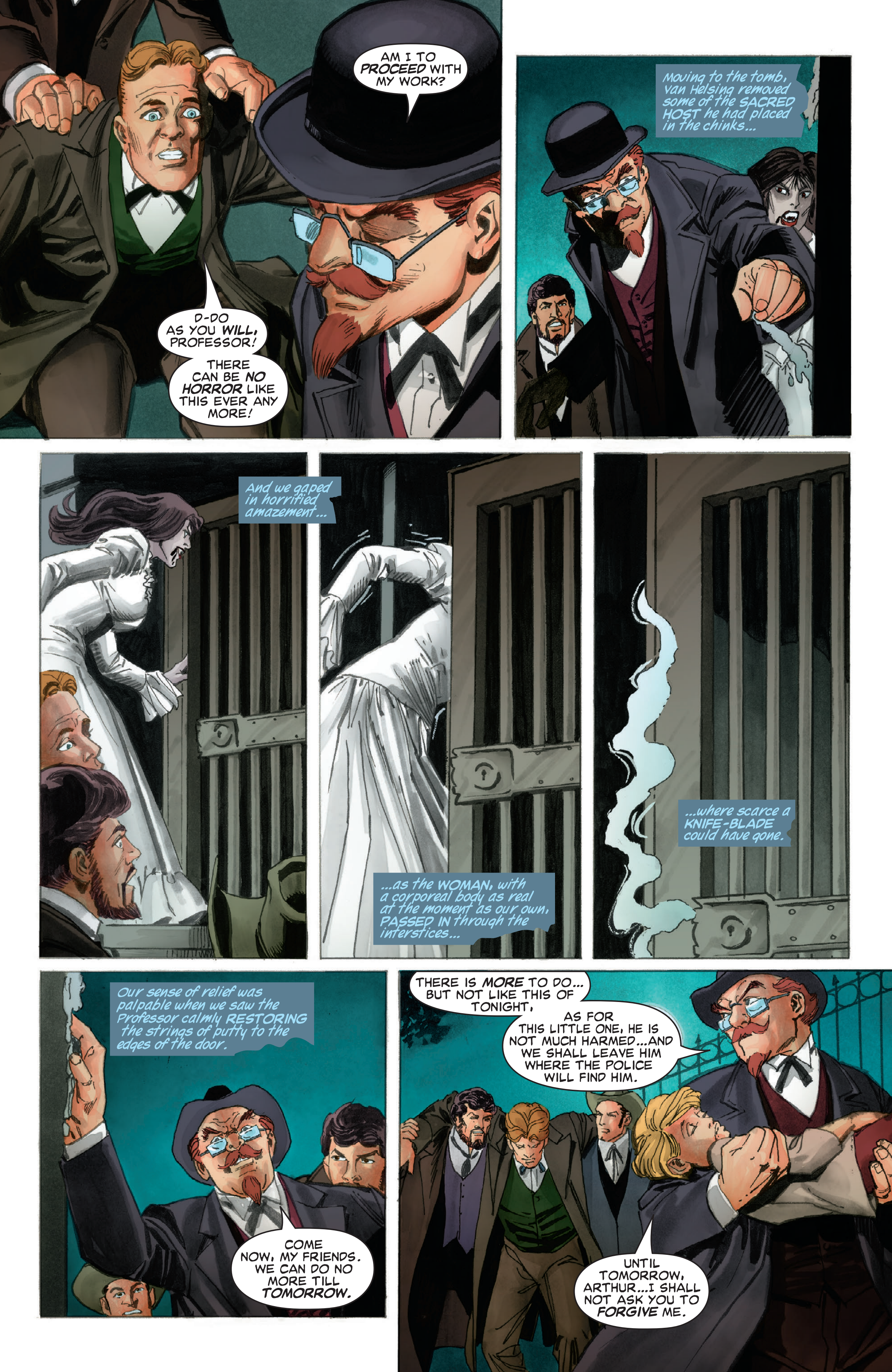

-29 SEPTEMBER, MORNING- Last night, at ten o'clock, Arthur and Quincey joined us in the Professor's room...
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF YOUR *LETTER*, DR. VAN HELSING?
I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME, IN SECRET, TO THE CHURCHYARD WHERE YOUR BELOVED LIES BURIED--AND ENTER HER TOMB.
WHAT--?
AND THEN--MAY I CUT OFF THE *HEAD* OF DEAD MISS LUCY?
NO! IS THERE SOME MISTAKE? WAS SHE BURIED *ALIVE?*
PROFESSOR--THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY...
I DID NOT SAY SHE WAS ALIVE, FRIEND ARTHUR.
I SAY ONLY THAT SHE MAY BE... *UN-DEAD.*
NOT ALIVE? "UN-DEAD"? I... DON'T UNDERSTAND...
WHAT *NIGHTMARE* IS THIS, DOCTOR?
ALL I ASK, ARTHUR, IS THAT YOU COME WITH ME NOW...AND THAT YOU LOOK AND LISTEN.
AND IF, LATER, WHEN I REPEAT MY REQUEST, *YOU* ARE NOT MORE EAGER FOR ITS FULFILLMENT THAN I AM--
THEN I SHALL DO MY *DUTY*--TO YOU, AND TO OTHERS, AND TO THE *DEAD*--AS IT MAY *SEEM* TO ME.
AFTER WHICH, I SHALL PUT MYSELF AT YOUR *MERCY*... WHEN AND WHERE YOU WILL!

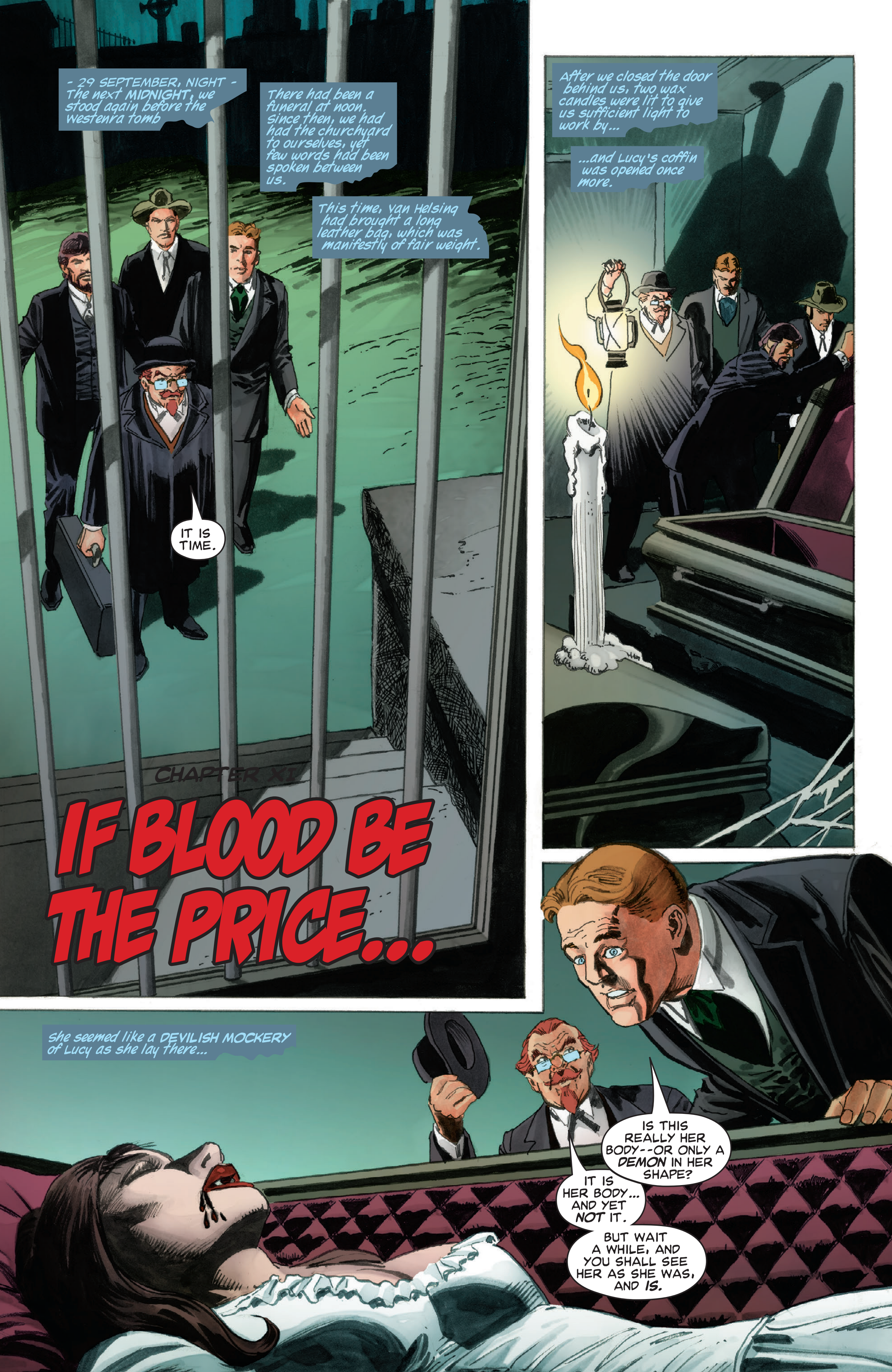

It was NEARLY MIDNIGHT when we four climbed the wall into the churchyard.
Quincey and I kept an eye on Arthur, as the Professor led the way to the tomb.
FRIEND JOHN--WHEN YOU WERE WITH ME HERE YESTERDAY, WAS THE BODY OF MISS LUCY IN THAT COFFIN?
IT... WAS.
LAST NIGHT, I FIXED THE DOOR WITH GARLIC AND A CRUCIFIX--SO THAT, BEING YOUNG AS UN-DEAD, SHE WOULD NOT LEAVE.
TODAY, BEFORE SUNDOWN, I TOOK AWAY BOTH GARLIC AND CRUCIFIX.
AND NOW, SINCE THERE ARE THOSE WITH ME WHO DO NOT YET BELIEVE...
I MUST SHOW THEM, AS I DID YOU.
IT'S--EMPTY.
I DARED HOPE--IT WOULD NOT BE.
DR. VAN HELSING, I DON'T WANT TO DISHONOR YOU--BUT THIS IS A MYSTERY THAT GOES BEYOND ANY HONOR OR DISHONOR.
IS THIS YOUR DOING?

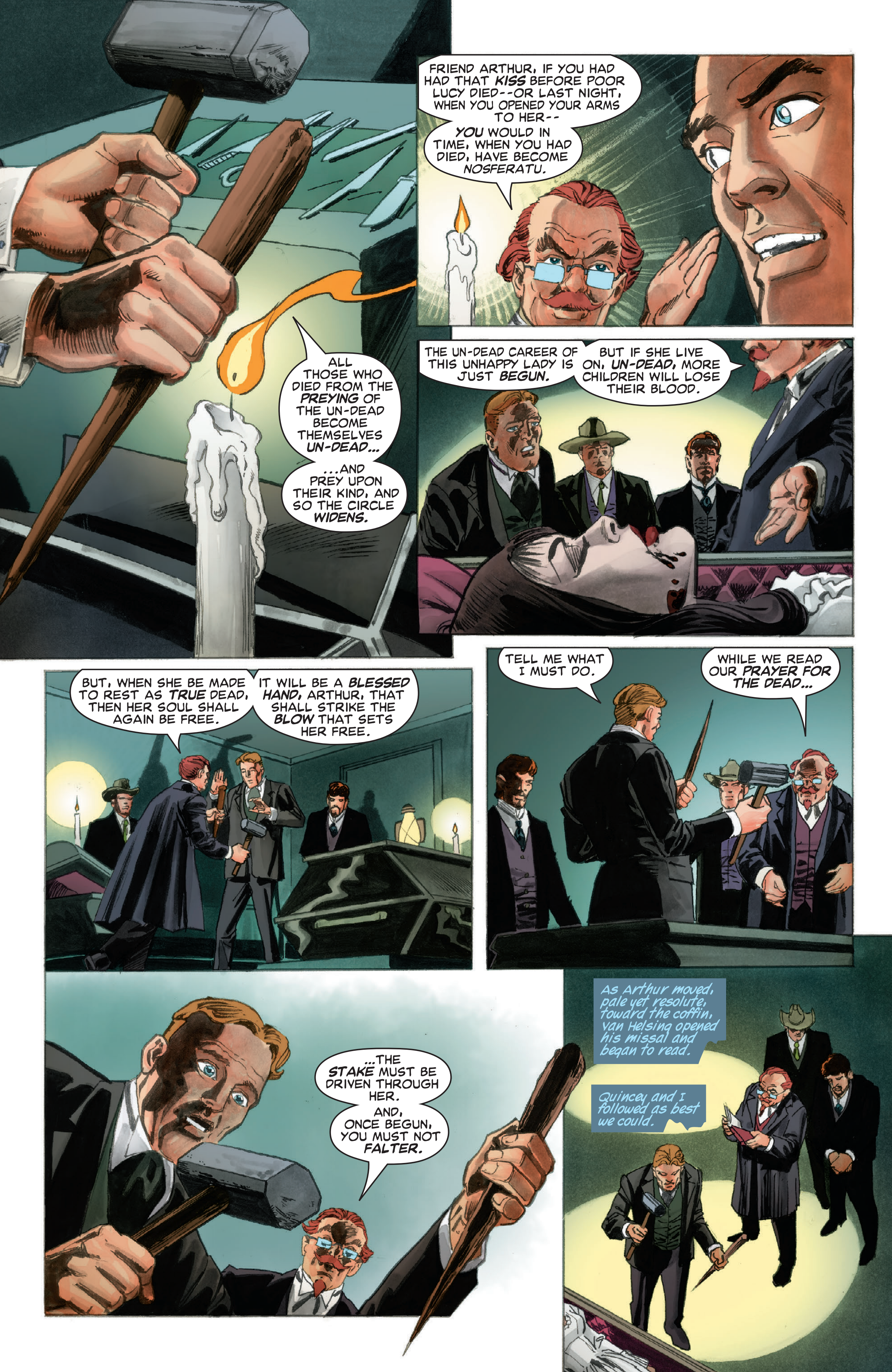

WELL, PROFESSOR? I'M WAITING--AND WE TEXANS AREN'T A PATIENT LOT.
I SWEAR TO YOU THAT I HAVE NOT REMOVED OR TOUCHED HER.
I TOLD HOW I FOUND THE COFFIN BOTH WITH AND WITHOUT MISS LUCY IN IT, AND OF THE CHILD--
We left in silence--each of us trying to grasp the inner meaning of the mystery.
--BUT YOU DID NOT BELIEVE.
THERE. I HAVE RE-LOCKED THE TOMB.
AND NOW--
I MUST LAY IN THE CREVICES THESE HOLY COMMUNION WAFERS I BROUGHT FROM AMSTERDAM.
I CRUMPLED THEM UP, AND MIXED THEM IN THIS PUTTY--
--SO THAT THE UN-DEAD MAY NOT ENTER.
Van Helsing escorted us to a hidden place close to the tomb... and we WAITED...
...while Arthur fought back his sobs.
Then, after a long spell of silence...
HSSSSS...

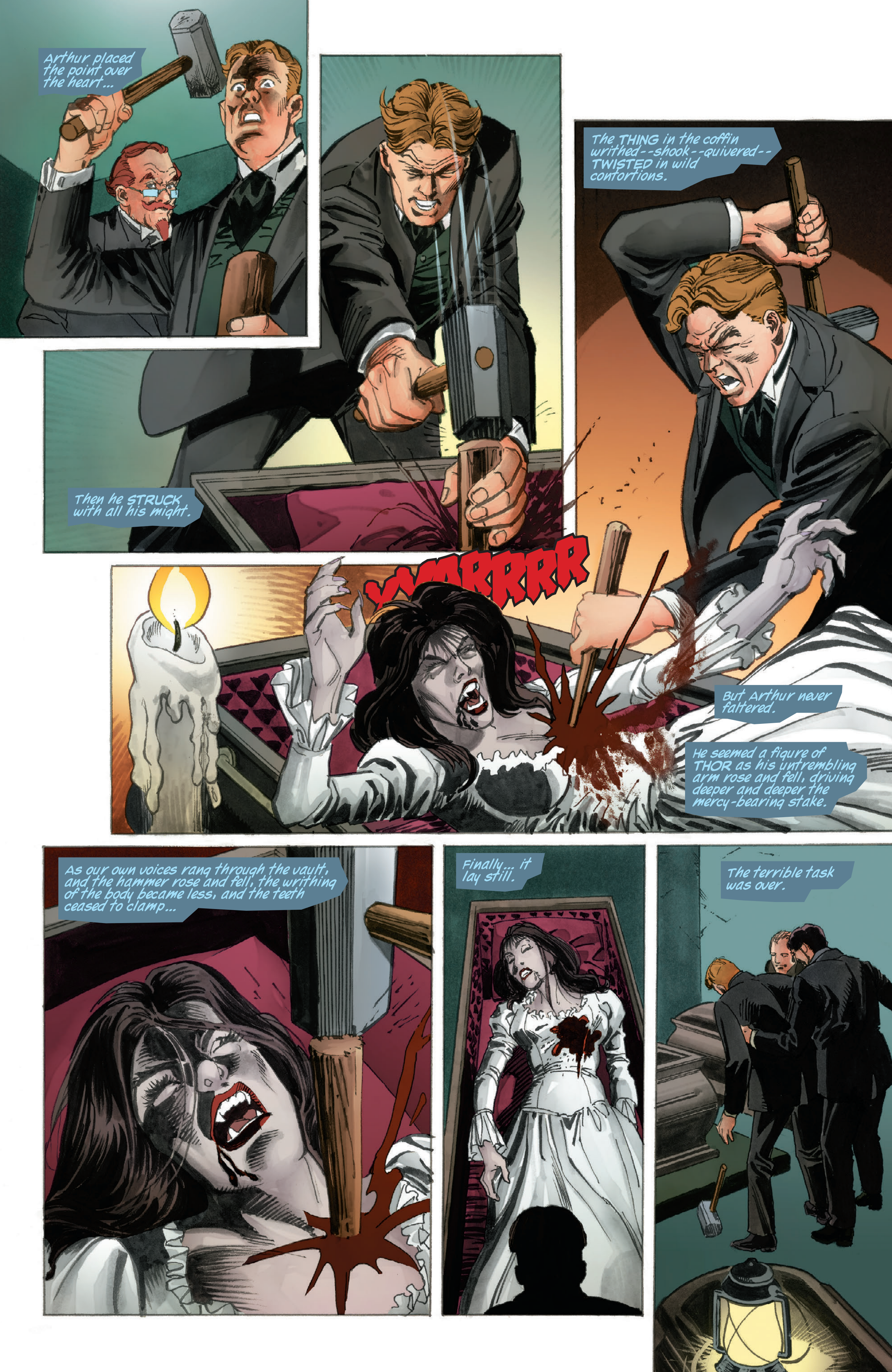

Far down the avenue of yews we saw a WHITE FIGURE advance--a dim white figure, which held something dark to its breast.
It stopped--and a ray of moonlight revealed a DARK-HAIRED WOMAN dressed in the cerements of the grave...
...and bearing a FAIR-HAIRED CHILD.
My heart grew cold as ice--and I heard Arthur's gasp--as we recognized the features of LUCY WESTENRA--
--and yet how CHANGED!
UNNHHHH...
We shuddered with HORROR.
I could see by the tremulous light that even Van Helsing's iron nerve had failed...
...and, had I not seized his arm, Arthur would have fallen.
STOP, VAMPIRE!
When Lucy--I call the THING that was before us Lucy because it bore her shape--saw us, she snarled and hurled aside the child...
But then she advanced with a languorous, voluptuous grace...
COME TO ME, ARTHUR...

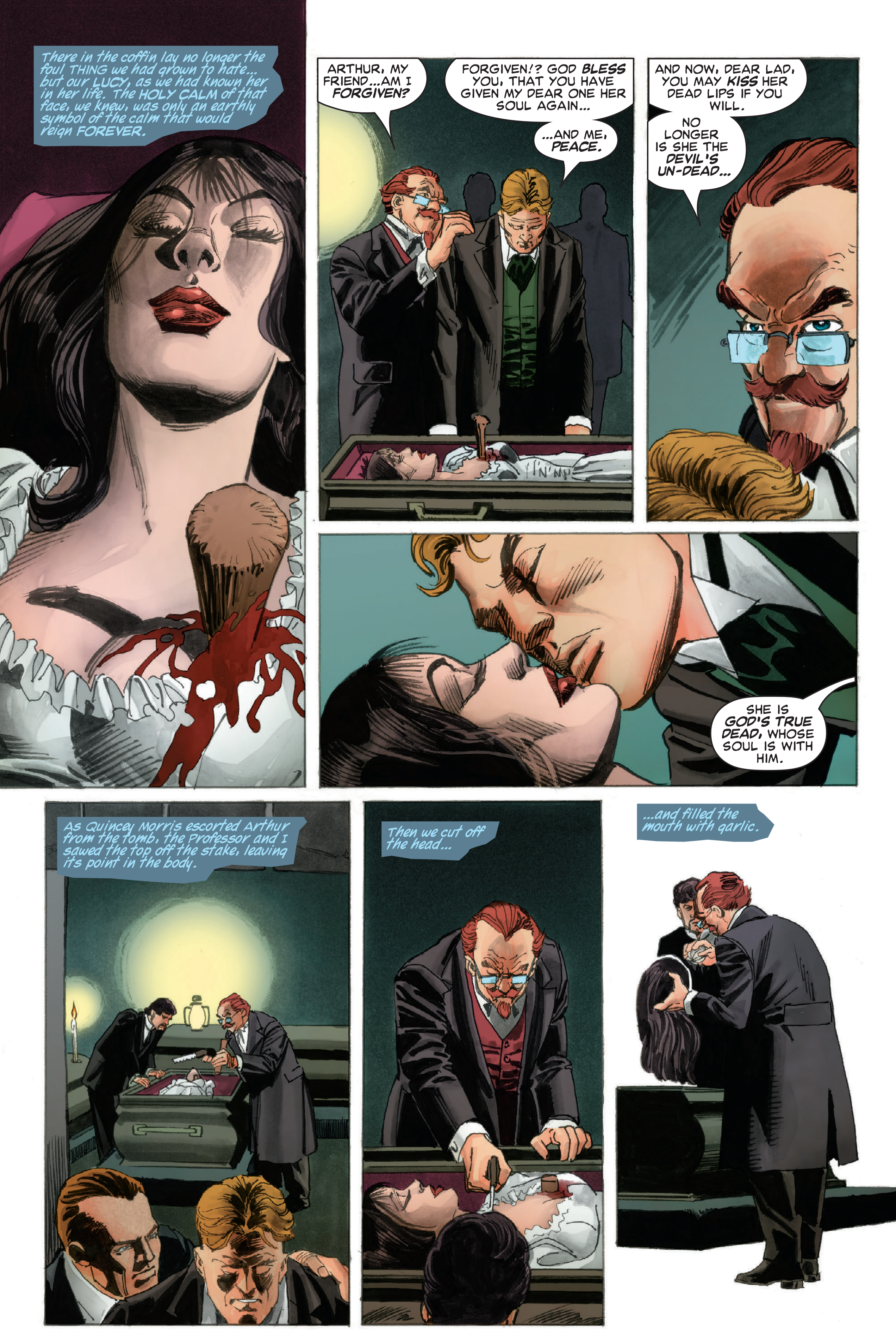

LEAVE THE OTHERS AND COME TO ME.
MY ARMS ARE HUNGRY FOR YOU. COME, AND WE CAN REST TOGETHER.
COME, MY HUSBAND... COME!
At her diabolically sweet tones, Arthur, as if under a spell, opened wide his arms.
she was leaping for them...
...when van Helsing sprang between them.
Her face suddenly distorted, she recoiled from his crucifix...
And she dashed past him toward the tomb...
...only to STOP SHORT, as if arrested by some irresistible force.
Never did I see such BAFFLED MALICE on a face.
But the remnant of my love for her had passed into HATE AND LOATHING when I saw her fling the child to the ground...
And, had she then to be killed, I could have done it with SAVAGE DELIGHT.
ANSWER ME, FRIEND ARTHUR...

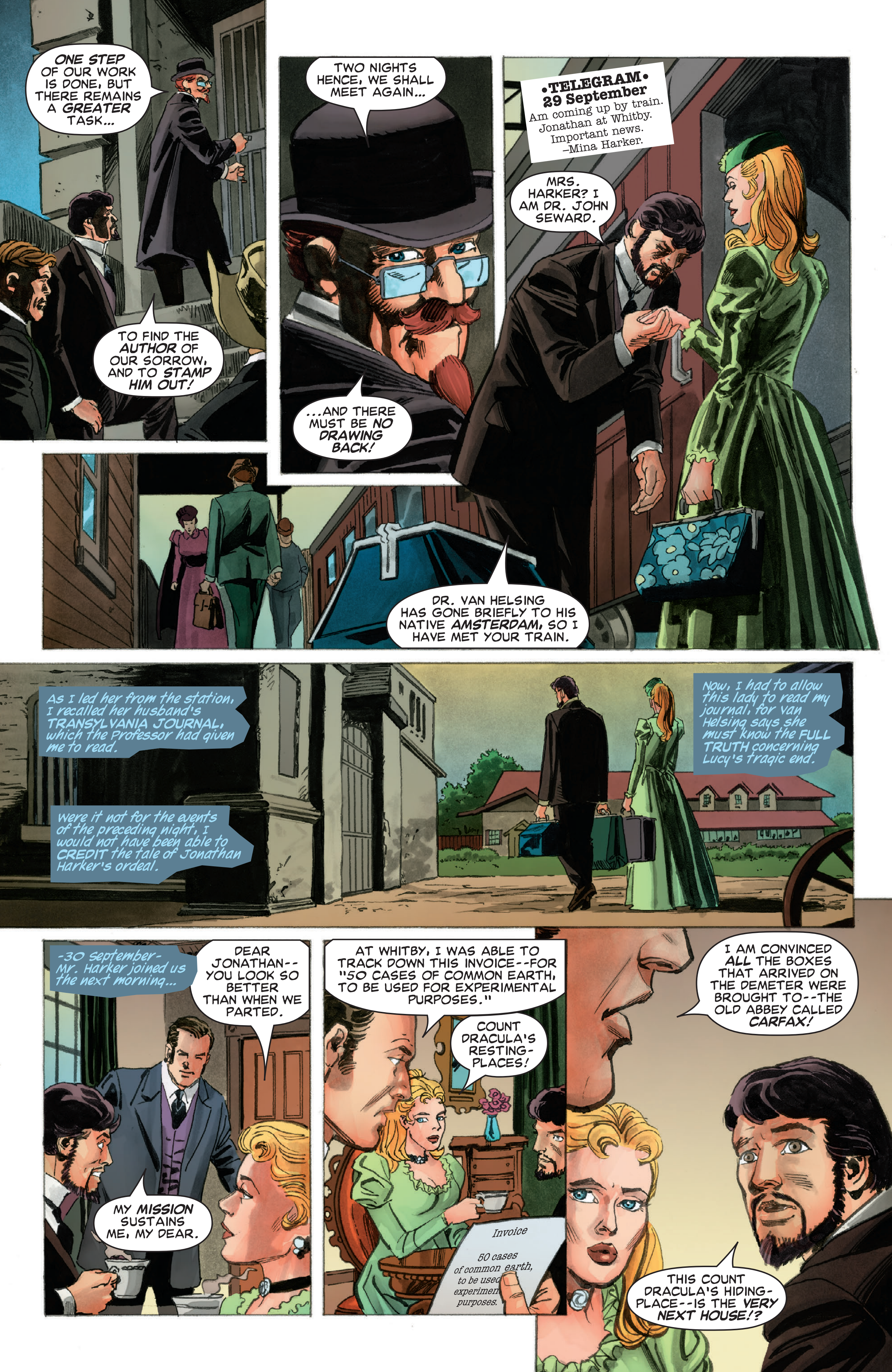

AM I TO *PROCEED* WITH MY WORK?
D-DO AS YOU **WILL,** PROFESSOR!
THERE CAN BE ***NO HORROR*** LIKE THIS EVER ANY MORE!
Moving to the tomb, van Helsing removed some of the **SACRED HOST** he had placed in the chinks...
And we gaped in horrified amazement...
...as the **WOMAN,** with a corporeal body as real at the moment as our own, **PASSED IN** through the interstices...
...where scarce a **KNIFE-BLADE** could have gone.
Our sense of relief was palpable when we saw the Professor calmly **RESTORING** the strings of putty to the edges of the door.
COME NOW, MY FRIENDS. WE CAN DO NO MORE TILL ***TOMORROW.***
THERE IS ***MORE*** TO DO... BUT NOT LIKE THIS OF TONIGHT.
AS FOR THIS LITTLE ONE, HE IS NOT MUCH HARMED...AND WE SHALL LEAVE HIM WHERE THE POLICE WILL FIND HIM.
UNTIL TOMORROW, ARTHUR...I SHALL NOT ASK YOU TO ***FORGIVE*** ME.

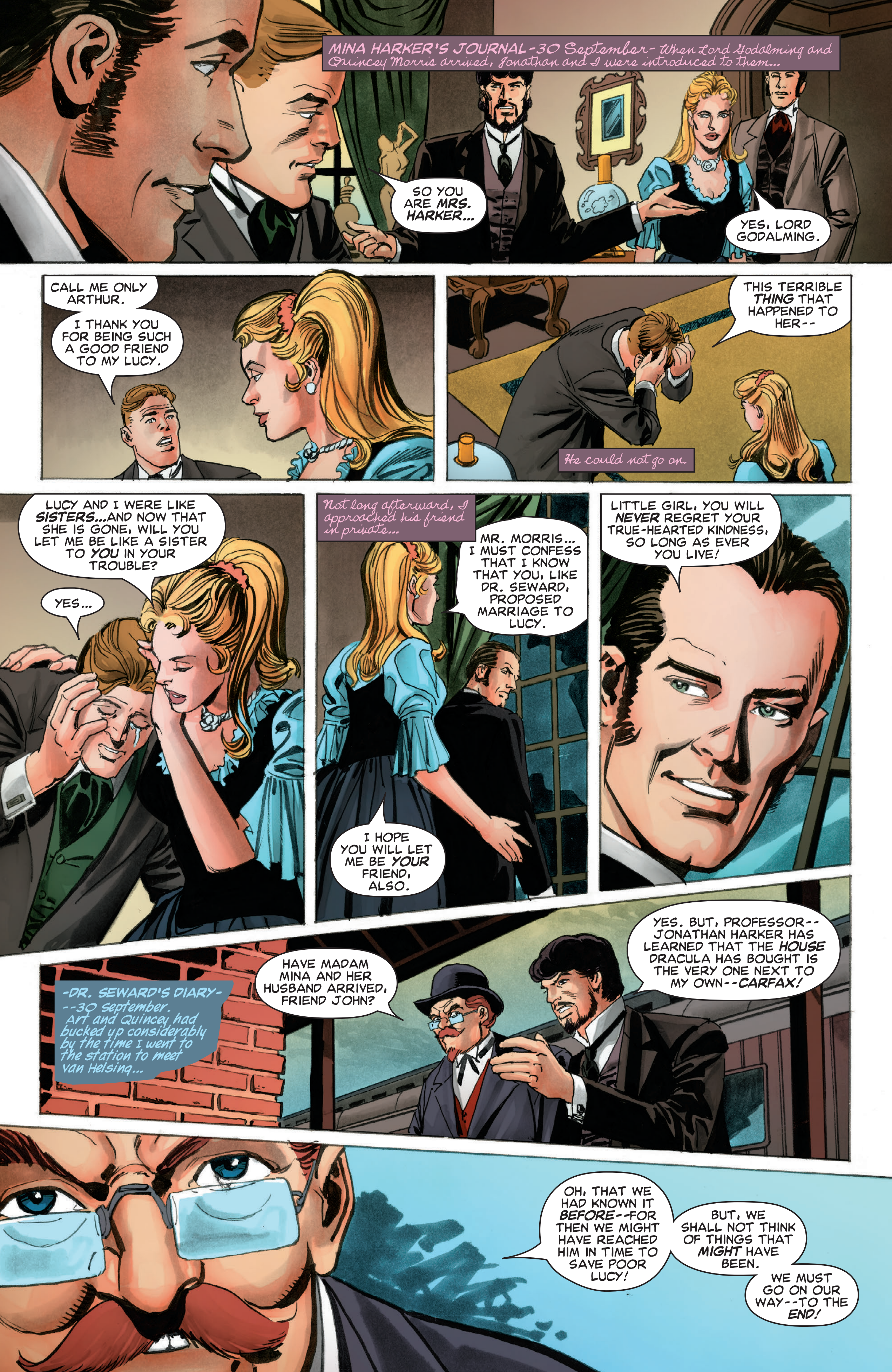

- 29 SEPTEMBER, NIGHT - The next MIDNIGHT, we stood again before the Westenra tomb
There had been a funeral at noon. Since then, we had had the churchyard to ourselves, yet few words had been spoken between us.
This time, van Helsing had brought a long leather bag, which was manifestly of fair weight.
IT IS TIME.
CHAPTER XI
IF BLOOD BE THE PRICE...
After we closed the door behind us, two wax candles were lit to give us sufficient light to work by...
...and Lucy's coffin was opened once more.
She seemed like a DEVILISH MOCKERY of Lucy as she lay there...
IS THIS REALLY HER BODY--OR ONLY A DEMON IN HER SHAPE?
IT IS HER BODY... AND YET NOT IT.
BUT WAIT A WHILE, AND YOU SHALL SEE HER AS SHE WAS, AND IS.

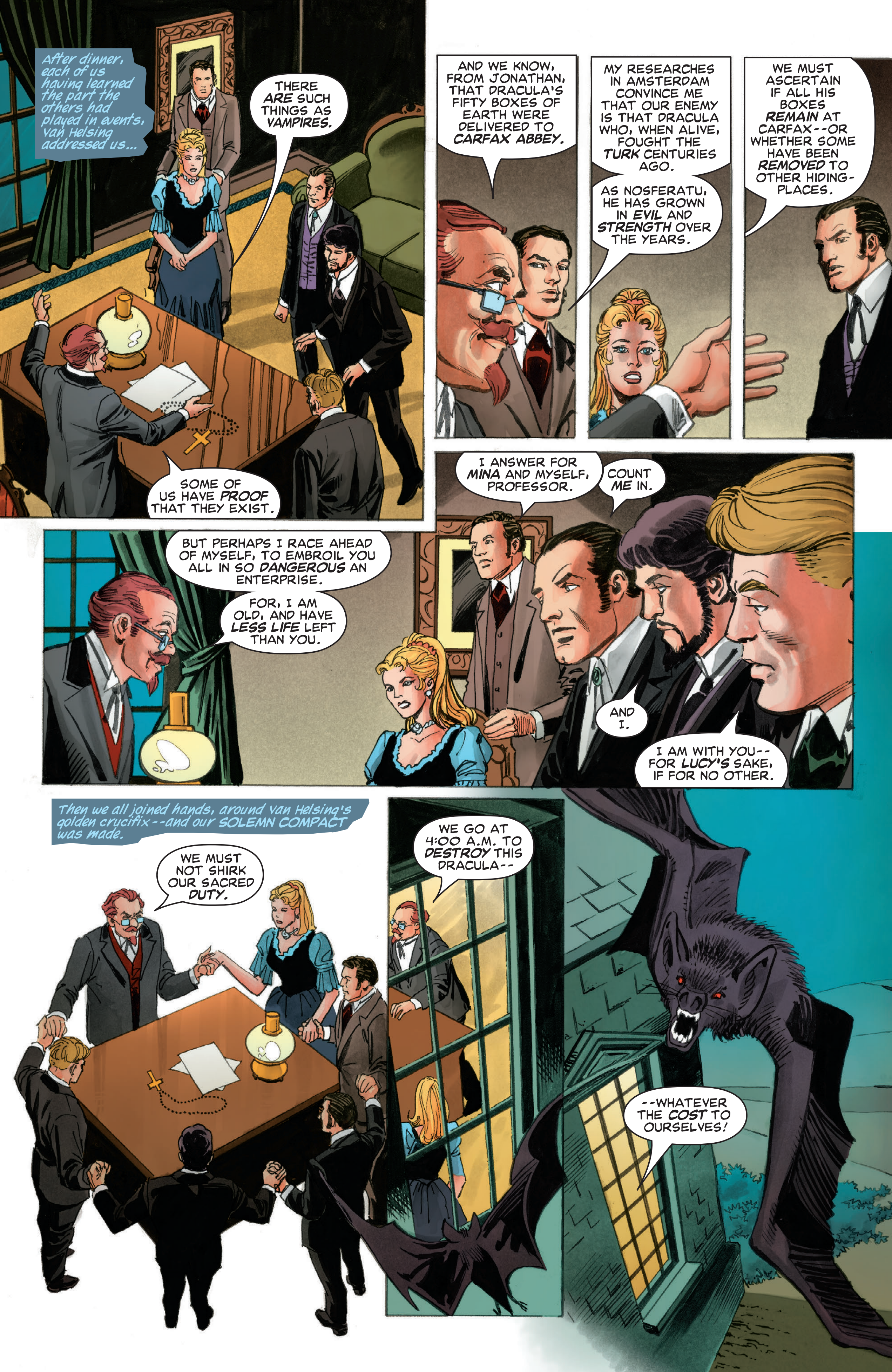

ALL THOSE WHO DIED FROM THE PREYING OF THE UN-DEAD BECOME THEMSELVES UN-DEAD...
...AND PREY UPON THEIR KIND, AND SO THE CIRCLE WIDENS.
FRIEND ARTHUR, IF YOU HAD HAD THAT KISS BEFORE POOR LUCY DIED--OR LAST NIGHT, WHEN YOU OPENED YOUR ARMS TO HER--
YOU WOULD IN TIME, WHEN YOU HAD DIED, HAVE BECOME NOSFERATU.
THE UN-DEAD CAREER OF THIS UNHAPPY LADY IS JUST BEGUN.
BUT IF SHE LIVE ON, UN-DEAD, MORE CHILDREN WILL LOSE THEIR BLOOD.
BUT, WHEN SHE BE MADE TO REST AS TRUE DEAD, THEN HER SOUL SHALL AGAIN BE FREE.
IT WILL BE A BLESSED HAND, ARTHUR, THAT SHALL STRIKE THE BLOW THAT SETS HER FREE.
TELL ME WHAT I MUST DO.
WHILE WE READ OUR PRAYER FOR THE DEAD...
...THE STAKE MUST BE DRIVEN THROUGH HER.
AND, ONCE BEGUN, YOU MUST NOT FALTER.
As Arthur moved, pale yet resolute, toward the coffin, van Helsing opened his missal and began to read.
Quincey and I followed as best we could.

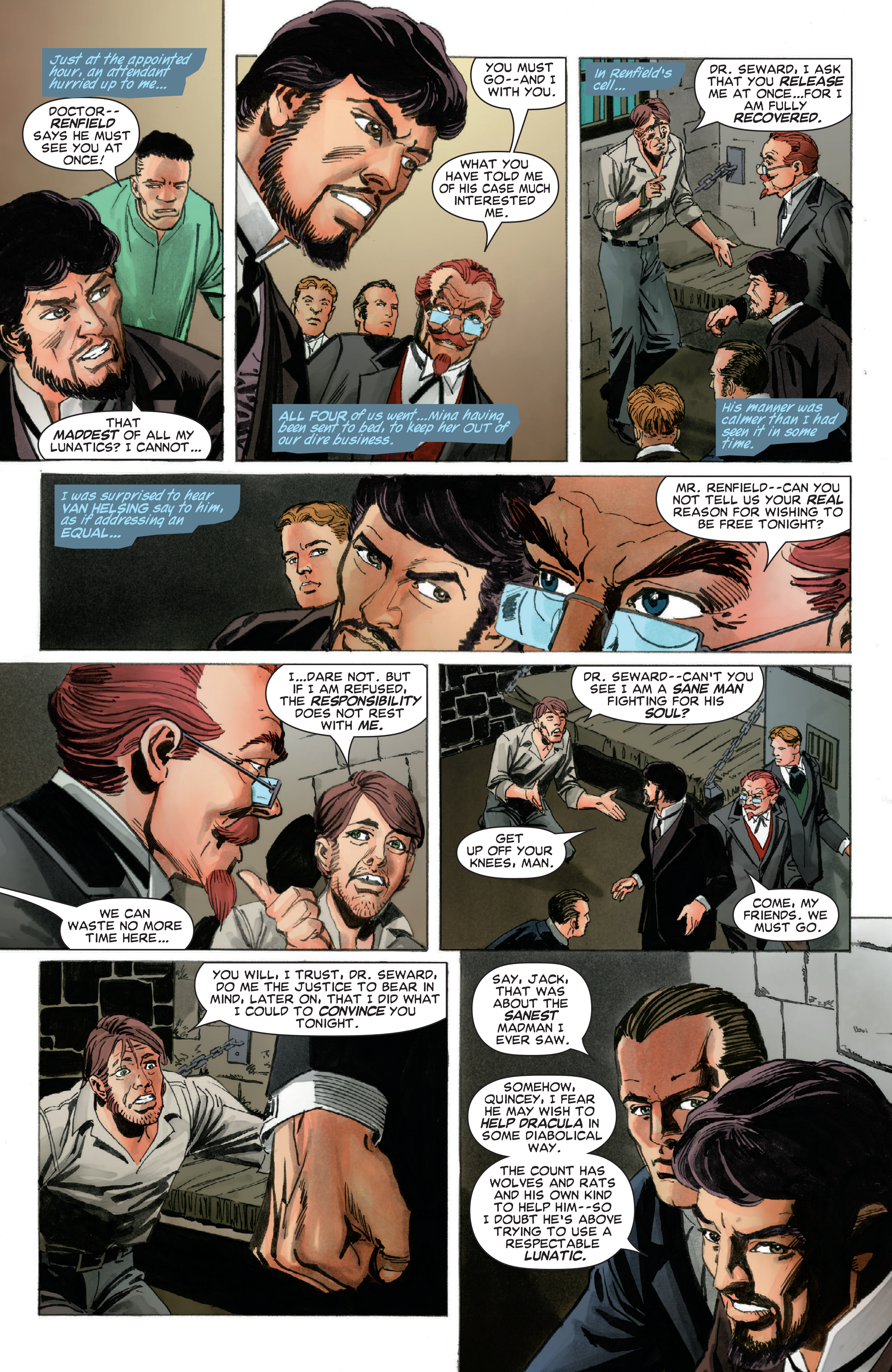

Arthur placed the point over the heart...
Then he STRUCK with all his might.
The THING in the coffin writhed--shook--quivered--TWISTED in wild contortions.
YWARRRR
But Arthur never faltered.
He seemed a figure of THOR as his untrembling arm rose and fell, driving deeper and deeper the mercy-bearing stake.
As our own voices rang through the vault, and the hammer rose and fell, the writhing of the body became less, and the teeth ceased to clamp...
Finally... it lay still.
The terrible task was over.

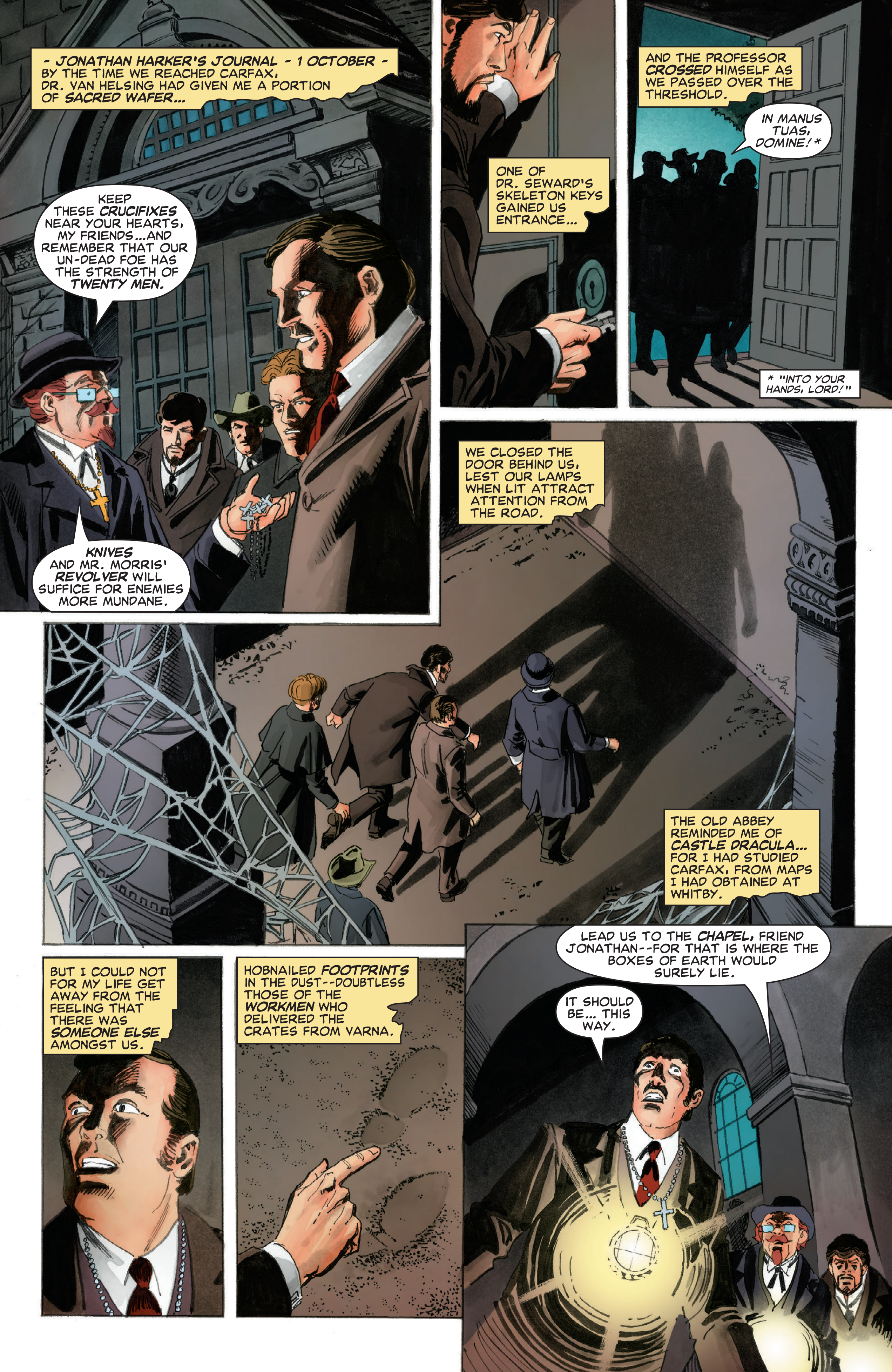

There in the coffin lay no longer the foul THING we had grown to hate... but our LUCY, as we had known her in her life. The HOLY CALM of that face, we knew, was only an earthly symbol of the calm that would reign FOREVER.
ARTHUR, MY FRIEND...AM I FORGIVEN?
FORGIVEN!? GOD BLESS YOU, THAT YOU HAVE GIVEN MY DEAR ONE HER SOUL AGAIN...
...AND ME, PEACE.
AND NOW, DEAR LAD, YOU MAY KISS HER DEAD LIPS IF YOU WILL.
NO LONGER IS SHE THE DEVIL'S UN-DEAD...
SHE IS GOD'S TRUE DEAD, WHOSE SOUL IS WITH HIM.
As Quincey Morris escorted Arthur from the tomb, the Professor and I sawed the top off the stake, leaving its point in the body.
Then we cut off the head...
...and filled the mouth with garlic.

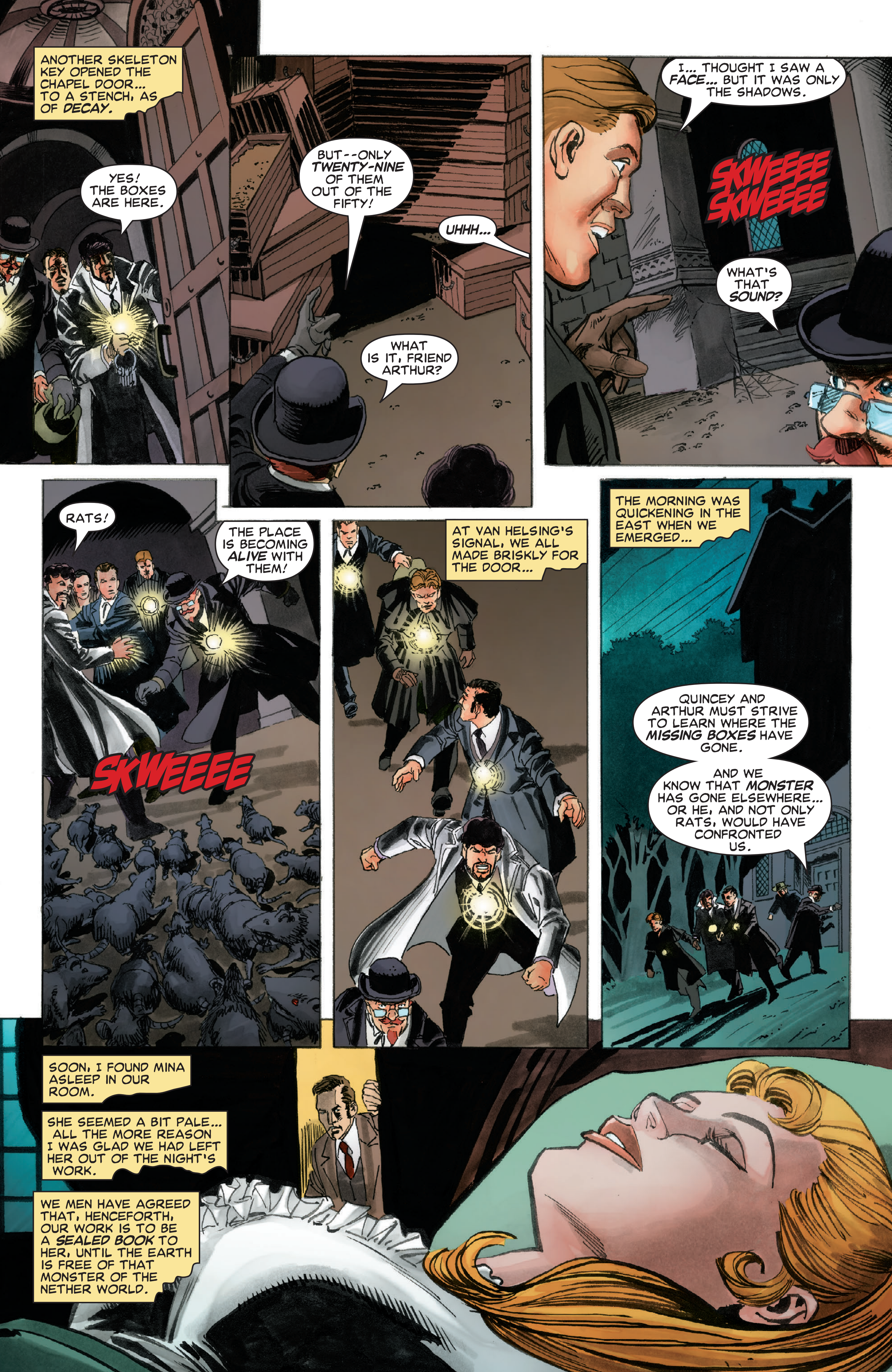

ONE STEP OF OUR WORK IS DONE, BUT THERE REMAINS A GREATER TASK...
TO FIND THE AUTHOR OF OUR SORROW, AND TO STAMP HIM OUT!
TWO NIGHTS HENCE, WE SHALL MEET AGAIN...
...AND THERE MUST BE NO DRAWING BACK!
•TELEGRAM• 29 September Am coming up by train. Jonathan at Whitby. Important news. –Mina Harker.
MRS. HARKER? I AM DR. JOHN SEWARD.
DR. VAN HELSING HAS GONE BRIEFLY TO HIS NATIVE AMSTERDAM, SO I HAVE MET YOUR TRAIN.
As I led her from the station, I recalled her husband's TRANSYLVANIA JOURNAL, which the Professor had given me to read.
Were it not for the events of the preceding night, I would not have been able to CREDIT the tale of Jonathan Harker's ordeal.
Now, I had to allow this lady to read my journal, for Van Helsing says she must know the FULL TRUTH concerning Lucy's tragic end.
-30 September- Mr. Harker joined us the next morning...
DEAR JONATHAN--YOU LOOK SO BETTER THAN WHEN WE PARTED.
MY MISSION SUSTAINS ME, MY DEAR.
AT WHITBY, I WAS ABLE TO TRACK DOWN THIS INVOICE--FOR "50 CASES OF COMMON EARTH, TO BE USED FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES."
COUNT DRACULA'S RESTING-PLACES!
Invoice 50 cases of common earth, to be used experimen purposes.
I AM CONVINCED ALL THE BOXES THAT ARRIVED ON THE DEMETER WERE BROUGHT TO--THE OLD ABBEY CALLED CARFAX!
THIS COUNT DRACULA'S HIDING-PLACE--IS THE VERY NEXT HOUSE!?

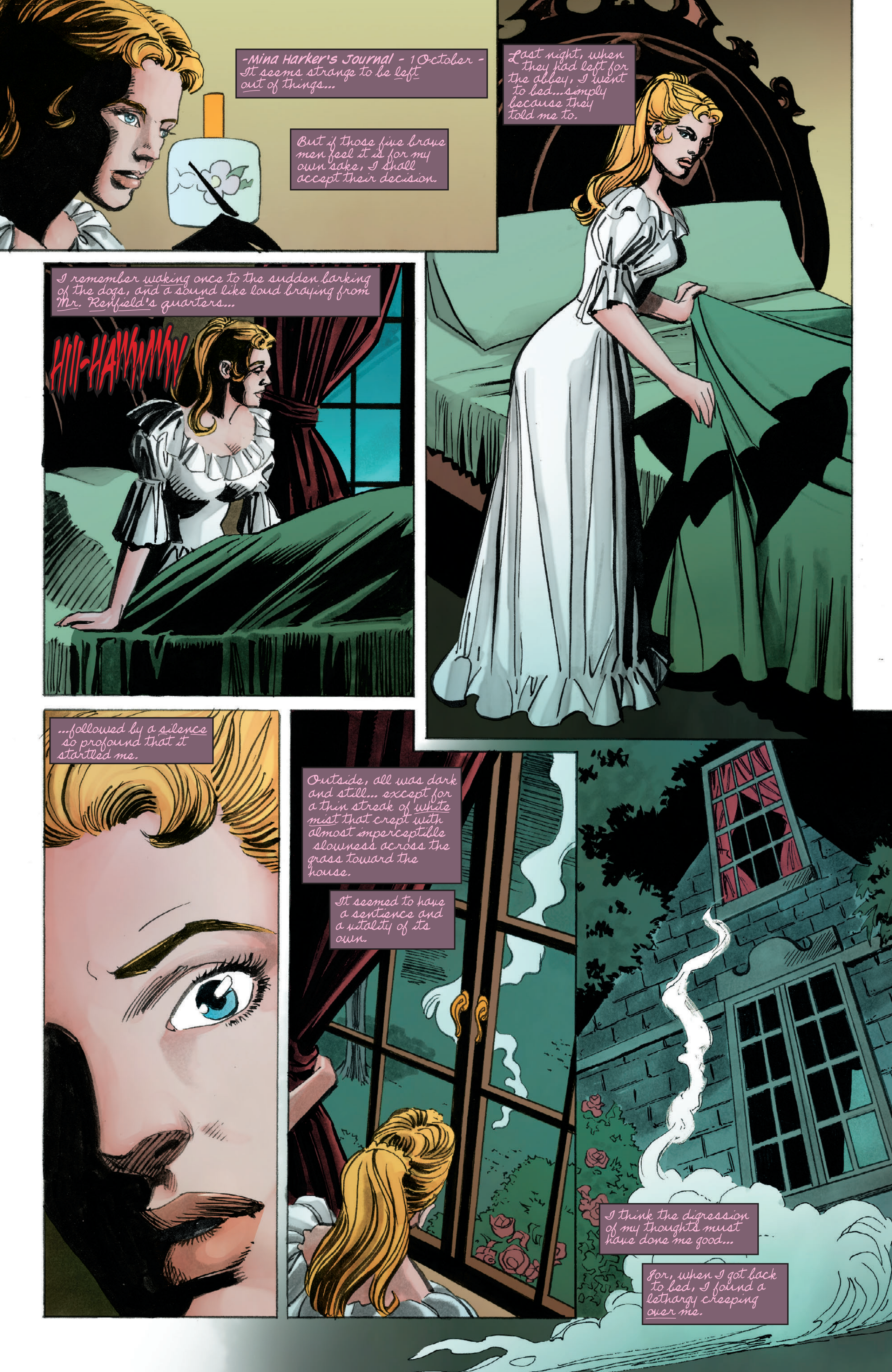

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL-30 September- When Lord Godalming and Quincey Morris arrived, Jonathan and I were introduced to them...
SO YOU ARE MRS. HARKER...
YES, LORD GODALMING.
CALL ME ONLY ARTHUR.
I THANK YOU FOR BEING SUCH A GOOD FRIEND TO MY LUCY.
THIS TERRIBLE THING THAT HAPPENED TO HER--
He could not go on.
LUCY AND I WERE LIKE SISTERS...AND NOW THAT SHE IS GONE, WILL YOU LET ME BE LIKE A SISTER TO YOU IN YOUR TROUBLE?
YES...
Not long afterward, I approached his friend in private...
MR. MORRIS... I MUST CONFESS THAT I KNOW THAT YOU, LIKE DR. SEWARD, PROPOSED MARRIAGE TO LUCY.
I HOPE YOU WILL LET ME BE YOUR FRIEND, ALSO.
LITTLE GIRL, YOU WILL NEVER REGRET YOUR TRUE-HEARTED KINDNESS, SO LONG AS EVER YOU LIVE!
-DR. SEWARD'S DIARY- --30 September. Art and Quincey had bucked up considerably by the time I went to the station to meet Van Helsing...
HAVE MADAM MINA AND HER HUSBAND ARRIVED, FRIEND JOHN?
YES. BUT, PROFESSOR-- JONATHAN HARKER HAS LEARNED THAT THE HOUSE DRACULA HAS BOUGHT IS THE VERY ONE NEXT TO MY OWN--CARFAX!
OH, THAT WE HAD KNOWN IT BEFORE--FOR THEN WE MIGHT HAVE REACHED HIM IN TIME TO SAVE POOR LUCY!
BUT, WE SHALL NOT THINK OF THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
WE MUST GO ON OUR WAY--TO THE END!

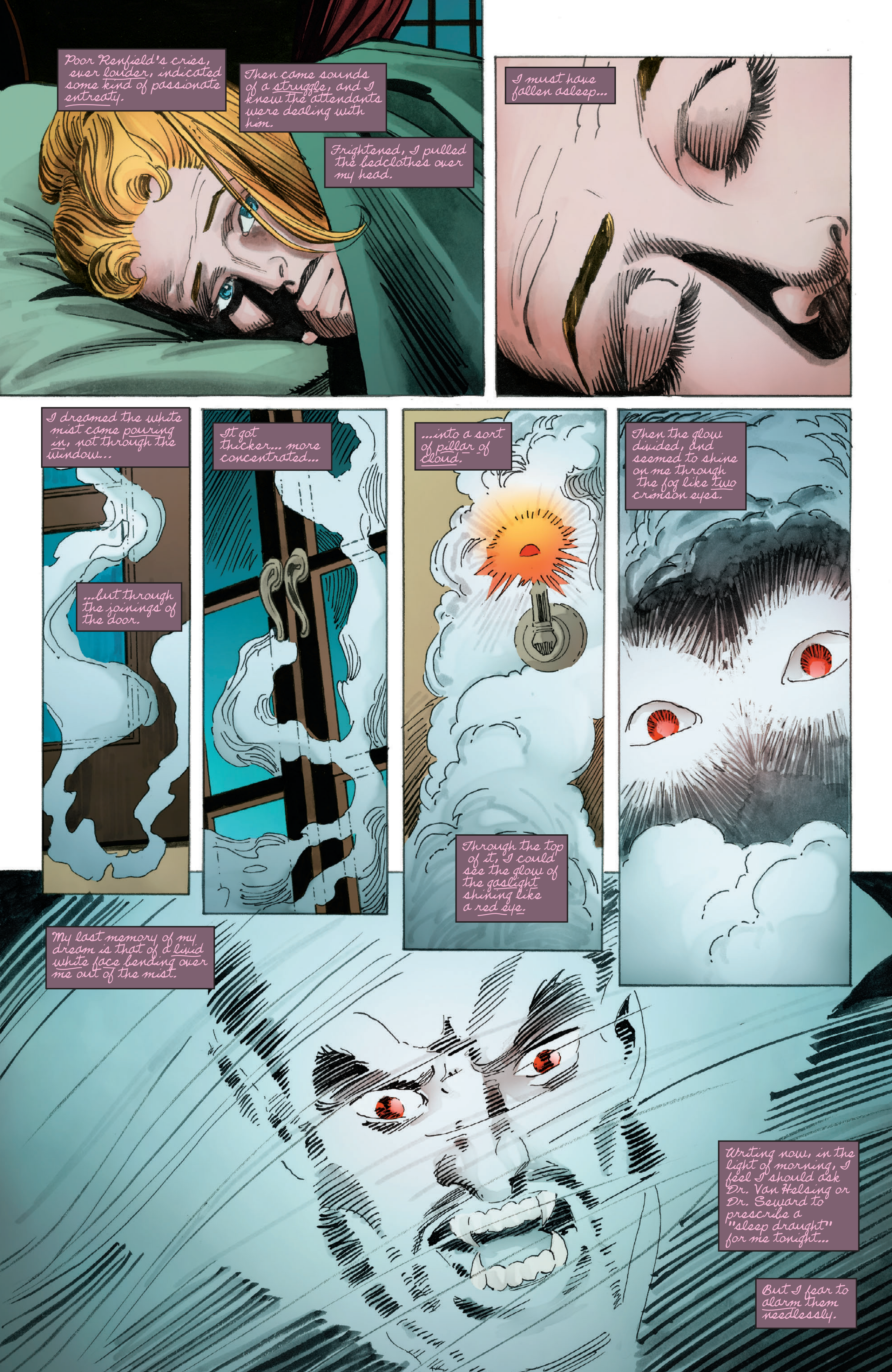

After dinner, each of us having learned the part the others had played in events, van Helsing addressed us...
THERE *ARE* SUCH THINGS AS *VAMPIRES.*
SOME OF US HAVE *PROOF* THAT THEY EXIST.
AND WE KNOW, FROM JONATHAN, THAT DRACULA'S FIFTY BOXES OF EARTH WERE DELIVERED TO *CARFAX ABBEY.*
MY RESEARCHES IN AMSTERDAM CONVINCE ME THAT OUR ENEMY IS THAT DRACULA WHO, WHEN ALIVE, FOUGHT THE *TURK* CENTURIES AGO.
AS NOSFERATU, HE HAS GROWN IN *EVIL* AND *STRENGTH* OVER THE YEARS.
WE MUST ASCERTAIN IF ALL HIS BOXES *REMAIN* AT CARFAX--OR WHETHER SOME HAVE BEEN *REMOVED* TO OTHER HIDING-PLACES.
BUT PERHAPS I RACE AHEAD OF MYSELF, TO EMBROIL YOU ALL IN SO *DANGEROUS* AN ENTERPRISE.
FOR, I AM OLD, AND HAVE *LESS LIFE* LEFT THAN YOU.
I ANSWER FOR *MINA* AND MYSELF, PROFESSOR.
COUNT *ME* IN.
AND I.
I AM WITH YOU--FOR *LUCY'S* SAKE, IF FOR NO OTHER.
Then we all joined hands, around van Helsing's golden crucifix--and our SOLEMN COMPACT was made.
WE MUST NOT SHIRK OUR SACRED *DUTY.*
WE GO AT 4:00 A.M. TO *DESTROY* THIS DRACULA--
--WHATEVER THE *COST* TO OURSELVES!

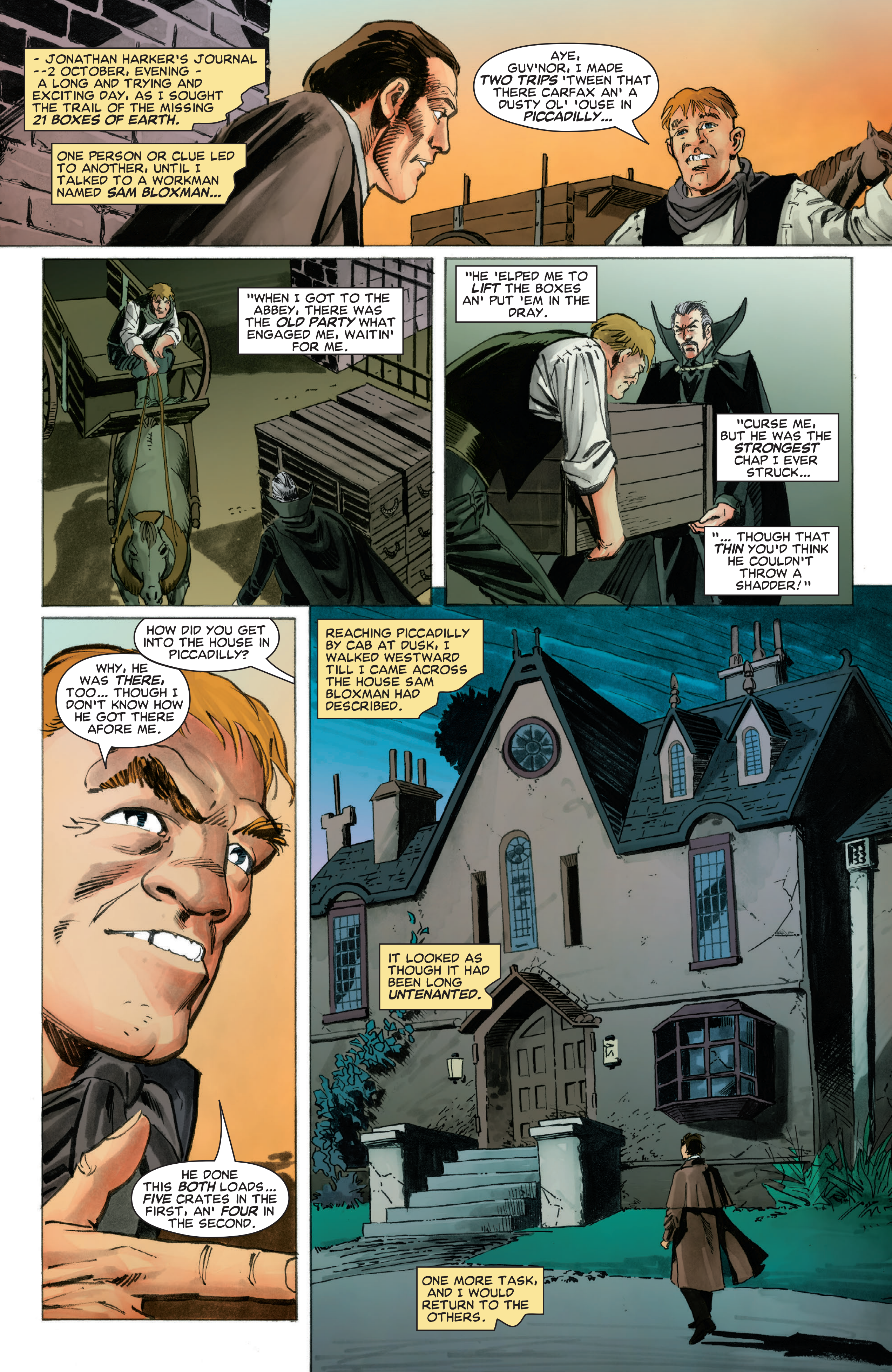

Just at the appointed hour, an attendant hurried up to me...
DOCTOR--RENFIELD SAYS HE MUST SEE YOU AT ONCE!
THAT MADDEST OF ALL MY LUNATICS? I CANNOT...
YOU MUST GO--AND I WITH YOU.
WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME OF HIS CASE MUCH INTERESTED ME.
ALL FOUR of us went...Mina having been sent to bed, to keep her OUT of our dire business.
In Renfield's cell...
DR. SEWARD, I ASK THAT YOU RELEASE ME AT ONCE...FOR I AM FULLY RECOVERED.
His manner was calmer than I had seen it in some time.
I was surprised to hear VAN HELSING say to him, as if addressing an EQUAL...
MR. RENFIELD--CAN YOU NOT TELL US YOUR REAL REASON FOR WISHING TO BE FREE TONIGHT?
I...DARE NOT. BUT IF I AM REFUSED, THE RESPONSIBILITY DOES NOT REST WITH ME.
WE CAN WASTE NO MORE TIME HERE...
DR. SEWARD--CAN'T YOU SEE I AM A SANE MAN FIGHTING FOR HIS SOUL?
GET UP OFF YOUR KNEES, MAN.
COME, MY FRIENDS. WE MUST GO.
YOU WILL, I TRUST, DR. SEWARD, DO ME THE JUSTICE TO BEAR IN MIND, LATER ON, THAT I DID WHAT I COULD TO CONVINCE YOU TONIGHT.
SAY, JACK, THAT WAS ABOUT THE SANEST MADMAN I EVER SAW.
SOMEHOW, QUINCEY, I FEAR HE MAY WISH TO HELP DRACULA IN SOME DIABOLICAL WAY.
THE COUNT HAS WOLVES AND RATS AND HIS OWN KIND TO HELP HIM--SO I DOUBT HE'S ABOVE TRYING TO USE A RESPECTABLE LUNATIC.


- JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL - 1 OCTOBER - BY THE TIME WE REACHED CARFAX, DR. VAN HELSING HAD GIVEN ME A PORTION OF SACRED WAFER...
KEEP THESE CRUCIFIXES NEAR YOUR HEARTS, MY FRIENDS...AND REMEMBER THAT OUR UN-DEAD FOE HAS THE STRENGTH OF TWENTY MEN.
KNIVES AND MR. MORRIS' REVOLVER WILL SUFFICE FOR ENEMIES MORE MUNDANE.
ONE OF DR. SEWARD'S SKELETON KEYS GAINED US ENTRANCE...
AND THE PROFESSOR CROSSED HIMSELF AS WE PASSED OVER THE THRESHOLD.
IN MANUS TUAS, DOMINE! *
* "INTO YOUR HANDS, LORD!"
WE CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND US, LEST OUR LAMPS WHEN LIT ATTRACT ATTENTION FROM THE ROAD.
THE OLD ABBEY REMINDED ME OF CASTLE DRACULA... FOR I HAD STUDIED CARFAX, FROM MAPS I HAD OBTAINED AT WHITBY.
BUT I COULD NOT FOR MY LIFE GET AWAY FROM THE FEELING THAT THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE AMONGST US.
HOBNAILED FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST--DOUBTLESS THOSE OF THE WORKMEN WHO DELIVERED THE CRATES FROM VARNA.
LEAD US TO THE CHAPEL, FRIEND JONATHAN--FOR THAT IS WHERE THE BOXES OF EARTH WOULD SURELY LIE.
IT SHOULD BE... THIS WAY.


ANOTHER SKELETON KEY OPENED THE CHAPEL DOOR... TO A STENCH, AS OF DECAY.
YES! THE BOXES ARE HERE.
BUT--ONLY TWENTY-NINE OF THEM OUT OF THE FIFTY!
UHHH...
WHAT IS IT, FRIEND ARTHUR?
I... THOUGHT I SAW A FACE... BUT IT WAS ONLY THE SHADOWS.
SKWEEEE SKWEEEE
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
RATS!
THE PLACE IS BECOMING ALIVE WITH THEM!
SKWEEEE
AT VAN HELSING'S SIGNAL, WE ALL MADE BRISKLY FOR THE DOOR...
THE MORNING WAS QUICKENING IN THE EAST WHEN WE EMERGED...
QUINCEY AND ARTHUR MUST STRIVE TO LEARN WHERE THE MISSING BOXES HAVE GONE.
AND WE KNOW THAT MONSTER HAS GONE ELSEWHERE... OR HE, AND NOT ONLY RATS, WOULD HAVE CONFRONTED US.
SOON, I FOUND MINA ASLEEP IN OUR ROOM.
SHE SEEMED A BIT PALE... ALL THE MORE REASON I WAS GLAD WE HAD LEFT HER OUT OF THE NIGHT'S WORK.
WE MEN HAVE AGREED THAT, HENCEFORTH, OUR WORK IS TO BE A SEALED BOOK TO HER, UNTIL THE EARTH IS FREE OF THAT MONSTER OF THE NETHER WORLD.

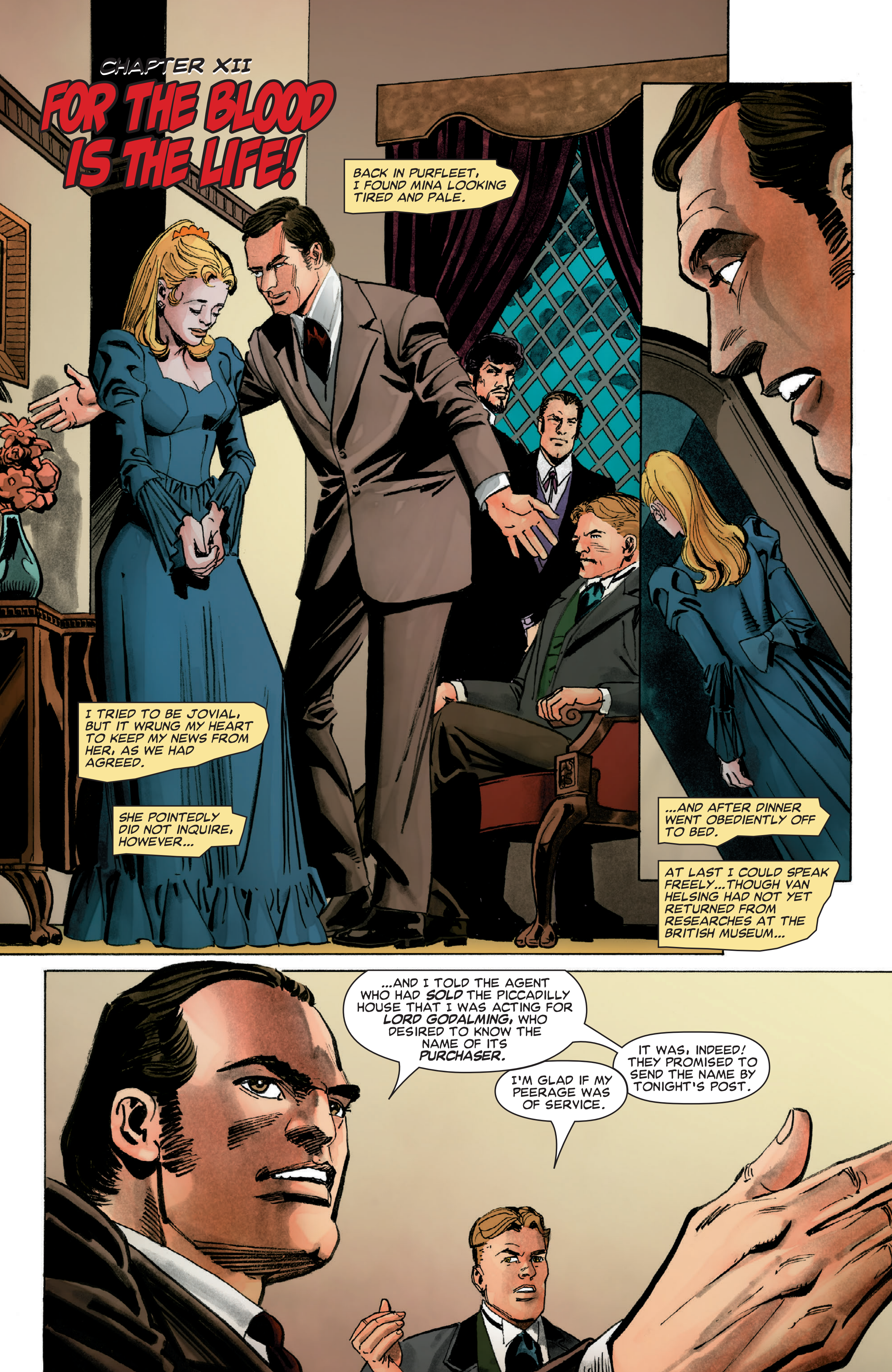

-Mina Harker's Journal - 1 October -
It seems strange to be left out of things...
But if those five brave men feel it is for my own sake, I shall accept their decision.
Last night, when they had left for the abbey, I went to bed...simply because they told me to.
I remember waking once to the sudden barking of the dogs, and a sound like loud braying from Mr. Renfield's quarters...
HIII-HAWWWW
...followed by a silence so profound that it startled me.
Outside, all was dark and still... except for a thin streak of white mist that crept with almost imperceptible slowness across the grass toward the house.
It seemed to have a sentience and a vitality of its own.
I think the digression of my thoughts must have done me good...
For, when I got back to bed, I found a lethargy creeping over me.

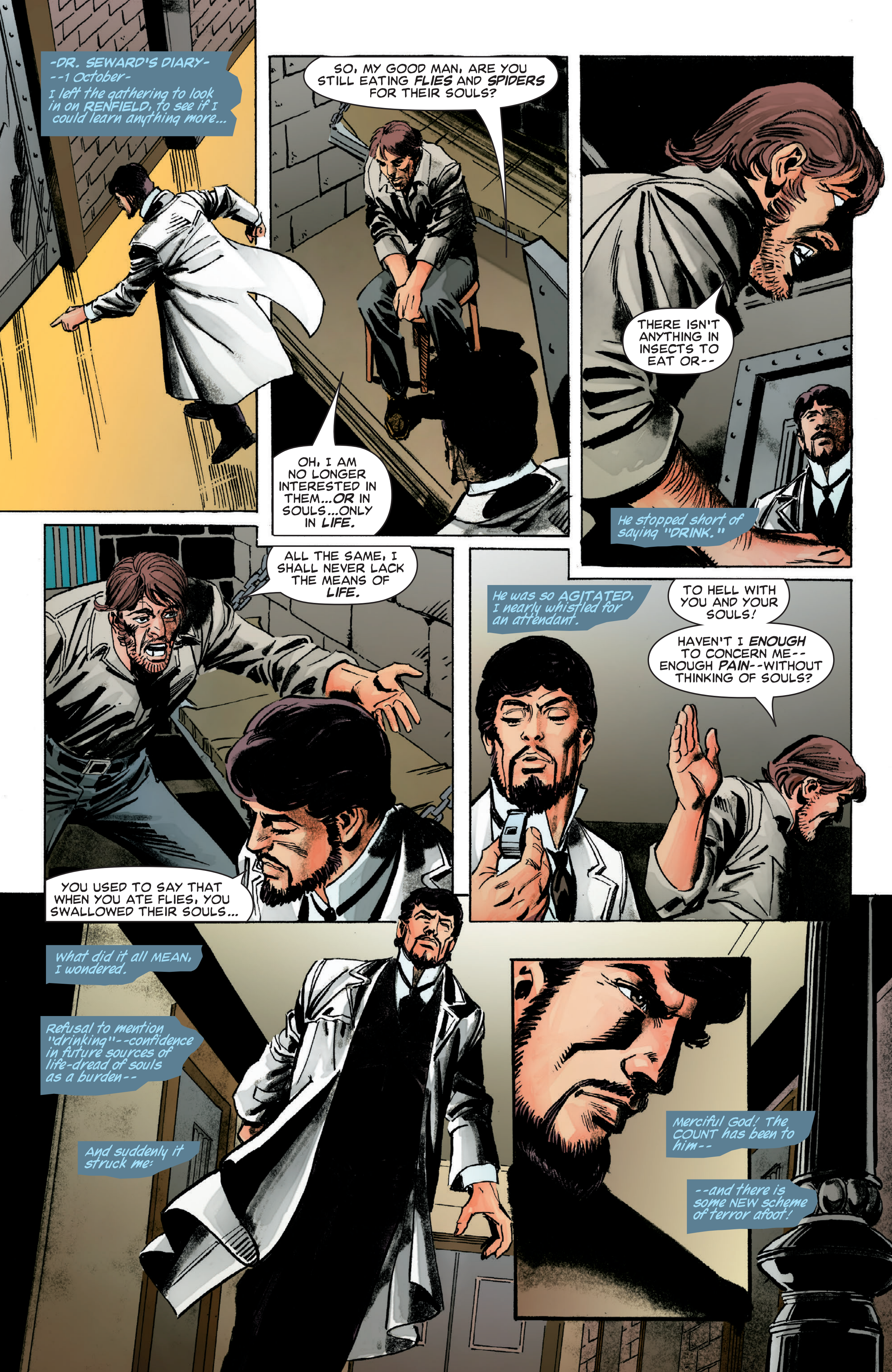

Poor Renfield's cries, ever louder, indicated some kind of passionate entreaty.
Then came sounds of a struggle, and I knew the attendants were dealing with him.
Frightened, I pulled the bedclothes over my head.
I must have fallen asleep...
I dreamed the white mist came pouring in, not through the window...
...but through the joinings of the door.
It got thicker... more concentrated...
...into a sort of pillar of cloud.
Through the top of it, I could see the glow of the gaslight shining like a red eye.
Then the glow divided, and seemed to shine on me through the fog like two crimson eyes.
My last memory of my dream is that of a livid white face bending over me out of the mist.
Writing now, in the light of morning, I feel I should ask Dr. Van Helsing or Dr. Seward to prescribe a "sleep draught" for me tonight...
But I fear to alarm them needlessly.

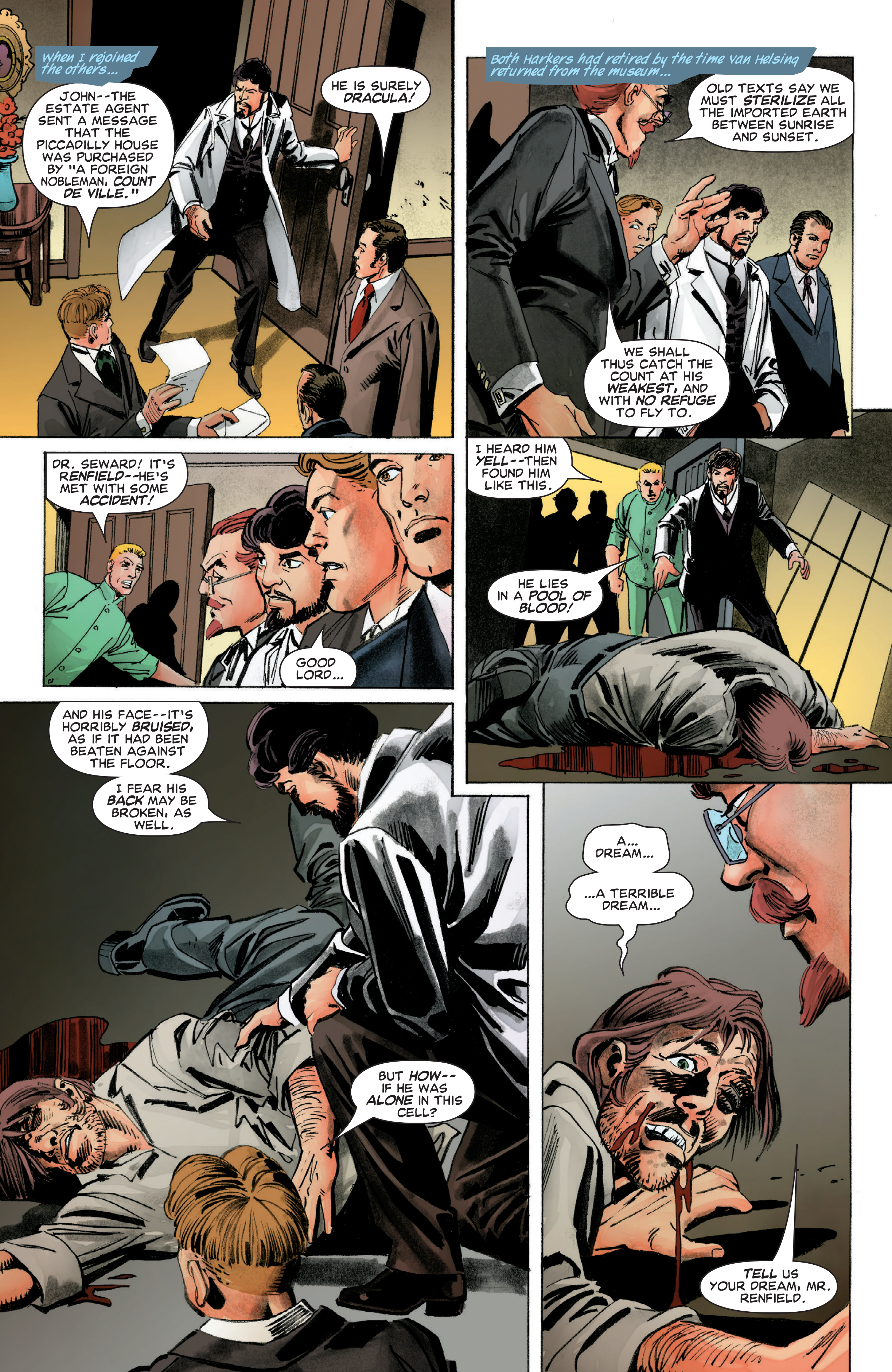

- JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL --2 OCTOBER, EVENING - A LONG AND TRYING AND EXCITING DAY, AS I SOUGHT THE TRAIL OF THE MISSING **21 BOXES OF EARTH.**
ONE PERSON OR CLUE LED TO ANOTHER, UNTIL I TALKED TO A WORKMAN NAMED **SAM BLOXMAN...**
AYE, GUV'NOR, I MADE **TWO TRIPS** 'TWEEN THAT THERE CARFAX AN' A DUSTY OL' 'OUSE IN **PICCADILLY...**
"WHEN I GOT TO THE ABBEY, THERE WAS THE **OLD PARTY** WHAT ENGAGED ME, WAITIN' FOR ME.
"HE 'ELPED ME TO **LIFT** THE BOXES AN' PUT 'EM IN THE DRAY.
"CURSE ME, BUT HE WAS THE **STRONGEST** CHAP I EVER STRUCK...
"... THOUGH THAT **THIN** YOU'D THINK HE COULDN'T THROW A SHADDER!"
HOW DID YOU GET INTO THE HOUSE IN PICCADILLY?
WHY, HE WAS **THERE,** TOO... THOUGH I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT THERE AFORE ME.
HE DONE THIS **BOTH** LOADS... **FIVE** CRATES IN THE FIRST, AN' **FOUR** IN THE SECOND.
REACHING PICCADILLY BY CAB AT DUSK, I WALKED WESTWARD TILL I CAME ACROSS THE HOUSE SAM BLOXMAN HAD DESCRIBED.
IT LOOKED AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN LONG **UNTENANTED.**
ONE MORE TASK, AND I WOULD RETURN TO THE OTHERS.

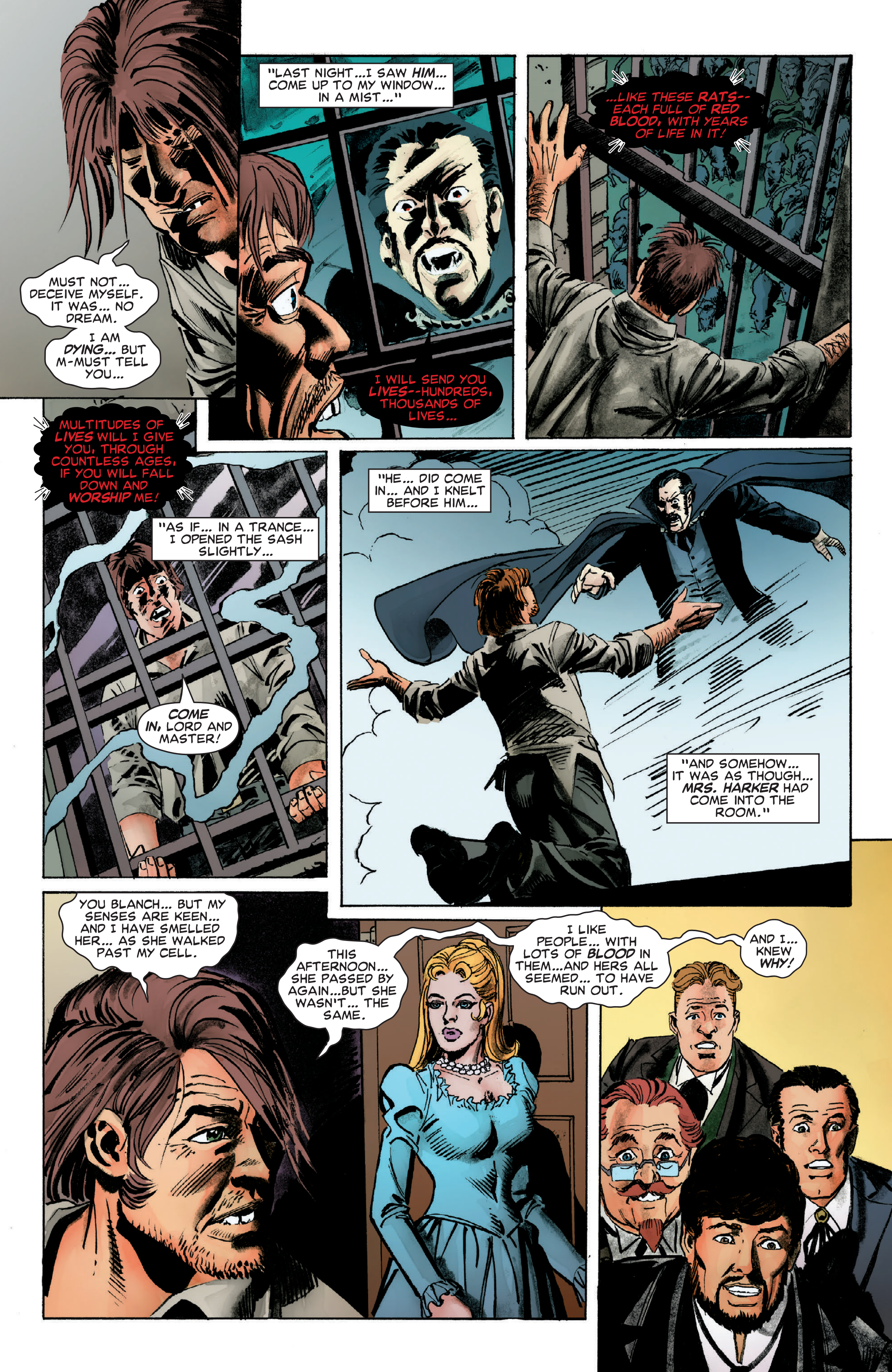
CHAPTER XII

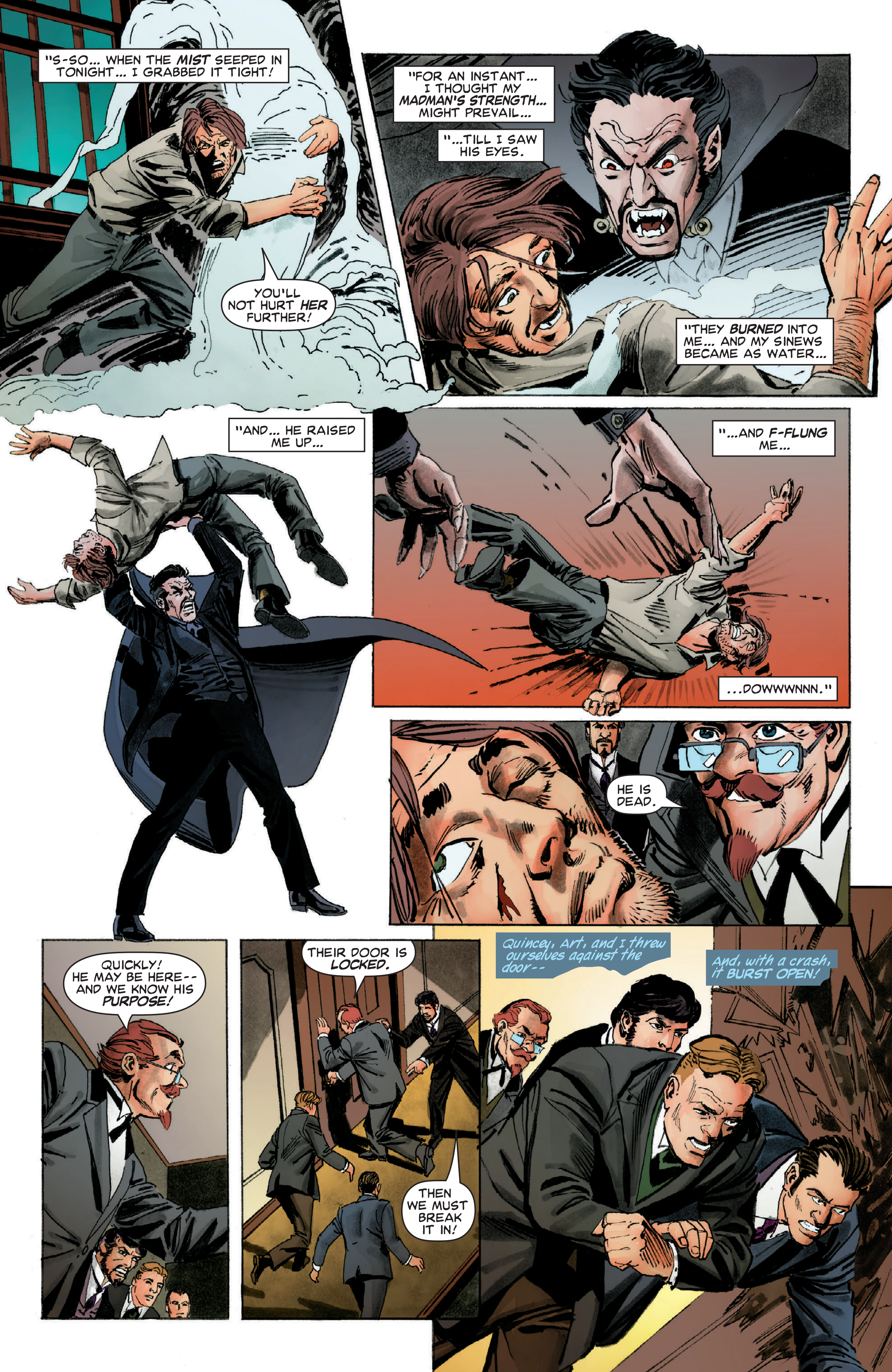
FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE!

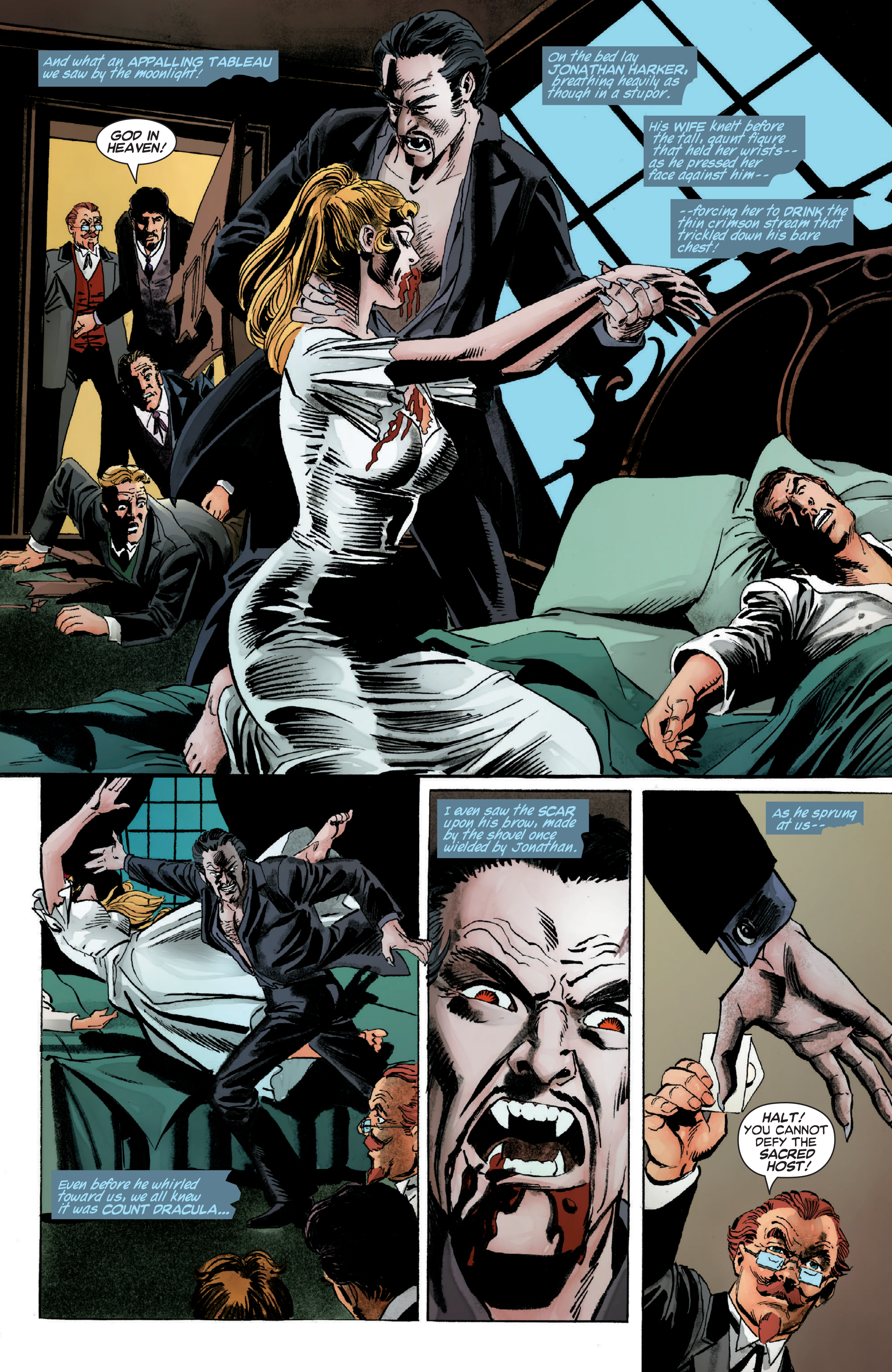

BACK IN PURFLEET, I FOUND MINA LOOKING TIRED AND PALE.
I TRIED TO BE JOVIAL, BUT IT WRUNG MY HEART TO KEEP MY NEWS FROM HER, AS WE HAD AGREED.
SHE POINTEDLY DID NOT INQUIRE, HOWEVER...
...AND AFTER DINNER WENT OBEDIENTLY OFF TO BED.
AT LAST I COULD SPEAK FREELY...THOUGH VAN HELSING HAD NOT YET RETURNED FROM RESEARCHES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM...
...AND I TOLD THE AGENT WHO HAD SOLD THE PICCADILLY HOUSE THAT I WAS ACTING FOR LORD GODALMING, WHO DESIRED TO KNOW THE NAME OF ITS PURCHASER.
I'M GLAD IF MY PEERAGE WAS OF SERVICE.
IT WAS, INDEED! THEY PROMISED TO SEND THE NAME BY TONIGHT'S POST.

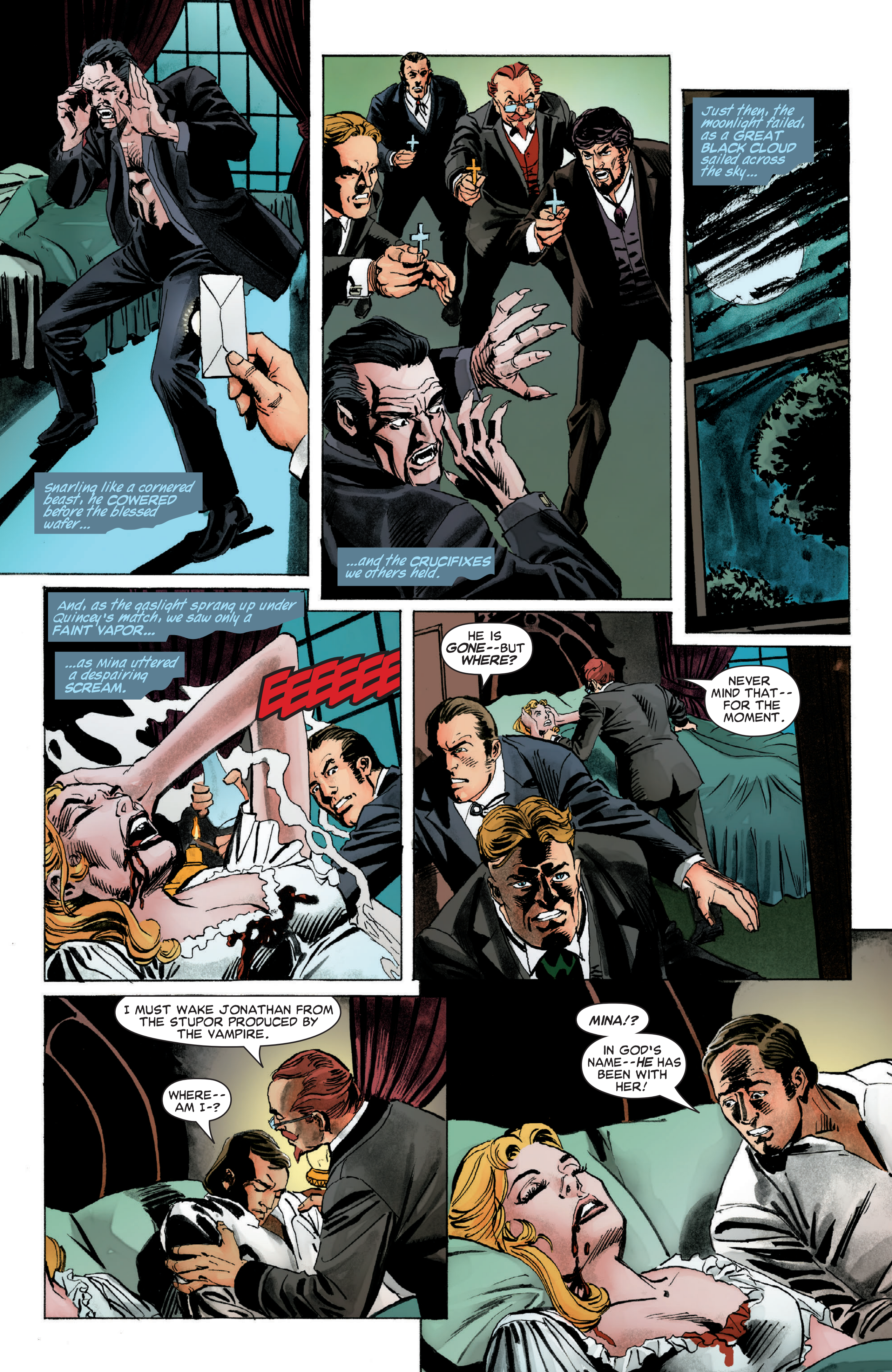

-DR. SEWARD'S DIARY-
--1 October-
I left the gathering to look in on RENFIELD, to see if I could learn anything more...
SO, MY GOOD MAN, ARE YOU STILL EATING FLIES AND SPIDERS FOR THEIR SOULS?
OH, I AM NO LONGER INTERESTED IN THEM...OR IN SOULS...ONLY IN LIFE.
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING IN INSECTS TO EAT OR--
He stopped short of saying "DRINK."
ALL THE SAME, I SHALL NEVER LACK THE MEANS OF LIFE.
YOU USED TO SAY THAT WHEN YOU ATE FLIES, YOU SWALLOWED THEIR SOULS...
He was so AGITATED, I nearly whistled for an attendant.
TO HELL WITH YOU AND YOUR SOULS!
HAVEN'T I ENOUGH TO CONCERN ME--ENOUGH PAIN--WITHOUT THINKING OF SOULS?
What did it all MEAN, I wondered.
Refusal to mention "drinking"--confidence in future sources of life-dread of souls as a burden--
And suddenly it struck me:
Merciful God! The COUNT has been to him--
--and there is some NEW scheme of terror afoot!

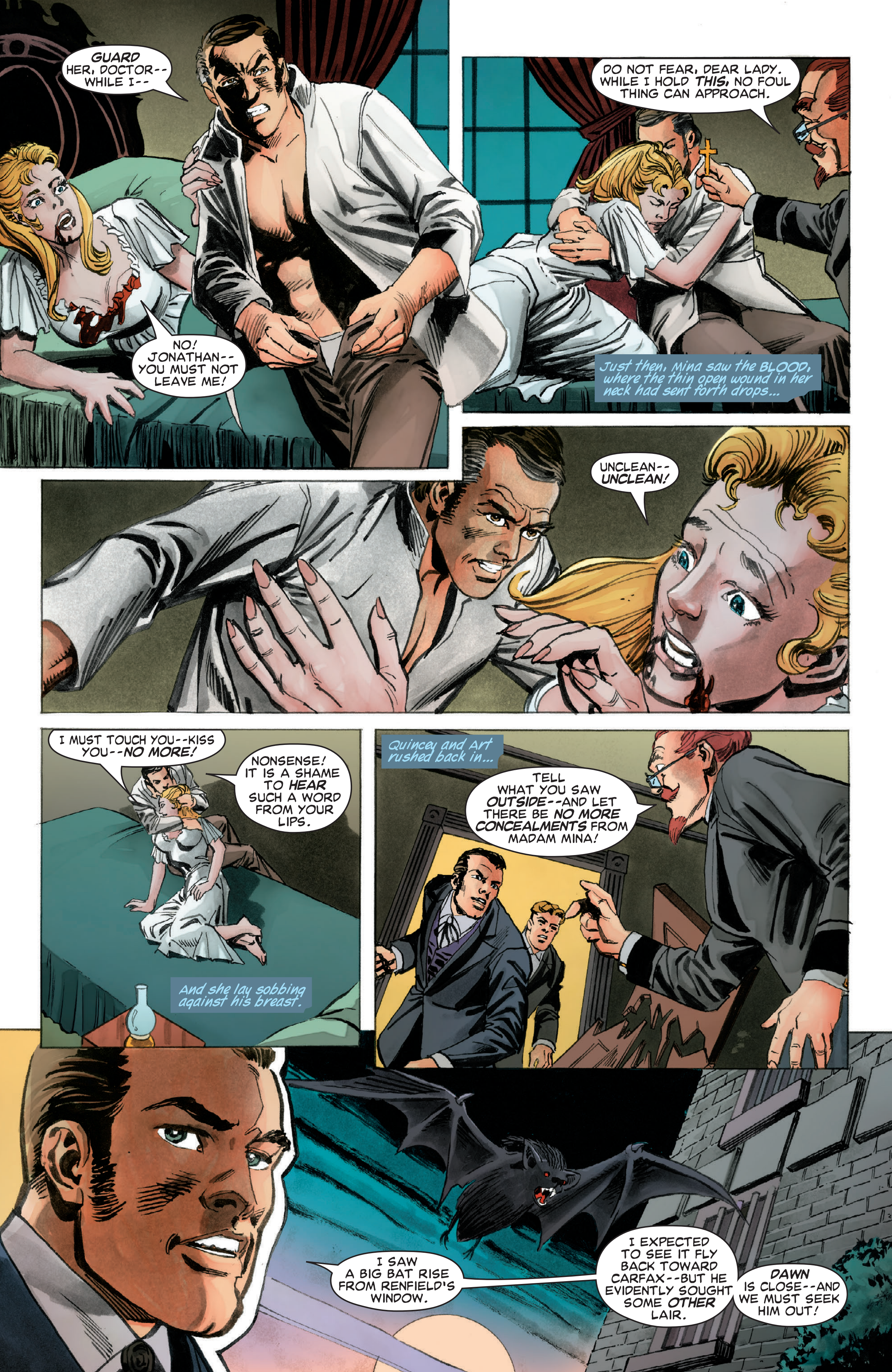

When I rejoined the others...
JOHN--THE ESTATE AGENT SENT A MESSAGE THAT THE PICCADILLY HOUSE WAS PURCHASED BY "A FOREIGN NOBLEMAN, COUNT DE VILLE."
HE IS SURELY DRACULA!
Both Harkers had retired by the time Van Helsing returned from the museum...
OLD TEXTS SAY WE MUST STERILIZE ALL THE IMPORTED EARTH BETWEEN SUNRISE AND SUNSET.
WE SHALL THUS CATCH THE COUNT AT HIS WEAKEST, AND WITH NO REFUGE TO FLY TO.
DR. SEWARD! IT'S RENFIELD--HE'S MET WITH SOME ACCIDENT!
GOOD LORD...
I HEARD HIM YELL--THEN FOUND HIM LIKE THIS.
HE LIES IN A POOL OF BLOOD!
AND HIS FACE--IT'S HORRIBLY BRUISED, AS IF IT HAD BEEN BEATEN AGAINST THE FLOOR.
I FEAR HIS BACK MAY BE BROKEN, AS WELL.
BUT HOW--IF HE WAS ALONE IN THIS CELL?
A... DREAM...
...A TERRIBLE DREAM...
TELL US YOUR DREAM, MR. RENFIELD.

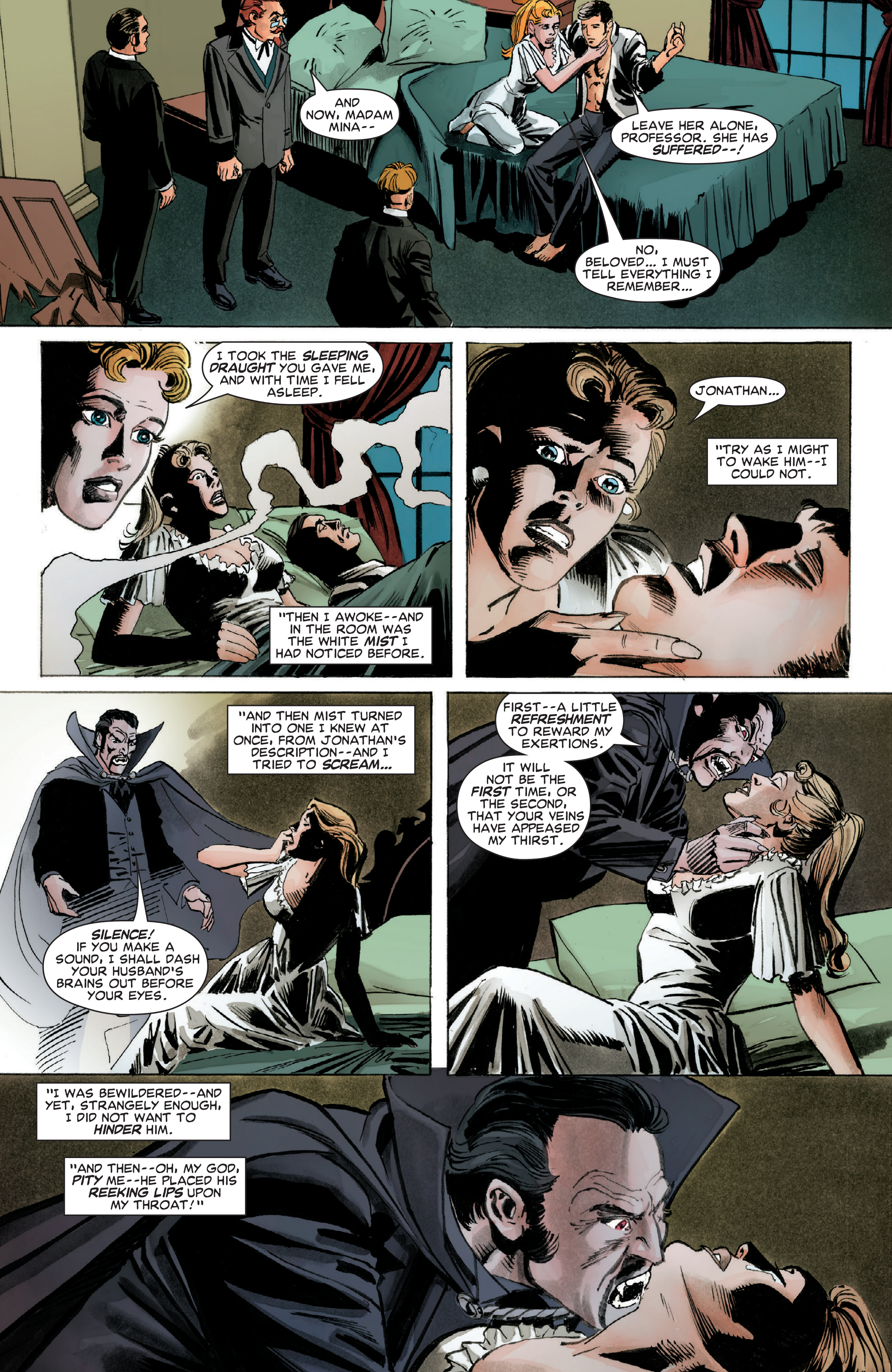

MUST NOT... DECEIVE MYSELF. IT WAS... NO DREAM.
I AM DYING... BUT M-MUST TELL YOU...
"LAST NIGHT...I SAW HIM... COME UP TO MY WINDOW... IN A MIST..."
I WILL SEND YOU LIVES--HUNDREDS, THOUSANDS OF LIVES...
...LIKE THESE RATS--EACH FULL OF RED BLOOD, WITH YEARS OF LIFE IN IT!
MULTITUDES OF LIVES WILL I GIVE YOU, THROUGH COUNTLESS AGES, IF YOU WILL FALL DOWN AND WORSHIP ME!
"AS IF... IN A TRANCE... I OPENED THE SASH SLIGHTLY...
COME IN, LORD AND MASTER!
"HE... DID COME IN... AND I KNELT BEFORE HIM...
"AND SOMEHOW... IT WAS AS THOUGH... MRS. HARKER HAD COME INTO THE ROOM."
YOU BLANCH... BUT MY SENSES ARE KEEN... AND I HAVE SMELLED HER... AS SHE WALKED PAST MY CELL.
THIS AFTERNOON... SHE PASSED BY AGAIN...BUT SHE WASN'T... THE SAME.
I LIKE PEOPLE... WITH LOTS OF BLOOD IN THEM...AND HERS ALL SEEMED... TO HAVE RUN OUT.
AND I... KNEW WHY!

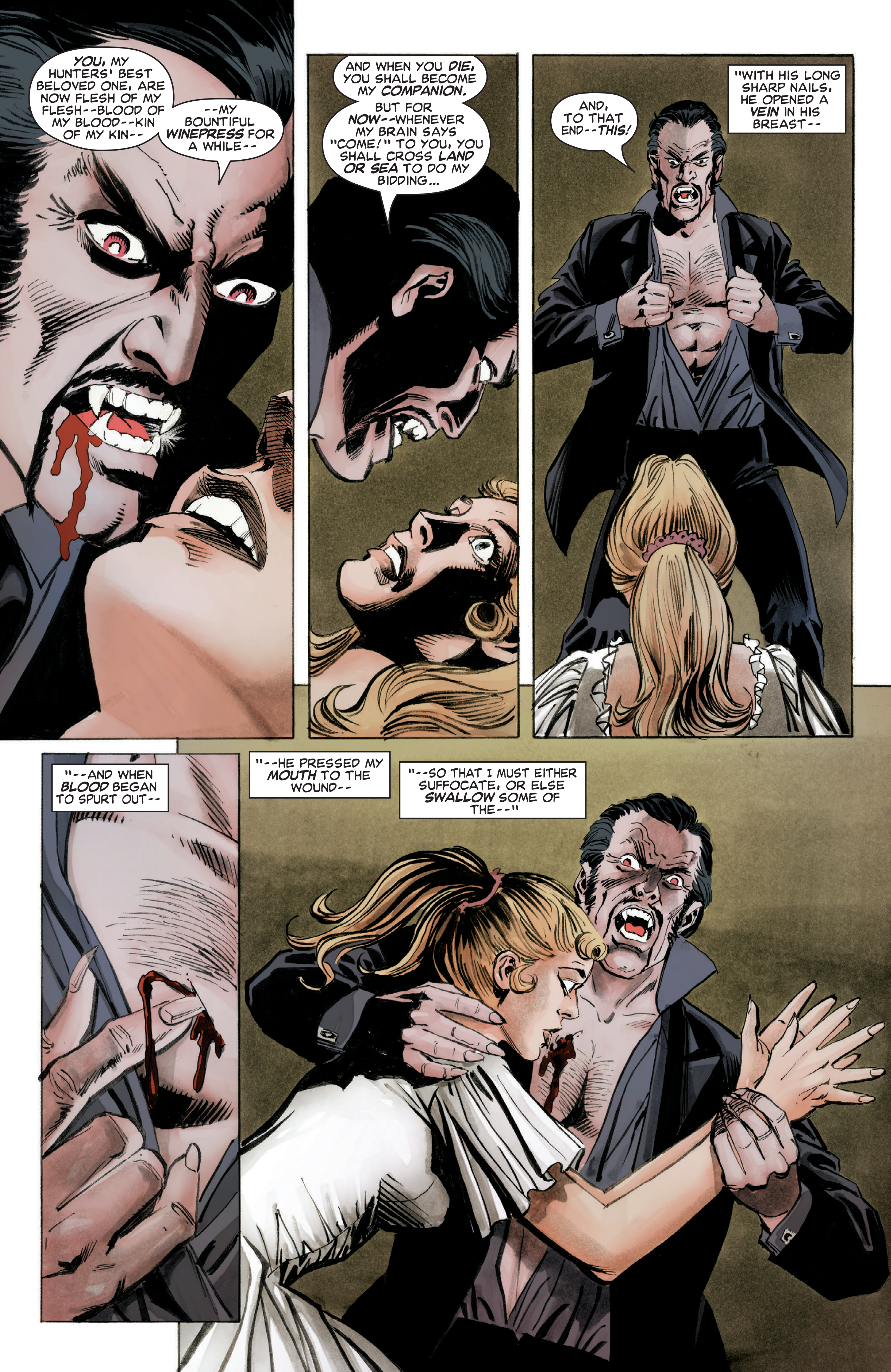

"S-SO... WHEN THE *MIST* SEEPED IN TONIGHT... I GRABBED IT TIGHT!
YOU'LL NOT HURT *HER* FURTHER!
"FOR AN INSTANT... I THOUGHT MY *MADMAN'S STRENGTH...* MIGHT PREVAIL...
"...TILL I SAW HIS EYES.
"THEY *BURNED* INTO ME... AND MY SINEWS BECAME AS WATER...
"AND... HE RAISED ME UP...
"...AND *F-FLUNG* ME...
...DOWWWNNN."
HE IS DEAD.
QUICKLY! HE MAY BE HERE-- AND WE KNOW HIS *PURPOSE!*
THEIR DOOR IS *LOCKED.*
THEN WE MUST BREAK IT IN!
Quincey, Art, and I threw ourselves against the door--
And, with a crash, it *BURST OPEN!*

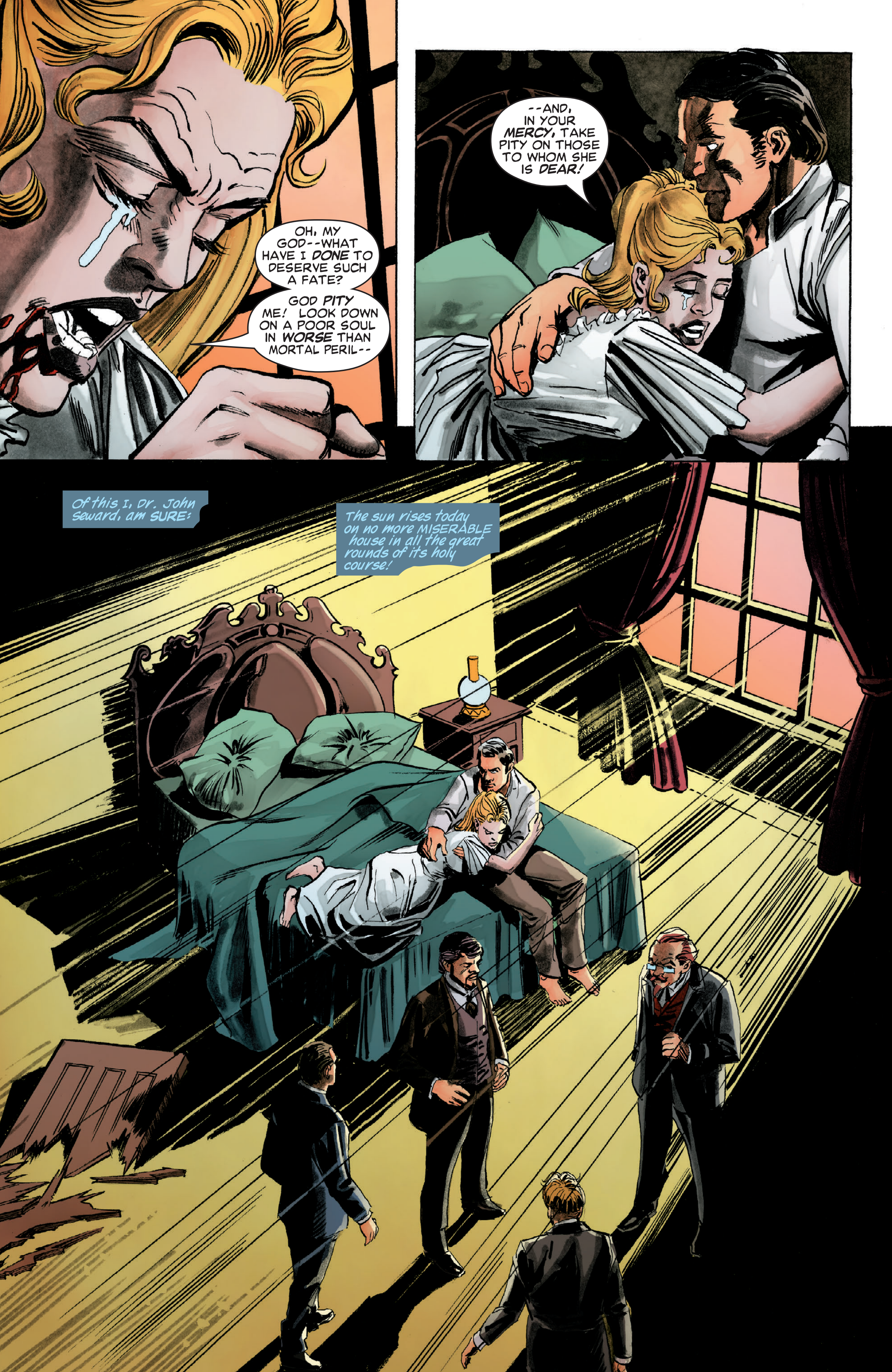

And what an APPALLING TABLEAU we saw by the moonlight!
GOD IN HEAVEN!
On the bed lay JONATHAN HARKER, breathing heavily as though in a stupor.
His WIFE knelt before the tall, gaunt figure that held her wrists--as he pressed her face against him--
--forcing her to DRINK the thin crimson stream that trickled down his bare chest!
Even before he whirled toward us, we all knew it was COUNT DRACULA...
I even saw the SCAR upon his brow, made by the shovel once wielded by Jonathan.
As he sprung at us--
HALT! YOU CANNOT DEFY THE SACRED HOST!

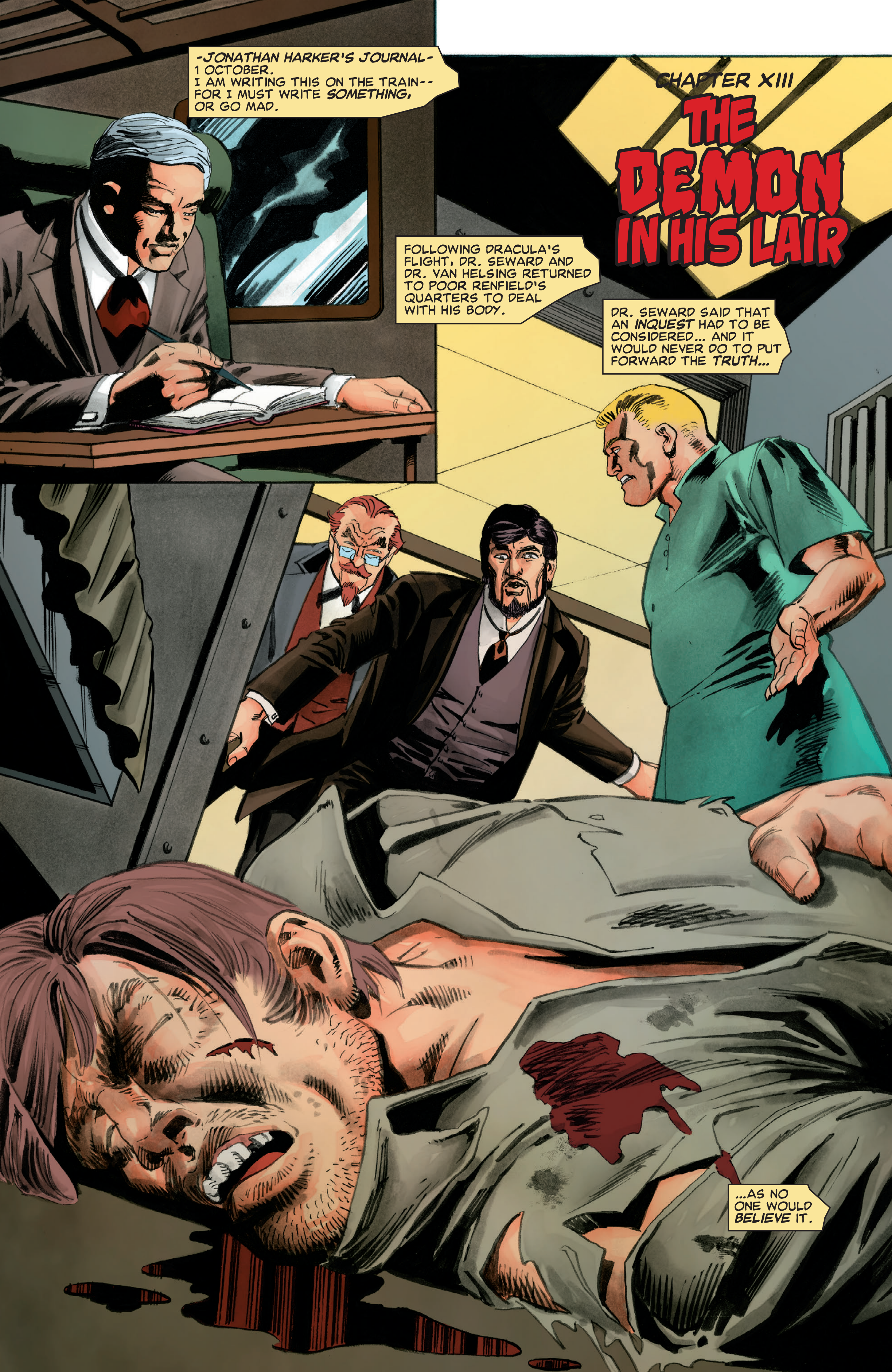

Snarling like a cornered beast, he COWERED before the blessed wafer...
...and the CRUCIFIXES we others held.
Just then, the moonlight failed, as a GREAT BLACK CLOUD sailed across the sky...
And, as the gaslight sprang up under Quincey's match, we saw only a FAINT VAPOR...
...as Mina uttered a despairing SCREAM.
EEEEEE
HE IS GONE--BUT WHERE?
NEVER MIND THAT--FOR THE MOMENT.
I MUST WAKE JONATHAN FROM THE STUPOR PRODUCED BY THE VAMPIRE.
WHERE--AM I-?
MINA!?
IN GOD'S NAME--HE HAS BEEN WITH HER!

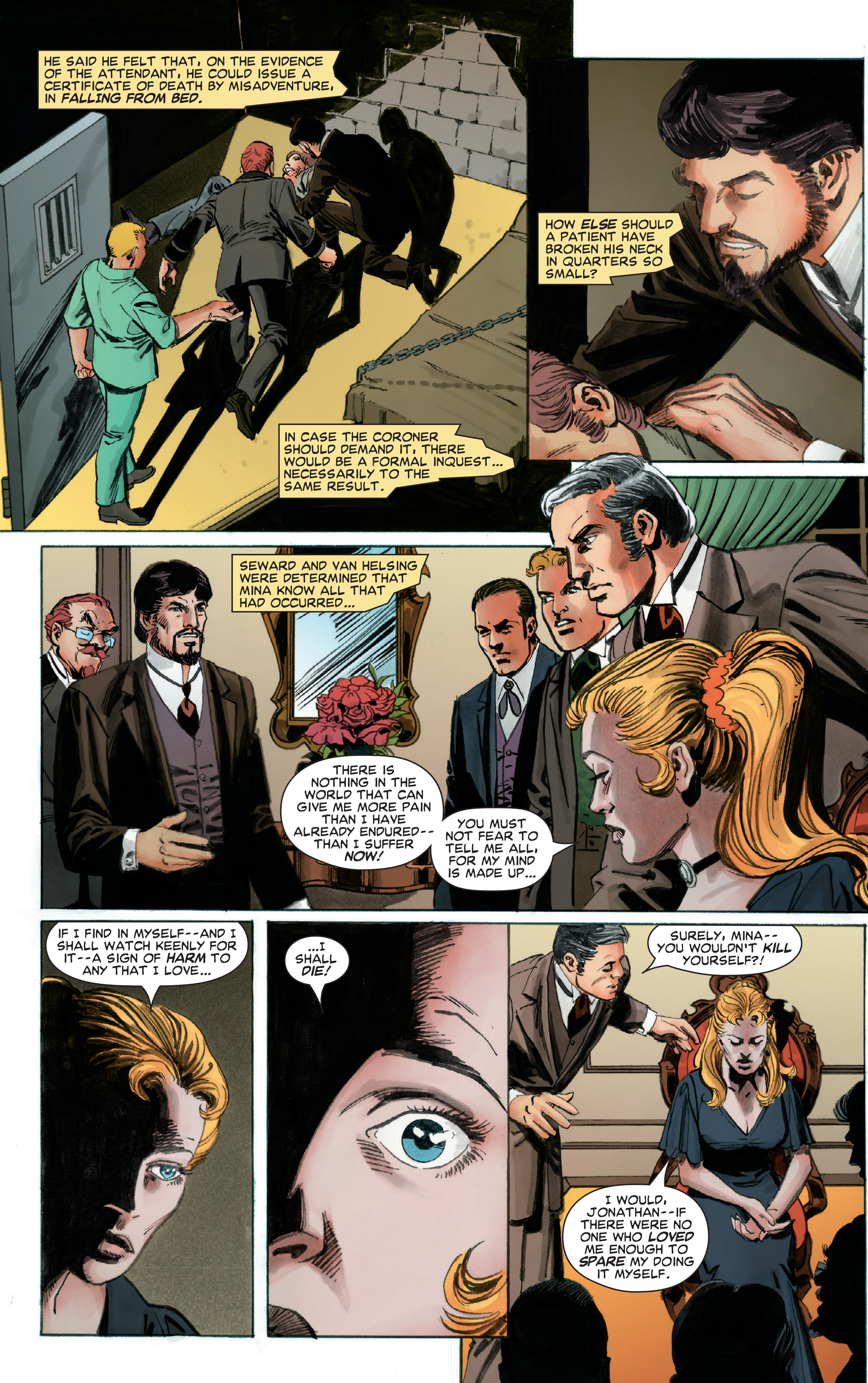

GUARD HER, DOCTOR-- WHILE I--
NO! JONATHAN-- YOU MUST NOT LEAVE ME!
DO NOT FEAR, DEAR LADY. WHILE I HOLD THIS, NO FOUL THING CAN APPROACH.
Just then, Mina saw the BLOOD, where the thin open wound in her neck had sent forth drops...
UNCLEAN-- UNCLEAN!
I MUST TOUCH YOU--KISS YOU--NO MORE!
NONSENSE! IT IS A SHAME TO HEAR SUCH A WORD FROM YOUR LIPS.
And she lay sobbing against his breast.
Quincey and Art rushed back in...
TELL WHAT YOU SAW OUTSIDE--AND LET THERE BE NO MORE CONCEALMENTS FROM MADAM MINA!
I SAW A BIG BAT RISE FROM RENFIELD'S WINDOW.
I EXPECTED TO SEE IT FLY BACK TOWARD CARFAX--BUT HE EVIDENTLY SOUGHT SOME OTHER LAIR.
DAWN IS CLOSE--AND WE MUST SEEK HIM OUT!

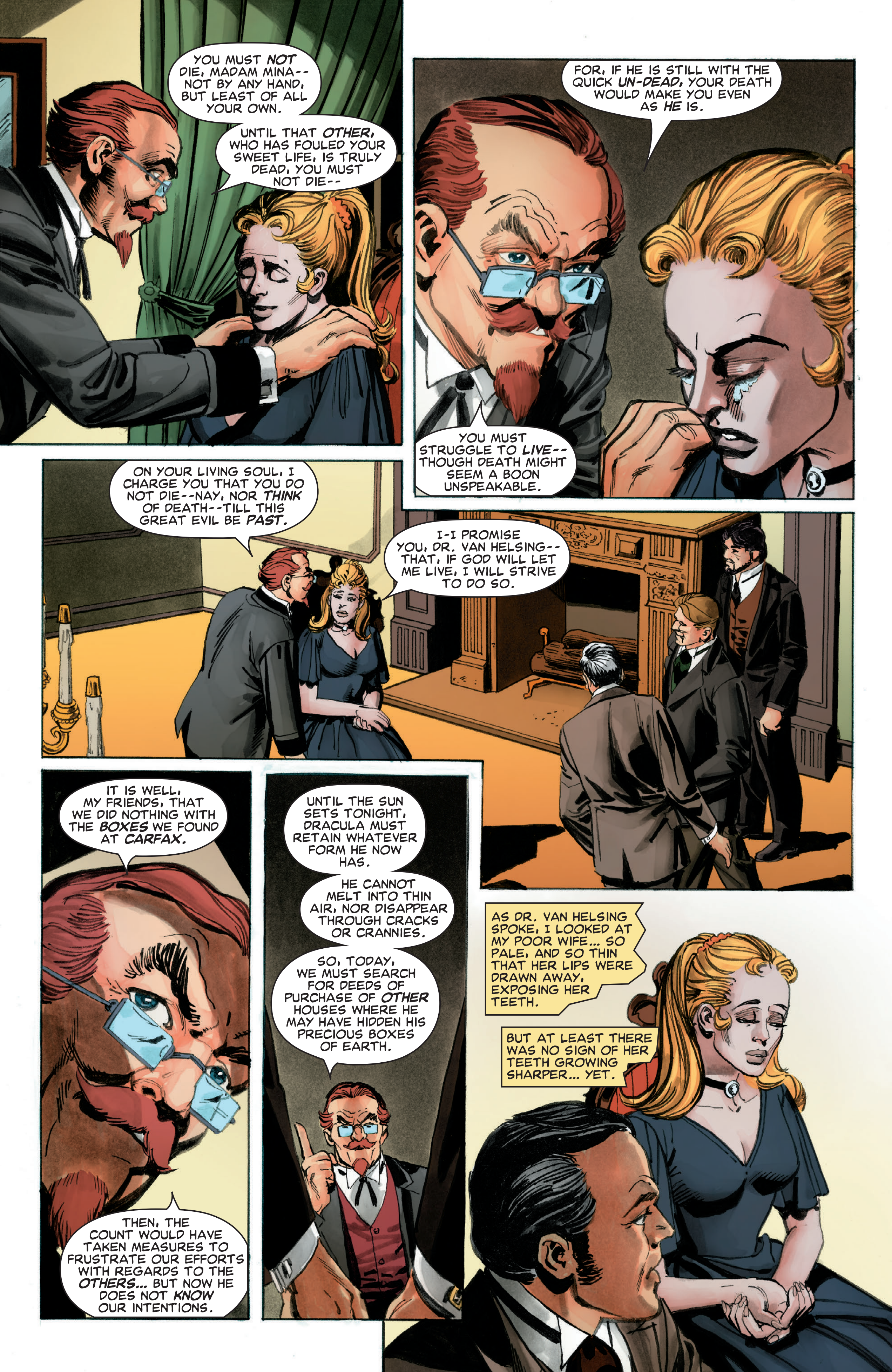

AND NOW, MADAM MINA--
LEAVE HER ALONE, PROFESSOR. SHE HAS *SUFFERED*--!
NO, BELOVED... I MUST TELL EVERYTHING I REMEMBER...
I TOOK THE *SLEEPING DRAUGHT* YOU GAVE ME, AND WITH TIME I FELL ASLEEP.
"THEN I AWOKE--AND IN THE ROOM WAS THE WHITE *MIST* I HAD NOTICED BEFORE.
JONATHAN...
"TRY AS I MIGHT TO WAKE HIM--I COULD NOT.
"AND THEN MIST TURNED INTO ONE I KNEW AT ONCE, FROM JONATHAN'S DESCRIPTION--AND I TRIED TO *SCREAM*...
SILENCE! IF YOU MAKE A SOUND, I SHALL DASH YOUR HUSBAND'S BRAINS OUT BEFORE YOUR EYES.
FIRST--A LITTLE *REFRESHMENT* TO REWARD MY EXERTIONS.
IT WILL NOT BE THE *FIRST* TIME, OR THE SECOND, THAT YOUR VEINS HAVE APPEASED MY THIRST.
"I WAS BEWILDERED--AND YET, STRANGELY ENOUGH, I DID NOT WANT TO *HINDER* HIM.
"AND THEN--OH, MY GOD, *PITY* ME--HE PLACED HIS *REEKING LIPS* UPON MY THROAT!"

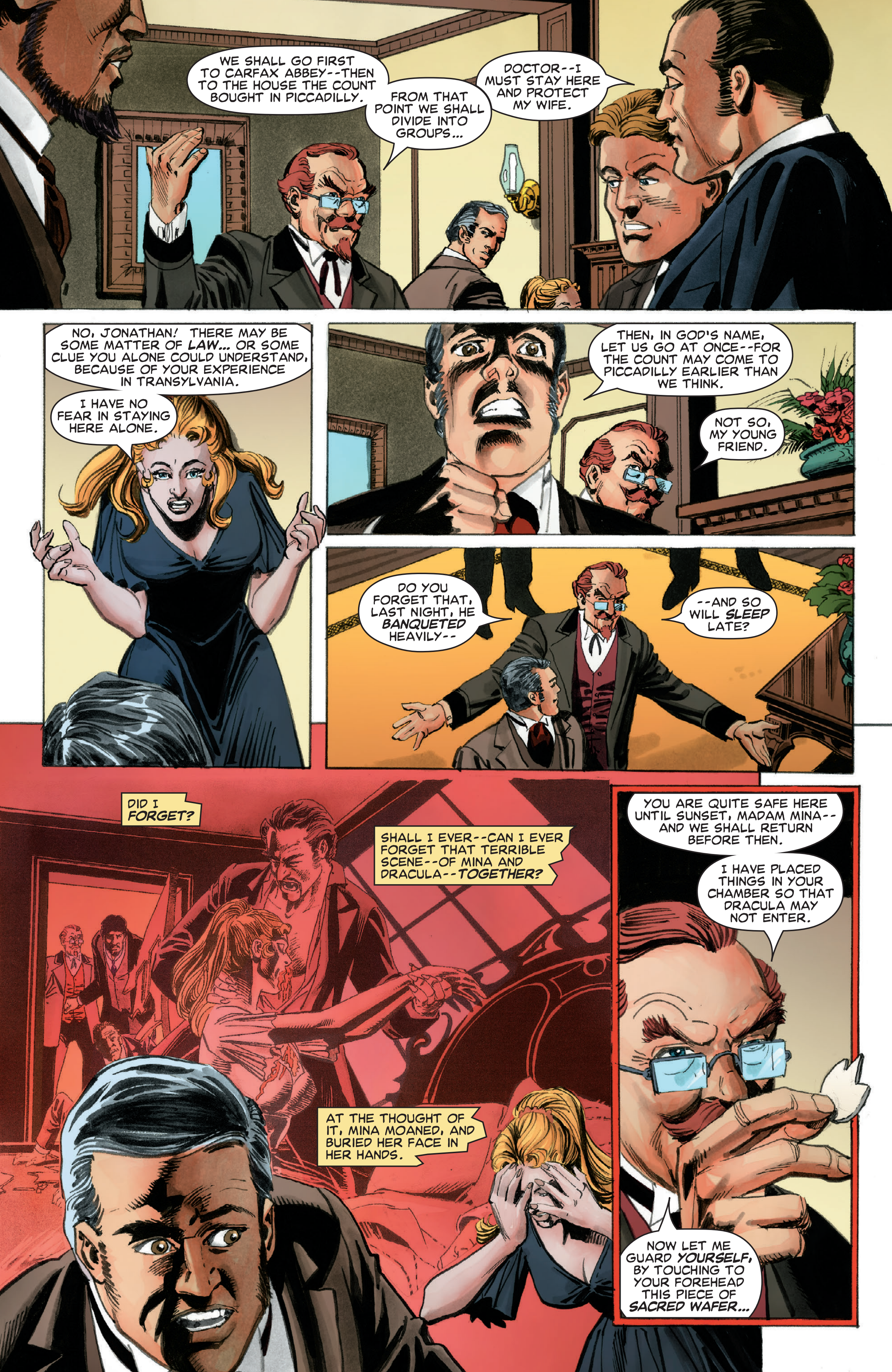

YOU, MY HUNTERS' BEST BELOVED ONE, ARE NOW FLESH OF MY FLESH--BLOOD OF MY BLOOD--KIN OF MY KIN--
--MY BOUNTIFUL WINEPRESS FOR A WHILE--
AND WHEN YOU DIE, YOU SHALL BECOME MY COMPANION.
BUT FOR NOW--WHENEVER MY BRAIN SAYS "COME!" TO YOU, YOU SHALL CROSS LAND OR SEA TO DO MY BIDDING...
AND, TO THAT END--THIS!
"WITH HIS LONG SHARP NAILS, HE OPENED A VEIN IN HIS BREAST--
"--AND WHEN BLOOD BEGAN TO SPURT OUT--
"--HE PRESSED MY MOUTH TO THE WOUND--
"--SO THAT I MUST EITHER SUFFOCATE, OR ELSE SWALLOW SOME OF THE--"

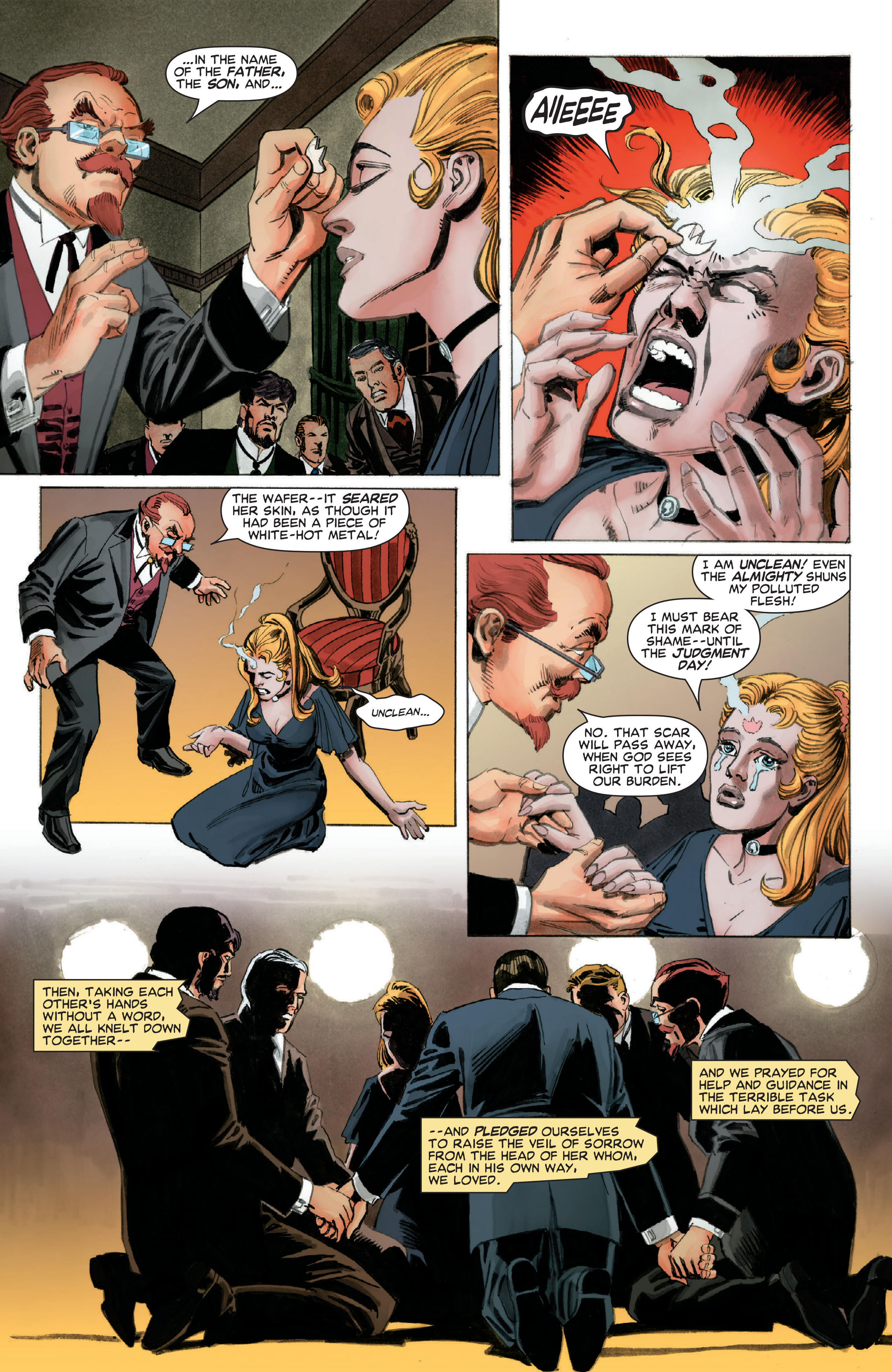

OH, MY GOD--WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE SUCH A FATE?
GOD PITY ME! LOOK DOWN ON A POOR SOUL IN WORSE THAN MORTAL PERIL--
--AND, IN YOUR MERCY, TAKE PITY ON THOSE TO WHOM SHE IS DEAR!
Of this I, Dr. John Seward, am SURE:
The sun rises today on no more MISERABLE house in all the great rounds of its holy course!

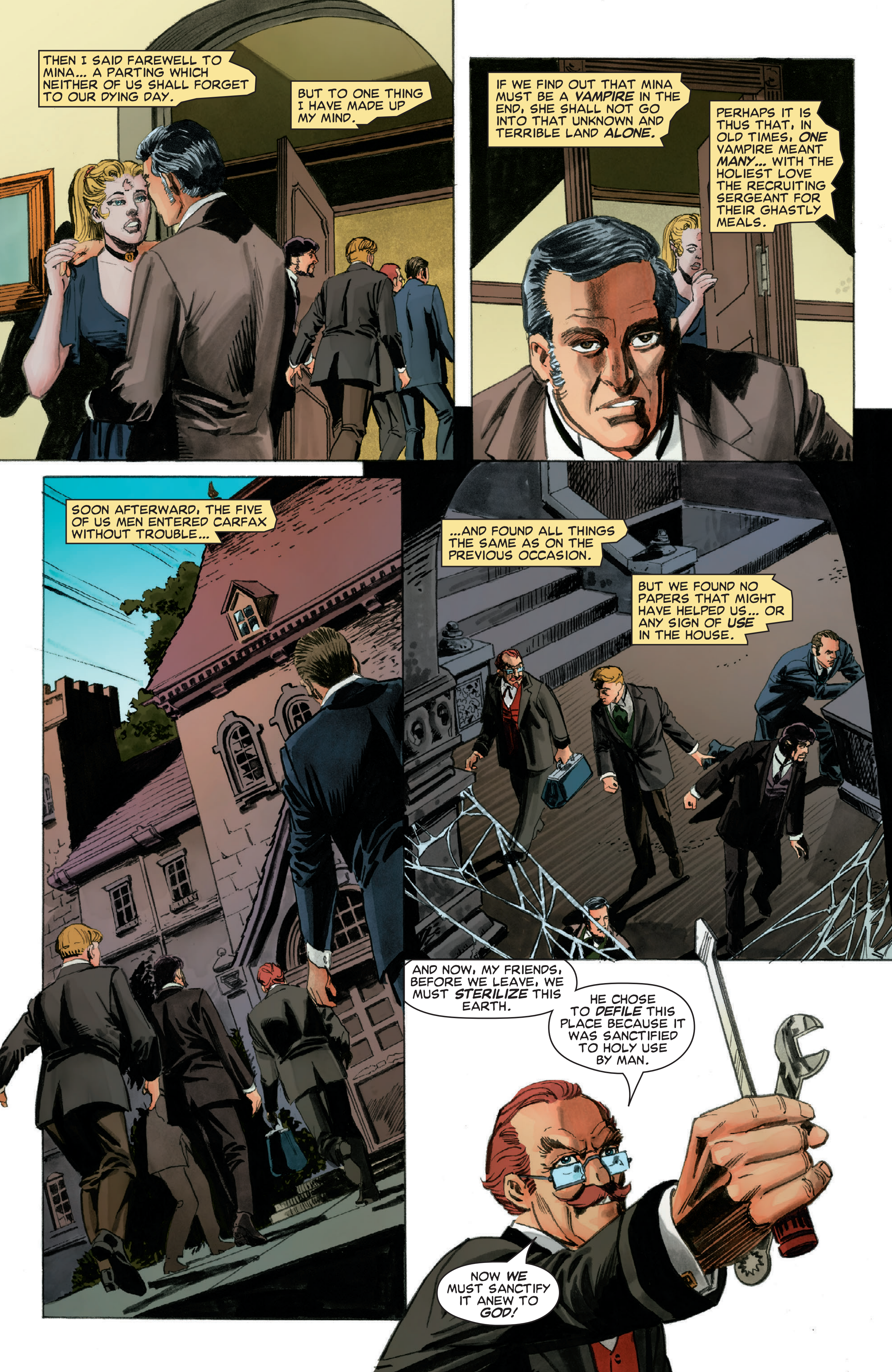

-JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL- 1 OCTOBER. I AM WRITING THIS ON THE TRAIN--FOR I MUST WRITE *SOMETHING*, OR GO MAD.
CHAPTER XIII
THE DEMON IN HIS LAIR
FOLLOWING DRACULA'S FLIGHT, DR. SEWARD AND DR. VAN HELSING RETURNED TO POOR RENFIELD'S QUARTERS TO DEAL WITH HIS BODY.
DR. SEWARD SAID THAT AN *INQUEST* HAD TO BE CONSIDERED... AND IT WOULD NEVER DO TO PUT FORWARD THE *TRUTH*...
...AS NO ONE WOULD *BELIEVE* IT.

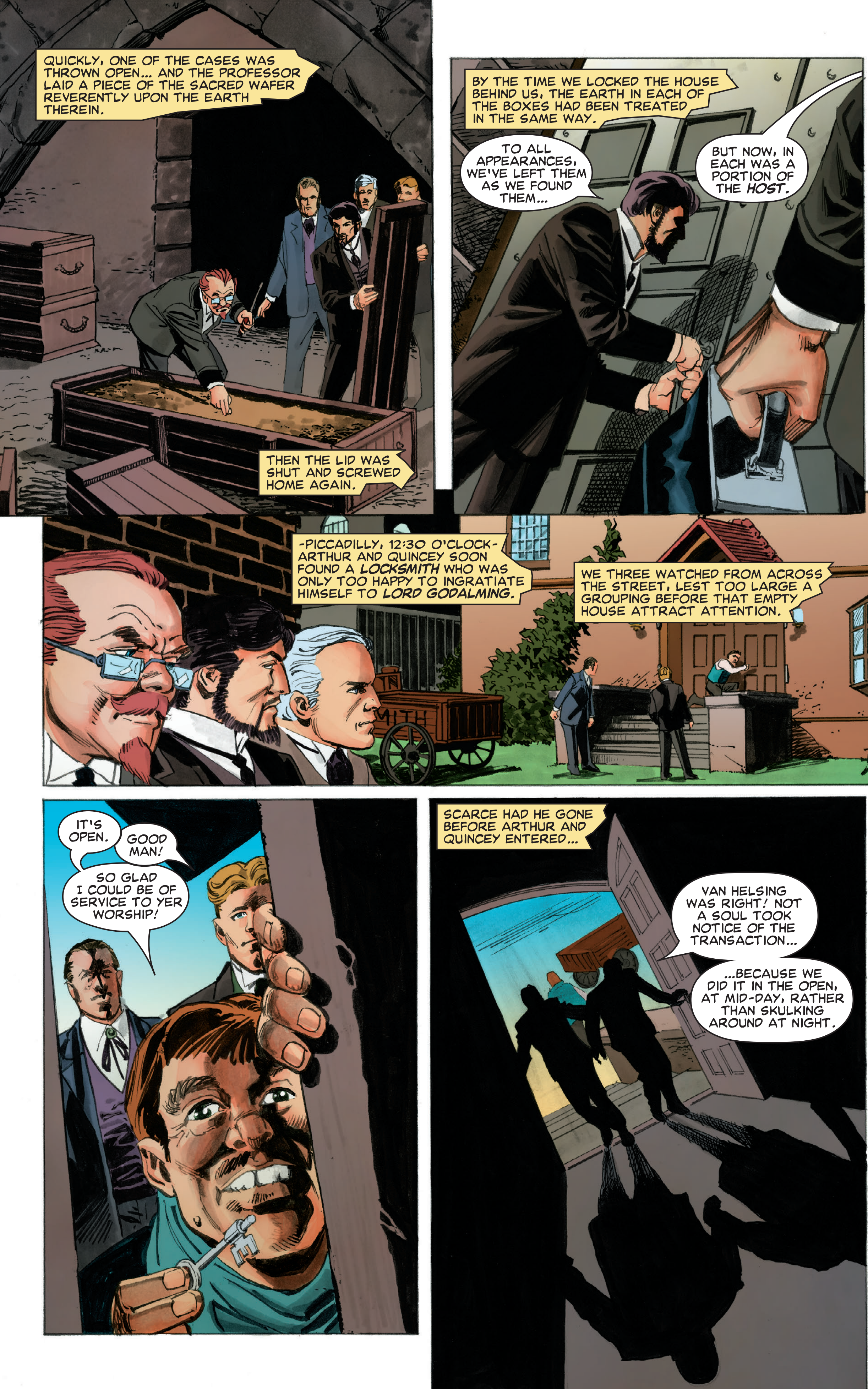

HE SAID HE FELT THAT, ON THE EVIDENCE OF THE ATTENDANT, HE COULD ISSUE A CERTIFICATE OF DEATH BY MISADVENTURE, IN *FALLING FROM BED.*
IN CASE THE CORONER SHOULD DEMAND IT, THERE WOULD BE A FORMAL INQUEST... NECESSARILY TO THE SAME RESULT.
HOW *ELSE* SHOULD A PATIENT HAVE BROKEN HIS NECK IN QUARTERS SO SMALL?
SEWARD AND VAN HELSING WERE DETERMINED THAT MINA KNOW ALL THAT HAD OCCURRED...
THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD THAT CAN GIVE ME MORE PAIN THAN I HAVE ALREADY ENDURED-- THAN I SUFFER *NOW!*
YOU MUST NOT FEAR TO TELL ME ALL, FOR MY MIND IS MADE UP...
IF I FIND IN MYSELF--AND I SHALL WATCH KEENLY FOR IT--A SIGN OF *HARM* TO ANY THAT I LOVE...
...I SHALL *DIE!*
SURELY, MINA-- YOU WOULDN'T *KILL* YOURSELF?!
I WOULD, JONATHAN--IF THERE WERE NO ONE WHO *LOVED* ME ENOUGH TO *SPARE* MY DOING IT MYSELF.

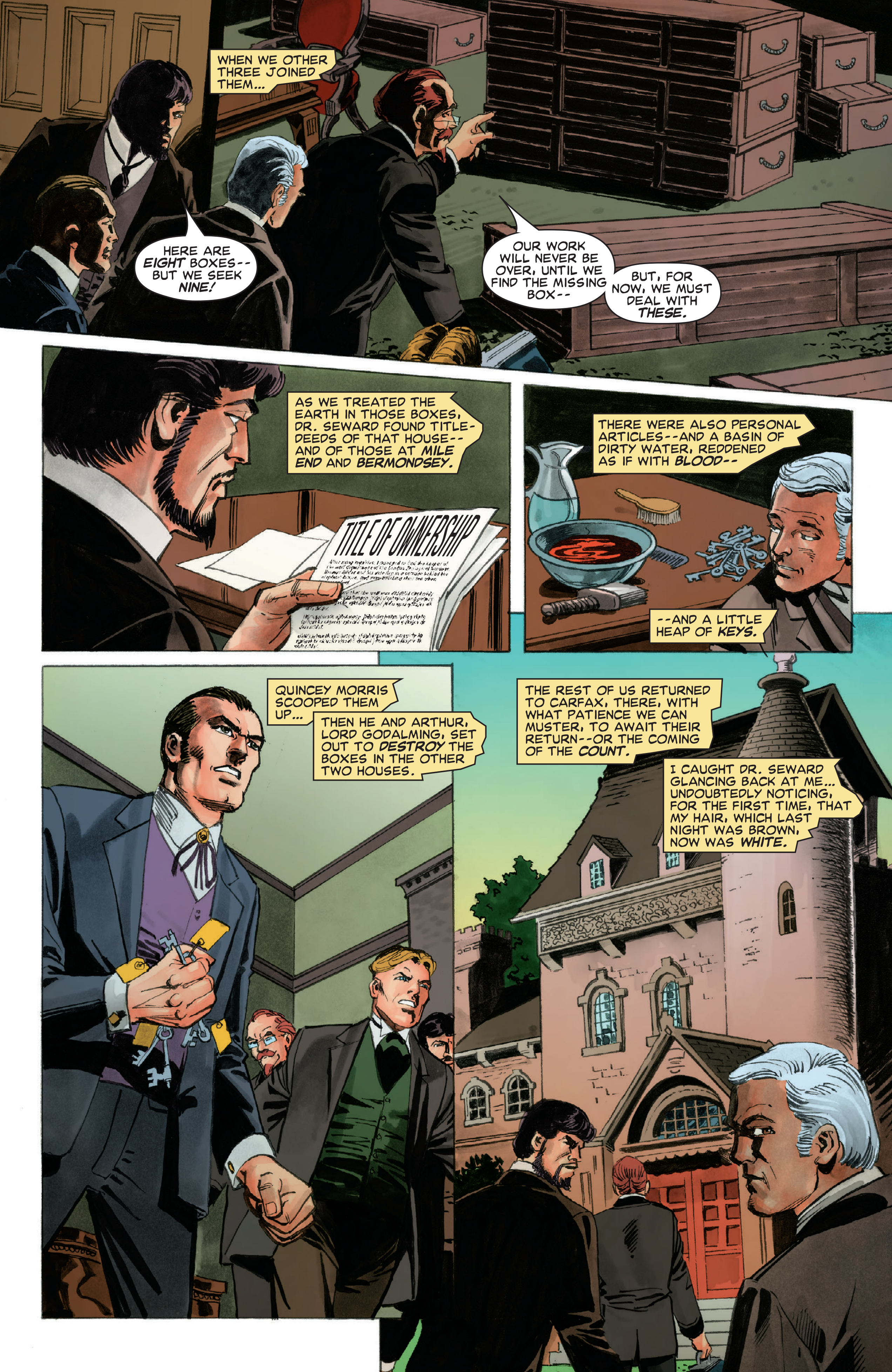

YOU MUST NOT DIE, MADAM MINA-- NOT BY ANY HAND, BUT LEAST OF ALL YOUR OWN.
UNTIL THAT OTHER, WHO HAS FOULED YOUR SWEET LIFE, IS TRULY DEAD, YOU MUST NOT DIE--
FOR, IF HE IS STILL WITH THE QUICK UN-DEAD, YOUR DEATH WOULD MAKE YOU EVEN AS HE IS.
YOU MUST STRUGGLE TO LIVE-- THOUGH DEATH MIGHT SEEM A BOON UNSPEAKABLE.
ON YOUR LIVING SOUL, I CHARGE YOU THAT YOU DO NOT DIE--NAY, NOR THINK OF DEATH--TILL THIS GREAT EVIL BE PAST.
I-I PROMISE YOU, DR. VAN HELSING-- THAT, IF GOD WILL LET ME LIVE, I WILL STRIVE TO DO SO.
IT IS WELL, MY FRIENDS, THAT WE DID NOTHING WITH THE BOXES WE FOUND AT CARFAX.
THEN, THE COUNT WOULD HAVE TAKEN MEASURES TO FRUSTRATE OUR EFFORTS WITH REGARDS TO THE OTHERS... BUT NOW HE DOES NOT KNOW OUR INTENTIONS.
UNTIL THE SUN SETS TONIGHT, DRACULA MUST RETAIN WHATEVER FORM HE NOW HAS.
HE CANNOT MELT INTO THIN AIR, NOR DISAPPEAR THROUGH CRACKS OR CRANNIES.
SO, TODAY, WE MUST SEARCH FOR DEEDS OF PURCHASE OF OTHER HOUSES WHERE HE MAY HAVE HIDDEN HIS PRECIOUS BOXES OF EARTH.
AS DR. VAN HELSING SPOKE, I LOOKED AT MY POOR WIFE... SO PALE, AND SO THIN THAT HER LIPS WERE DRAWN AWAY, EXPOSING HER TEETH.
BUT AT LEAST THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HER TEETH GROWING SHARPER... YET.

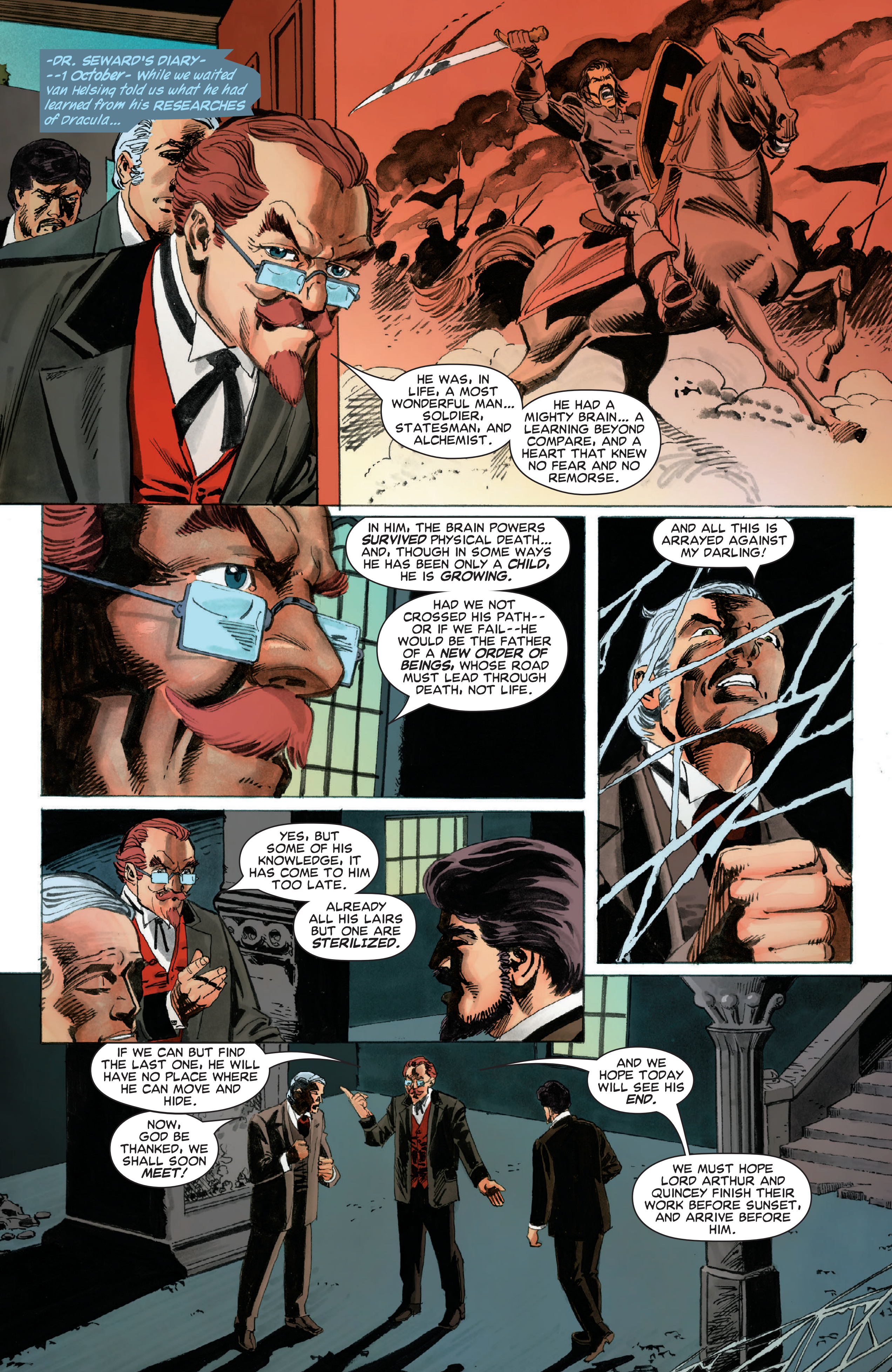

WE SHALL GO FIRST TO CARFAX ABBEY--THEN TO THE HOUSE THE COUNT BOUGHT IN PICCADILLY.
FROM THAT POINT WE SHALL DIVIDE INTO GROUPS...
DOCTOR--I MUST STAY HERE AND PROTECT MY WIFE.
NO, JONATHAN! THERE MAY BE SOME MATTER OF LAW... OR SOME CLUE YOU ALONE COULD UNDERSTAND, BECAUSE OF YOUR EXPERIENCE IN TRANSYLVANIA.
I HAVE NO FEAR IN STAYING HERE ALONE.
THEN, IN GOD'S NAME, LET US GO AT ONCE--FOR THE COUNT MAY COME TO PICCADILLY EARLIER THAN WE THINK.
NOT SO, MY YOUNG FRIEND.
DO YOU FORGET THAT, LAST NIGHT, HE BANQUETED HEAVILY--
--AND SO WILL SLEEP LATE?
DID I FORGET?
SHALL I EVER--CAN I EVER FORGET THAT TERRIBLE SCENE--OF MINA AND DRACULA--TOGETHER?
AT THE THOUGHT OF IT, MINA MOANED, AND BURIED HER FACE IN HER HANDS.
YOU ARE QUITE SAFE HERE UNTIL SUNSET, MADAM MINA--AND WE SHALL RETURN BEFORE THEN.
I HAVE PLACED THINGS IN YOUR CHAMBER SO THAT DRACULA MAY NOT ENTER.
NOW LET ME GUARD YOURSELF, BY TOUCHING TO YOUR FOREHEAD THIS PIECE OF SACRED WAFER...

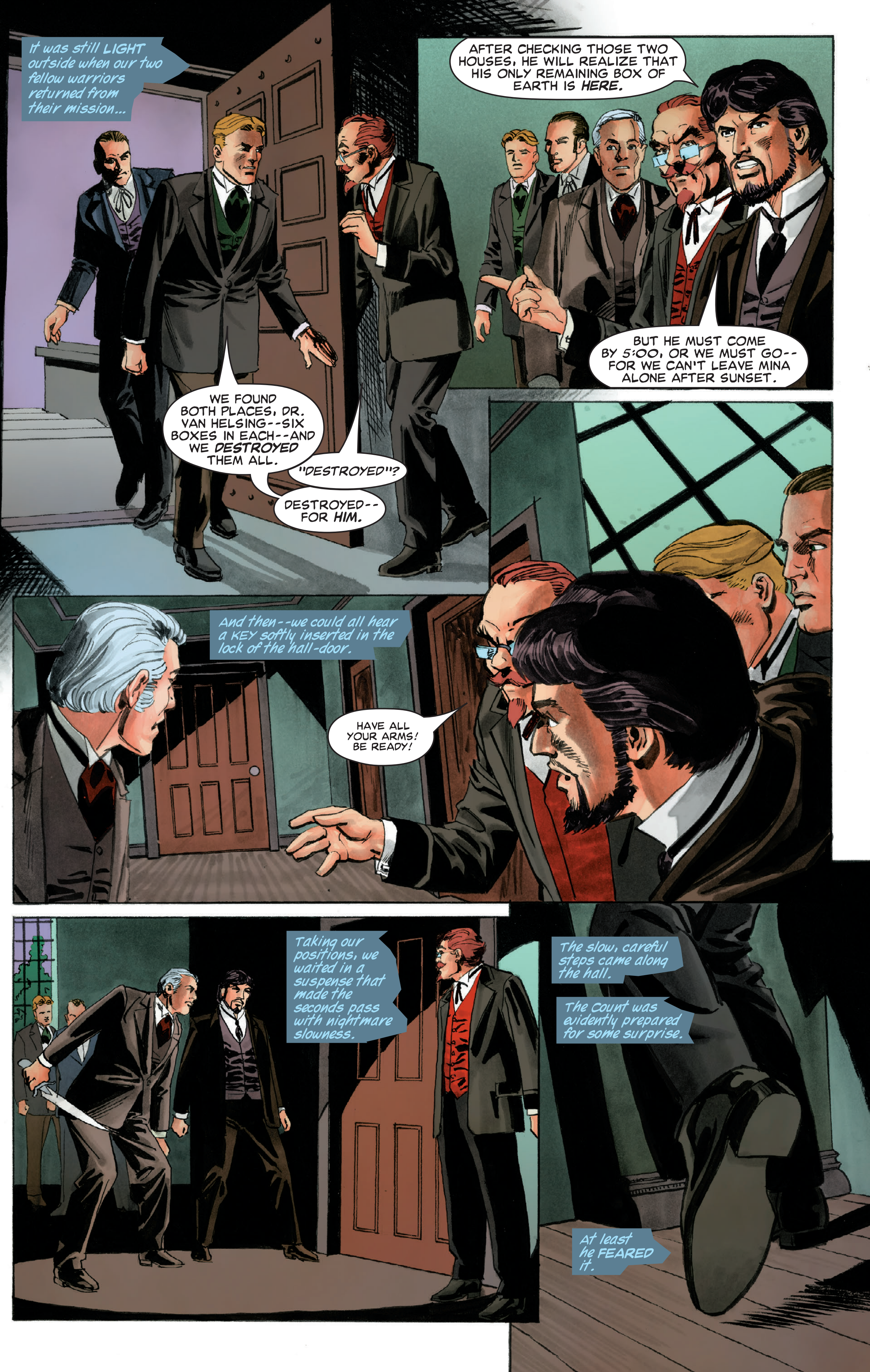

...IN THE NAME OF THE *FATHER*, THE *SON*, AND...
AIIEEEE
THE WAFER--IT *SEARED* HER SKIN, AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN A PIECE OF WHITE-HOT METAL!
UNCLEAN...
I AM *UNCLEAN!* EVEN THE *ALMIGHTY* SHUNS MY POLLUTED FLESH!
I MUST BEAR THIS MARK OF SHAME--UNTIL THE *JUDGMENT* DAY!
NO. THAT SCAR WILL PASS AWAY, WHEN GOD SEES RIGHT TO LIFT OUR BURDEN.
THEN, TAKING EACH OTHER'S HANDS WITHOUT A WORD, WE ALL KNELT DOWN TOGETHER--
--AND *PLEDGED* OURSELVES TO RAISE THE VEIL OF SORROW FROM THE HEAD OF HER WHOM, EACH IN HIS OWN WAY, WE LOVED.
AND WE PRAYED FOR HELP AND GUIDANCE IN THE TERRIBLE TASK WHICH LAY BEFORE US.

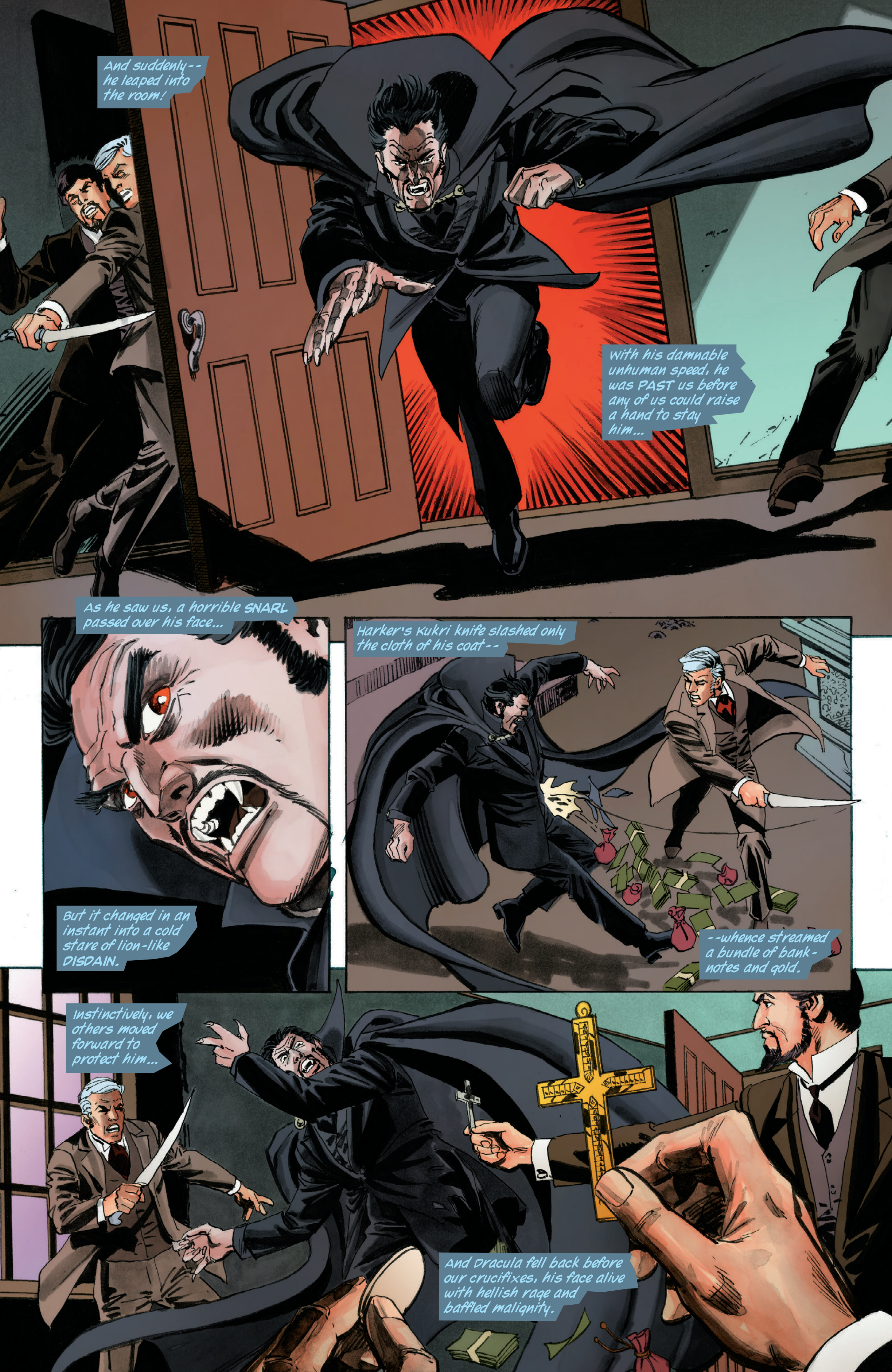

THEN I SAID FAREWELL TO MINA... A PARTING WHICH NEITHER OF US SHALL FORGET TO OUR DYING DAY.
BUT TO ONE THING I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND.
IF WE FIND OUT THAT MINA MUST BE A **VAMPIRE** IN THE END, SHE SHALL NOT GO INTO THAT UNKNOWN AND TERRIBLE LAND **ALONE.**
PERHAPS IT IS THUS THAT, IN OLD TIMES, **ONE** VAMPIRE MEANT **MANY...** WITH THE HOLIEST LOVE THE RECRUITING SERGEANT FOR THEIR GHASTLY MEALS.
SOON AFTERWARD, THE FIVE OF US MEN ENTERED CARFAX WITHOUT TROUBLE...
...AND FOUND ALL THINGS THE SAME AS ON THE PREVIOUS OCCASION.
BUT WE FOUND NO PAPERS THAT MIGHT HAVE HELPED US... OR ANY SIGN OF **USE** IN THE HOUSE.
AND NOW, MY FRIENDS, BEFORE WE LEAVE, WE MUST **STERILIZE** THIS EARTH.
HE CHOSE TO **DEFILE** THIS PLACE BECAUSE IT WAS SANCTIFIED TO HOLY USE BY MAN.
NOW **WE** MUST SANCTIFY IT ANEW TO **GOD!**

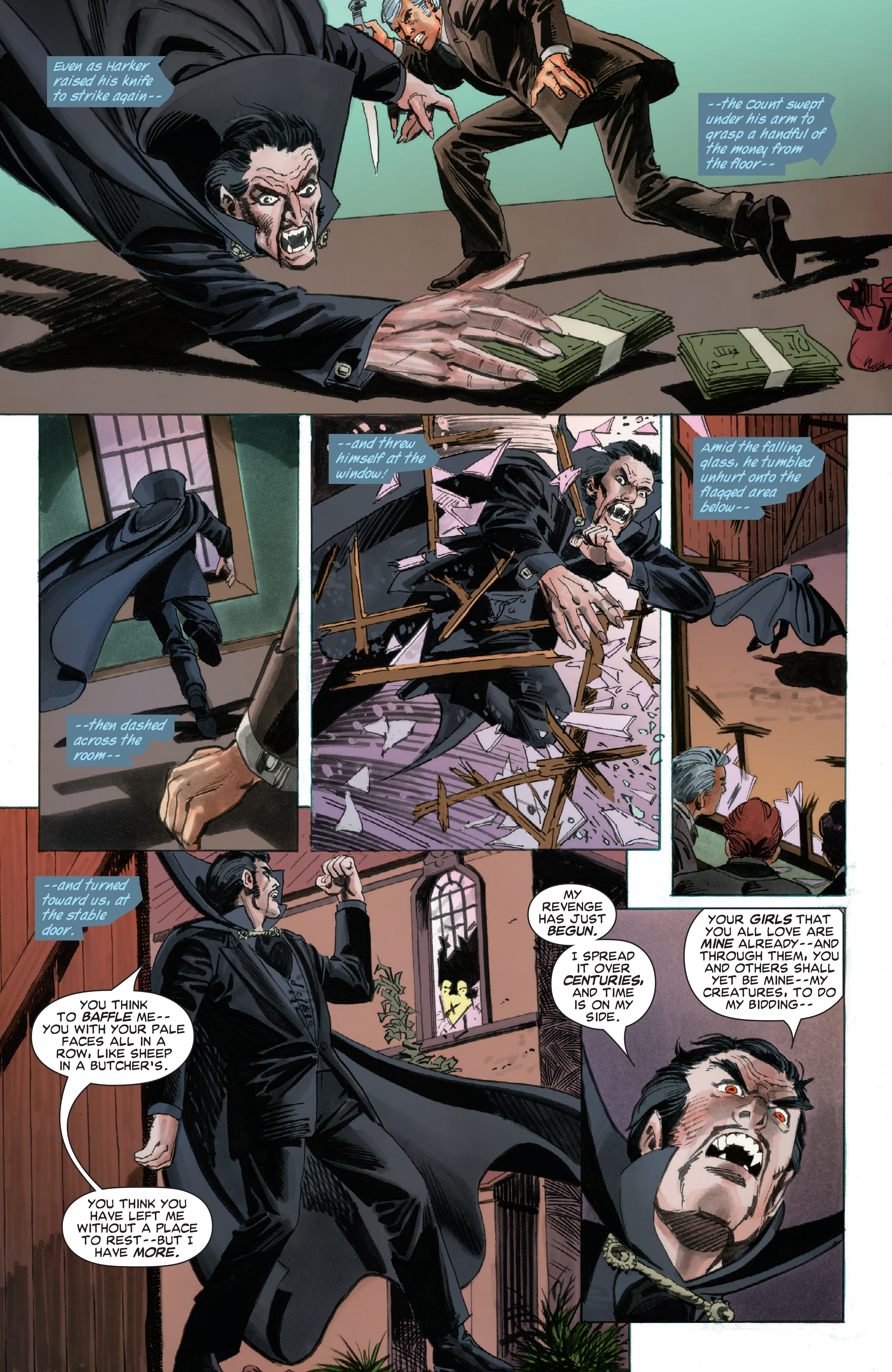

QUICKLY, ONE OF THE CASES WAS THROWN OPEN... AND THE PROFESSOR LAID A PIECE OF THE SACRED WAFER REVERENTLY UPON THE EARTH THEREIN.
THEN THE LID WAS SHUT AND SCREWED HOME AGAIN.
BY THE TIME WE LOCKED THE HOUSE BEHIND US, THE EARTH IN EACH OF THE BOXES HAD BEEN TREATED IN THE SAME WAY.
TO ALL APPEARANCES, WE'VE LEFT THEM AS WE FOUND THEM...
BUT NOW, IN EACH WAS A PORTION OF THE *HOST.*
-PICCADILLY, 12:30 O'CLOCK- ARTHUR AND QUINCEY SOON FOUND A *LOCKSMITH* WHO WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO INGRATIATE HIMSELF TO *LORD GODALMING.*
WE THREE WATCHED FROM ACROSS THE STREET, LEST TOO LARGE A GROUPING BEFORE THAT EMPTY HOUSE ATTRACT ATTENTION.
IT'S OPEN.
GOOD MAN!
SO GLAD I COULD BE OF SERVICE TO YER WORSHIP!
SCARCE HAD HE GONE BEFORE ARTHUR AND QUINCEY ENTERED...
VAN HELSING WAS RIGHT! NOT A SOUL TOOK NOTICE OF THE TRANSACTION...
...BECAUSE WE DID IT IN THE OPEN, AT MID-DAY, RATHER THAN SKULKING AROUND AT NIGHT.

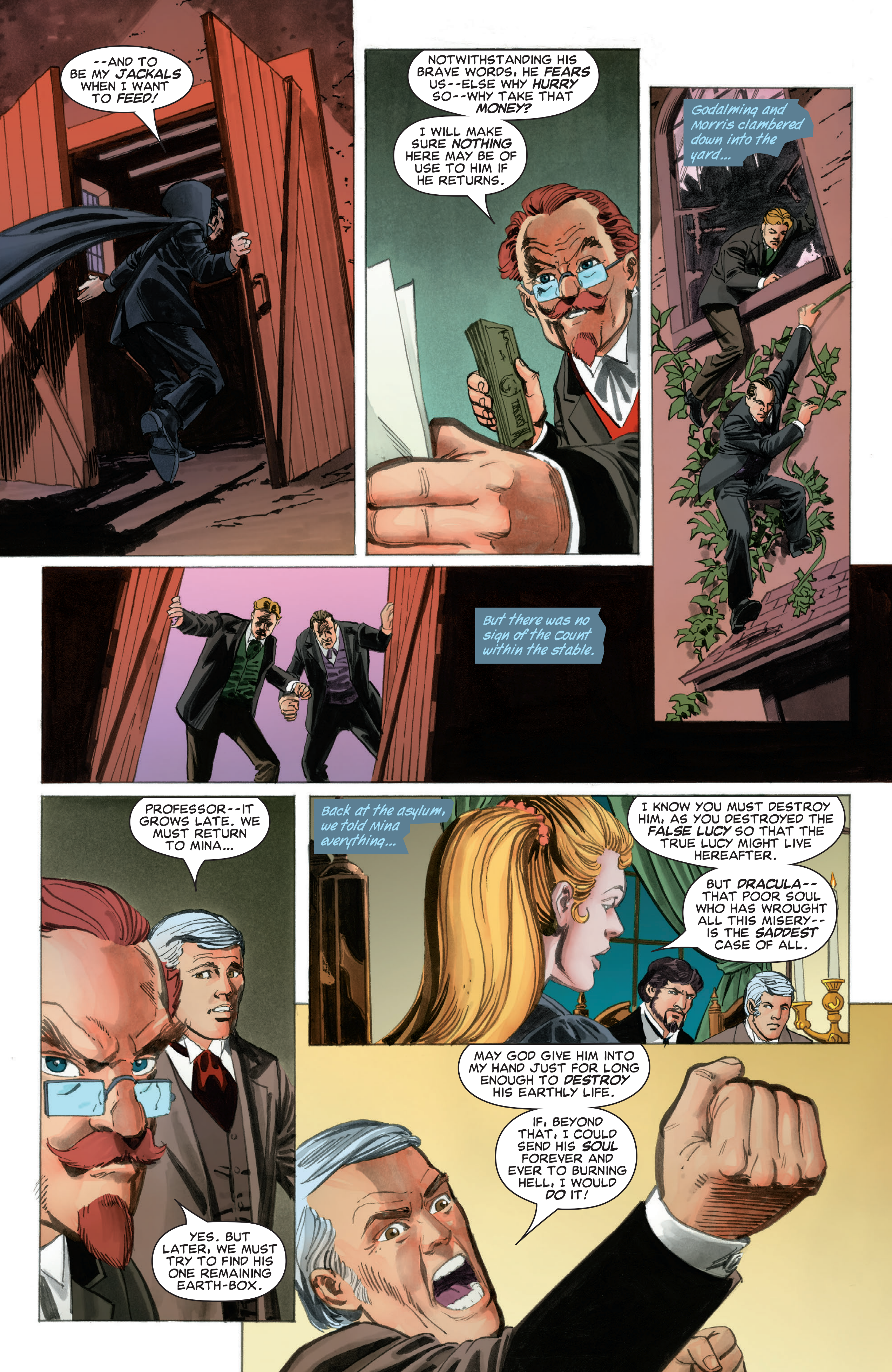

WHEN WE OTHER THREE JOINED THEM...
HERE ARE EIGHT BOXES-- BUT WE SEEK NINE!
OUR WORK WILL NEVER BE OVER, UNTIL WE FIND THE MISSING BOX--
BUT, FOR NOW, WE MUST DEAL WITH THESE.
AS WE TREATED THE EARTH IN THOSE BOXES, DR. SEWARD FOUND TITLE-DEEDS OF THAT HOUSE-- AND OF THOSE AT MILE END AND BERMONDSEY.
TITLE OF OWNERSHIP
THERE WERE ALSO PERSONAL ARTICLES--AND A BASIN OF DIRTY WATER, REDDENED AS IF WITH BLOOD--
--AND A LITTLE HEAP OF KEYS.
QUINCEY MORRIS SCOOPED THEM UP...
THEN HE AND ARTHUR, LORD GODALMING, SET OUT TO DESTROY THE BOXES IN THE OTHER TWO HOUSES.
THE REST OF US RETURNED TO CARFAX, THERE, WITH WHAT PATIENCE WE CAN MUSTER, TO AWAIT THEIR RETURN--OR THE COMING OF THE COUNT.
I CAUGHT DR. SEWARD GLANCING BACK AT ME... UNDOUBTEDLY NOTICING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THAT MY HAIR, WHICH LAST NIGHT WAS BROWN, NOW WAS WHITE.

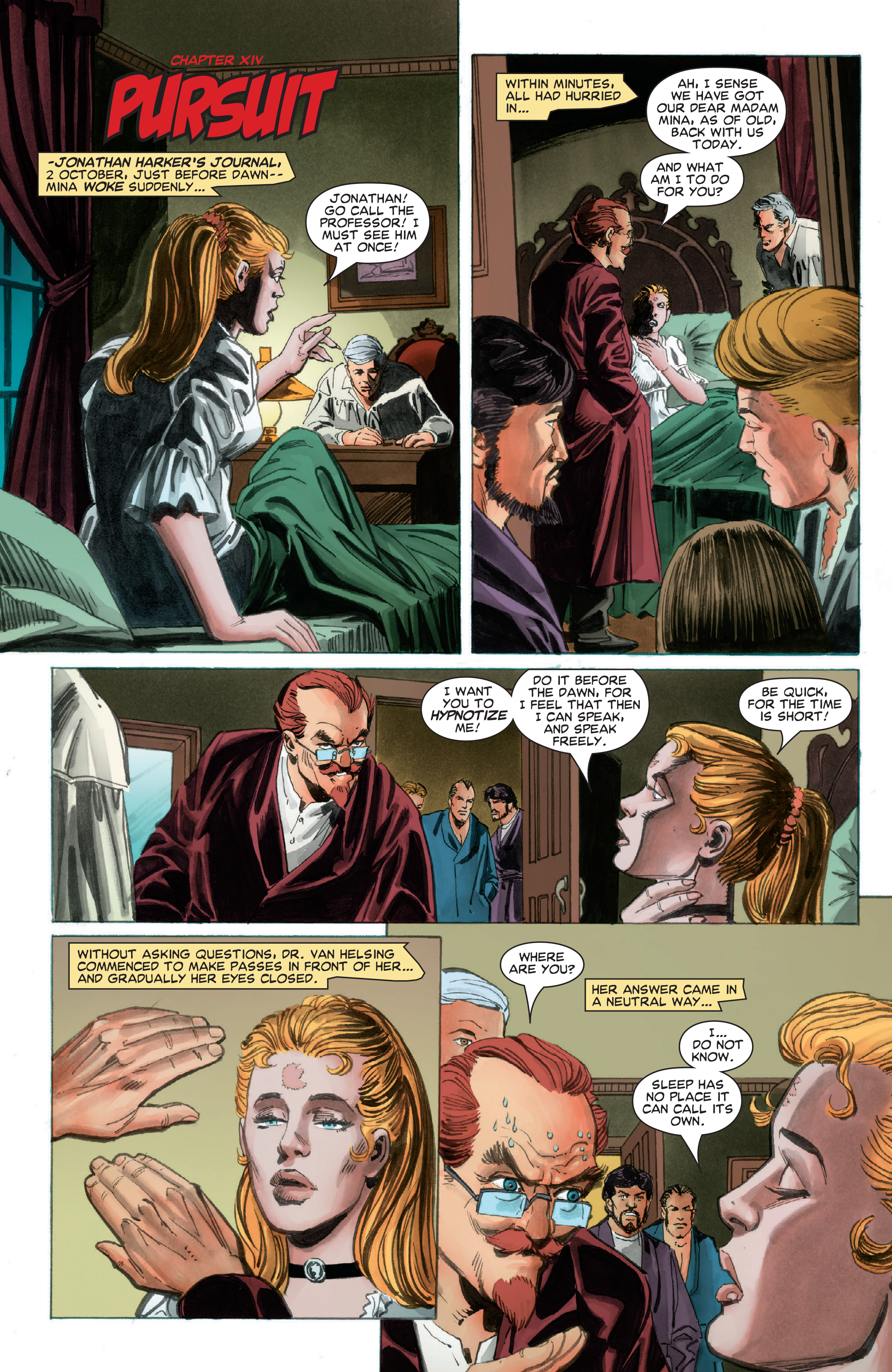

-DR. SEWARD'S DIARY- --1 October- While we waited van Helsing told us what he had learned from his RESEARCHES of Dracula...
HE WAS, IN LIFE, A MOST WONDERFUL MAN... SOLDIER, STATESMAN, AND ALCHEMIST.
HE HAD A MIGHTY BRAIN... A LEARNING BEYOND COMPARE, AND A HEART THAT KNEW NO FEAR AND NO REMORSE.
IN HIM, THE BRAIN POWERS SURVIVED PHYSICAL DEATH... AND, THOUGH IN SOME WAYS HE HAS BEEN ONLY A CHILD, HE IS GROWING.
HAD WE NOT CROSSED HIS PATH--OR IF WE FAIL--HE WOULD BE THE FATHER OF A NEW ORDER OF BEINGS, WHOSE ROAD MUST LEAD THROUGH DEATH, NOT LIFE.
AND ALL THIS IS ARRAYED AGAINST MY DARLING!
YES, BUT SOME OF HIS KNOWLEDGE, IT HAS COME TO HIM TOO LATE.
ALREADY ALL HIS LAIRS BUT ONE ARE STERILIZED.
IF WE CAN BUT FIND THE LAST ONE, HE WILL HAVE NO PLACE WHERE HE CAN MOVE AND HIDE.
NOW, GOD BE THANKED, WE SHALL SOON MEET!
AND WE HOPE TODAY WILL SEE HIS END.
WE MUST HOPE LORD ARTHUR AND QUINCEY FINISH THEIR WORK BEFORE SUNSET, AND ARRIVE BEFORE HIM.

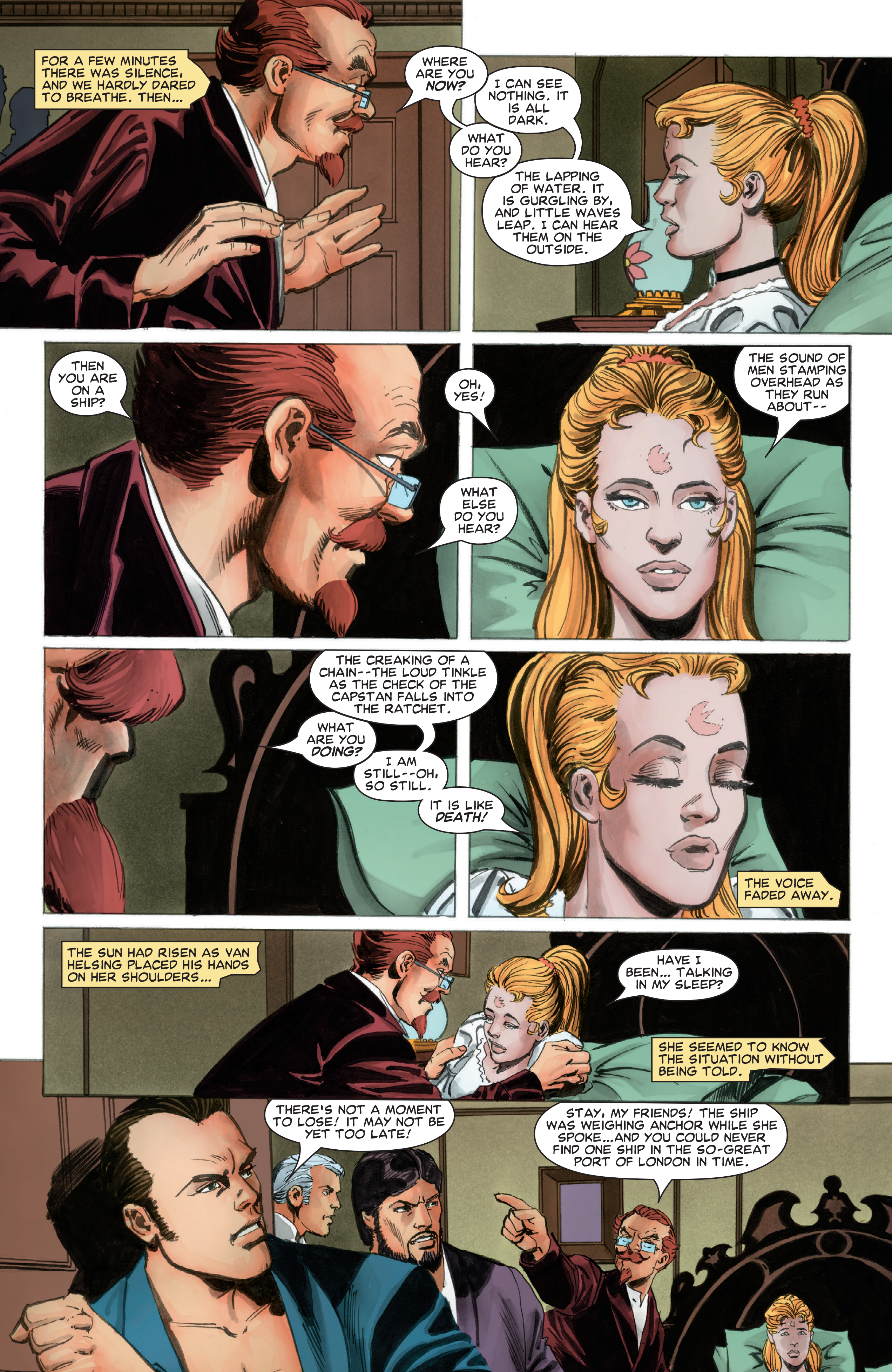

It was still LIGHT outside when our two fellow warriors returned from their mission...
WE FOUND BOTH PLACES, DR. VAN HELSING--SIX BOXES IN EACH--AND WE DESTROYED THEM ALL.
"DESTROYED"?
DESTROYED--FOR HIM.
AFTER CHECKING THOSE TWO HOUSES, HE WILL REALIZE THAT HIS ONLY REMAINING BOX OF EARTH IS HERE.
BUT HE MUST COME BY 5:00, OR WE MUST GO--FOR WE CAN'T LEAVE MINA ALONE AFTER SUNSET.
And then--we could all hear a KEY softly inserted in the lock of the hall-door.
HAVE ALL YOUR ARMS! BE READY!
Taking our positions, we waited in a suspense that made the seconds pass with nightmare slowness.
The slow, careful steps came along the hall.
The Count was evidently prepared for some surprise.
At least he FEARED it.

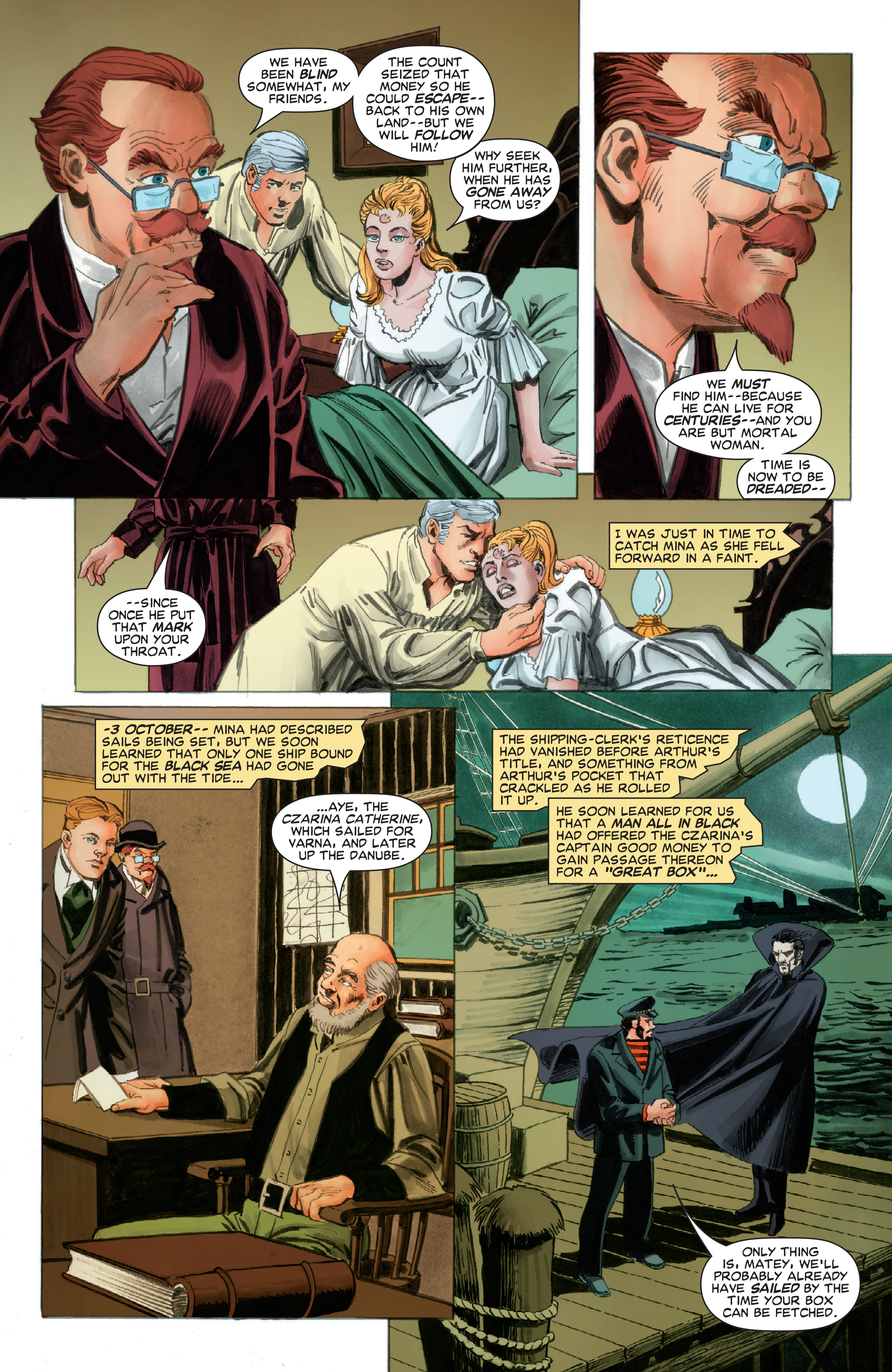

And suddenly--he leaped into the room!
With his damnable unhuman speed, he was PAST us before any of us could raise a hand to stay him...
As he saw us, a horrible SNARL passed over his face...
But it changed in an instant into a cold stare of lion-like DISDAIN.
Harker's Kukri knife slashed only the cloth of his coat--
--whence streamed a bundle of bank-notes and gold.
Instinctively, we others moved forward to protect him...
And Dracula fell back before our crucifixes, his face alive with hellish rage and baffled malignity.

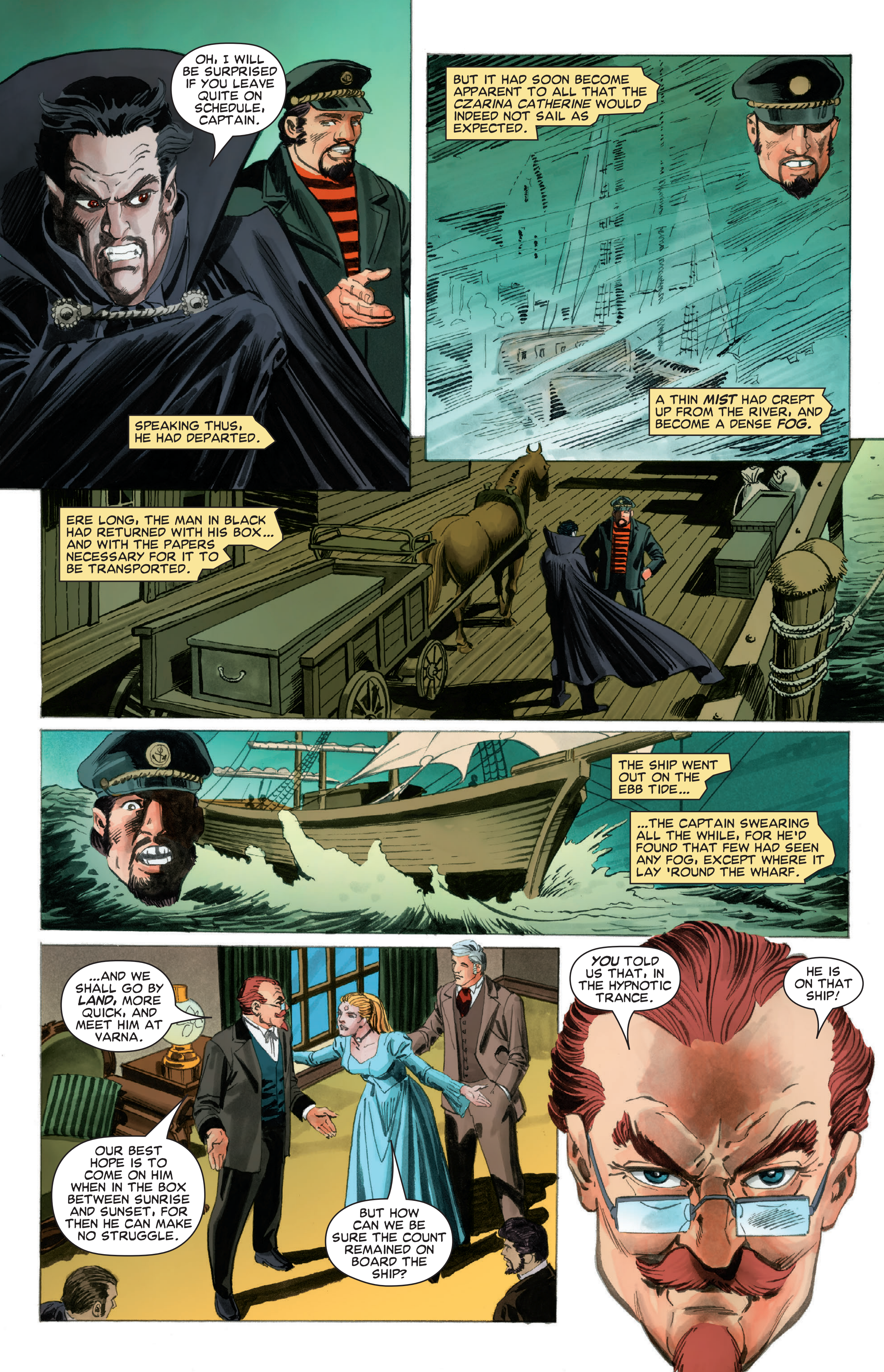

Even as Harker raised his knife to strike again--
--the Count swept under his arm to grasp a handful of the money from the floor--
--then dashed across the room--
--and threw himself at the window!
Amid the falling glass, he tumbled unhurt onto the flagged area below--
--and turned toward us, at the stable door.
YOU THINK TO **BAFFLE** ME--YOU WITH YOUR PALE FACES ALL IN A ROW, LIKE SHEEP IN A BUTCHER'S.
YOU THINK YOU HAVE LEFT ME WITHOUT A PLACE TO REST--BUT I HAVE **MORE.**
MY REVENGE HAS JUST **BEGUN.**
I SPREAD IT OVER **CENTURIES,** AND TIME IS ON MY SIDE.
YOUR **GIRLS** THAT YOU ALL LOVE ARE **MINE** ALREADY--AND THROUGH THEM, YOU AND OTHERS SHALL YET BE MINE--MY CREATURES, TO DO MY BIDDING--

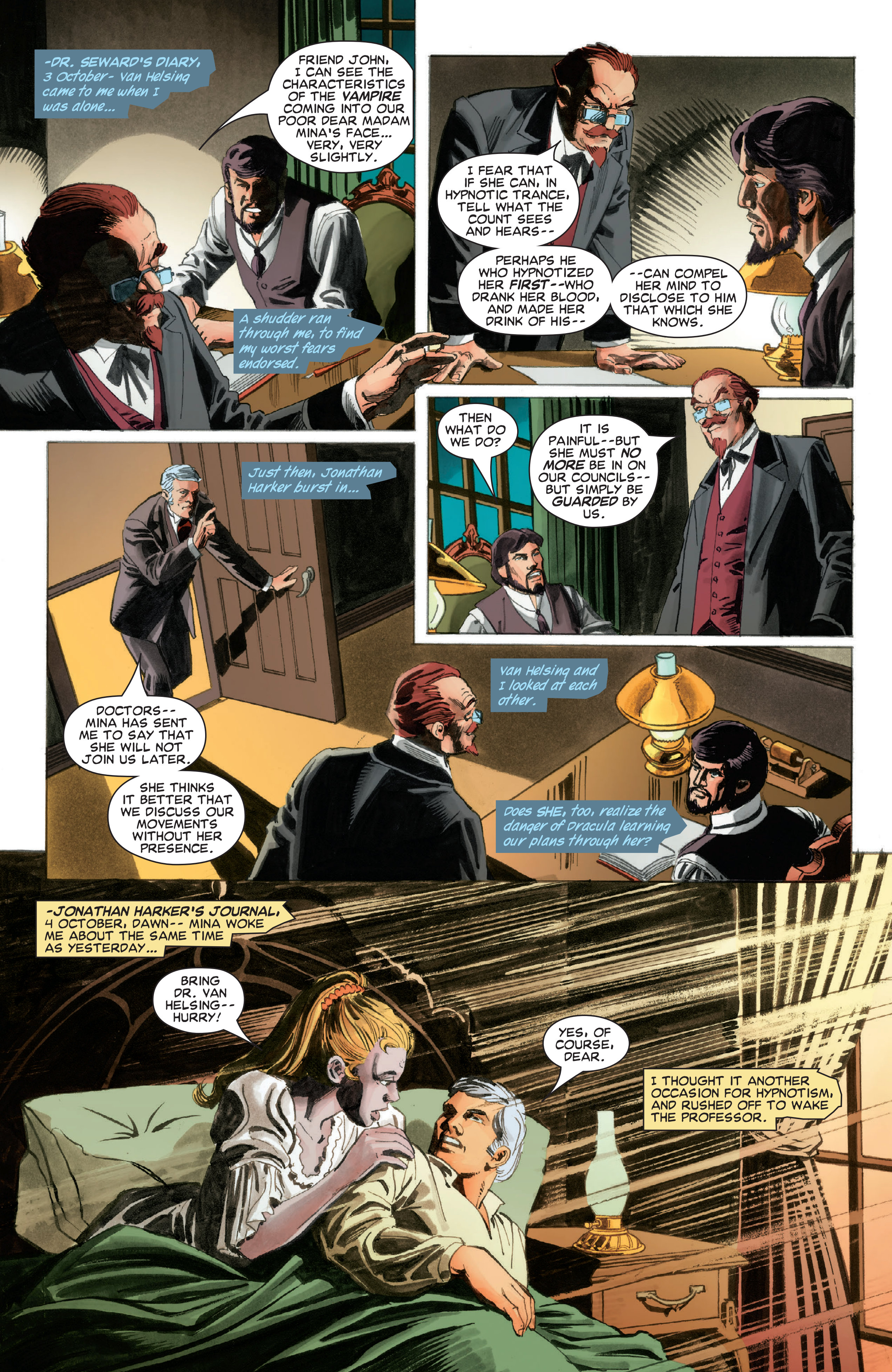

--AND TO BE MY JACKALS WHEN I WANT TO FEED!
NOTWITHSTANDING HIS BRAVE WORDS, HE FEARS US--ELSE WHY HURRY SO--WHY TAKE THAT MONEY?
I WILL MAKE SURE NOTHING HERE MAY BE OF USE TO HIM IF HE RETURNS.
Godalming and Morris clambered down into the yard...
But there was no sign of the Count within the stable.
PROFESSOR--IT GROWS LATE. WE MUST RETURN TO MINA...
YES. BUT LATER, WE MUST TRY TO FIND HIS ONE REMAINING EARTH-BOX.
Back at the asylum, we told Mina everything...
I KNOW YOU MUST DESTROY HIM, AS YOU DESTROYED THE FALSE LUCY SO THAT THE TRUE LUCY MIGHT LIVE HEREAFTER.
BUT DRACULA--THAT POOR SOUL WHO HAS WROUGHT ALL THIS MISERY--IS THE SADDEST CASE OF ALL.
MAY GOD GIVE HIM INTO MY HAND JUST FOR LONG ENOUGH TO DESTROY HIS EARTHLY LIFE.
IF, BEYOND THAT, I COULD SEND HIS SOUL FOREVER AND EVER TO BURNING HELL, I WOULD DO IT!

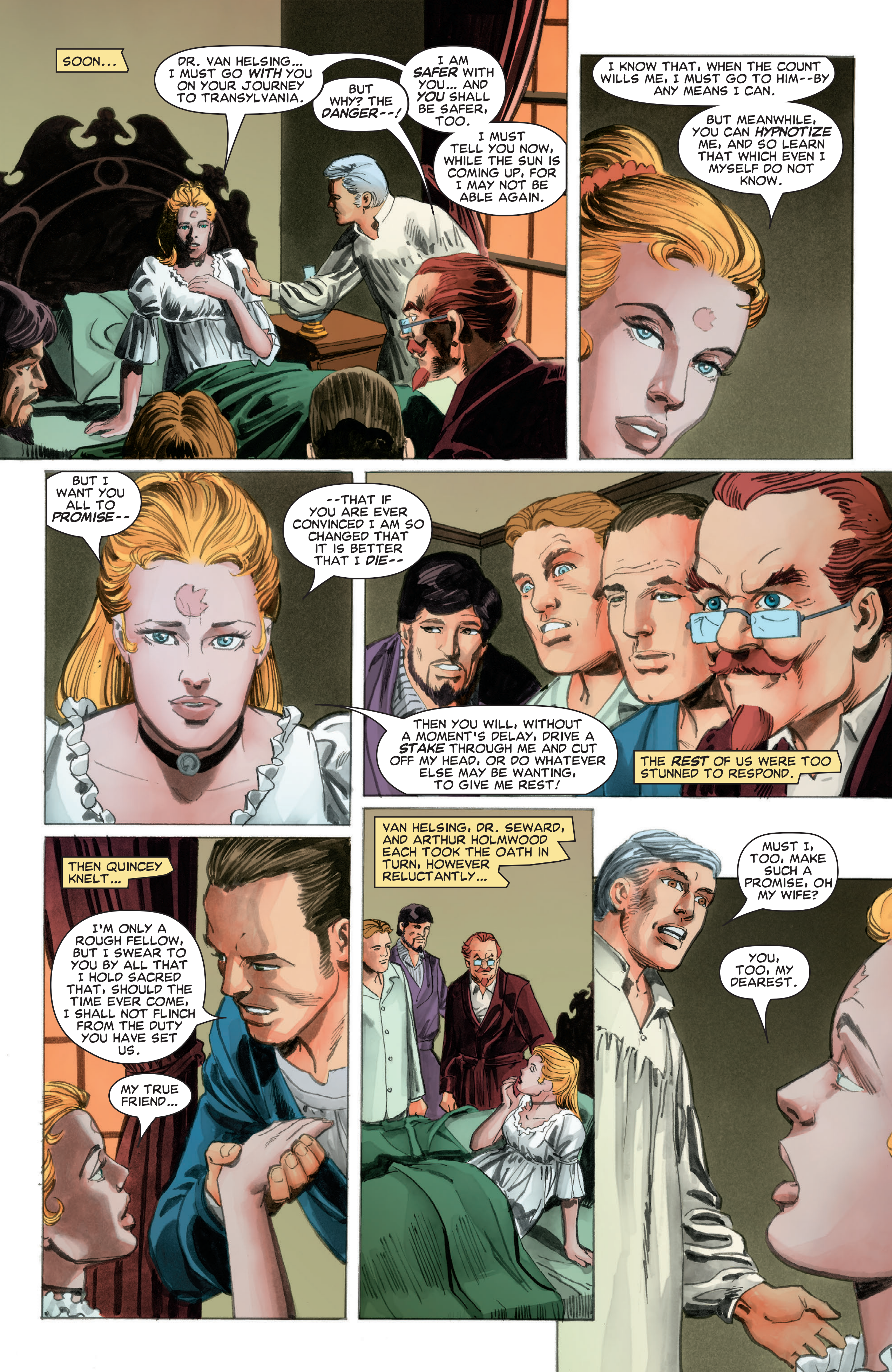

CHAPTER XIV
PURSUIT
-JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL, 2 OCTOBER, JUST BEFORE DAWN-- MINA WOKE SUDDENLY...
JONATHAN! GO CALL THE PROFESSOR! I MUST SEE HIM AT ONCE!
WITHIN MINUTES, ALL HAD HURRIED IN...
AH, I SENSE WE HAVE GOT OUR DEAR MADAM MINA, AS OF OLD, BACK WITH US TODAY.
AND WHAT AM I TO DO FOR YOU?
I WANT YOU TO HYPNOTIZE ME!
DO IT BEFORE THE DAWN, FOR I FEEL THAT THEN I CAN SPEAK, AND SPEAK FREELY.
BE QUICK, FOR THE TIME IS SHORT!
WITHOUT ASKING QUESTIONS, DR. VAN HELSING COMMENCED TO MAKE PASSES IN FRONT OF HER... AND GRADUALLY HER EYES CLOSED.
WHERE ARE YOU?
HER ANSWER CAME IN A NEUTRAL WAY...
I... DO NOT KNOW.
SLEEP HAS NO PLACE IT CAN CALL ITS OWN.

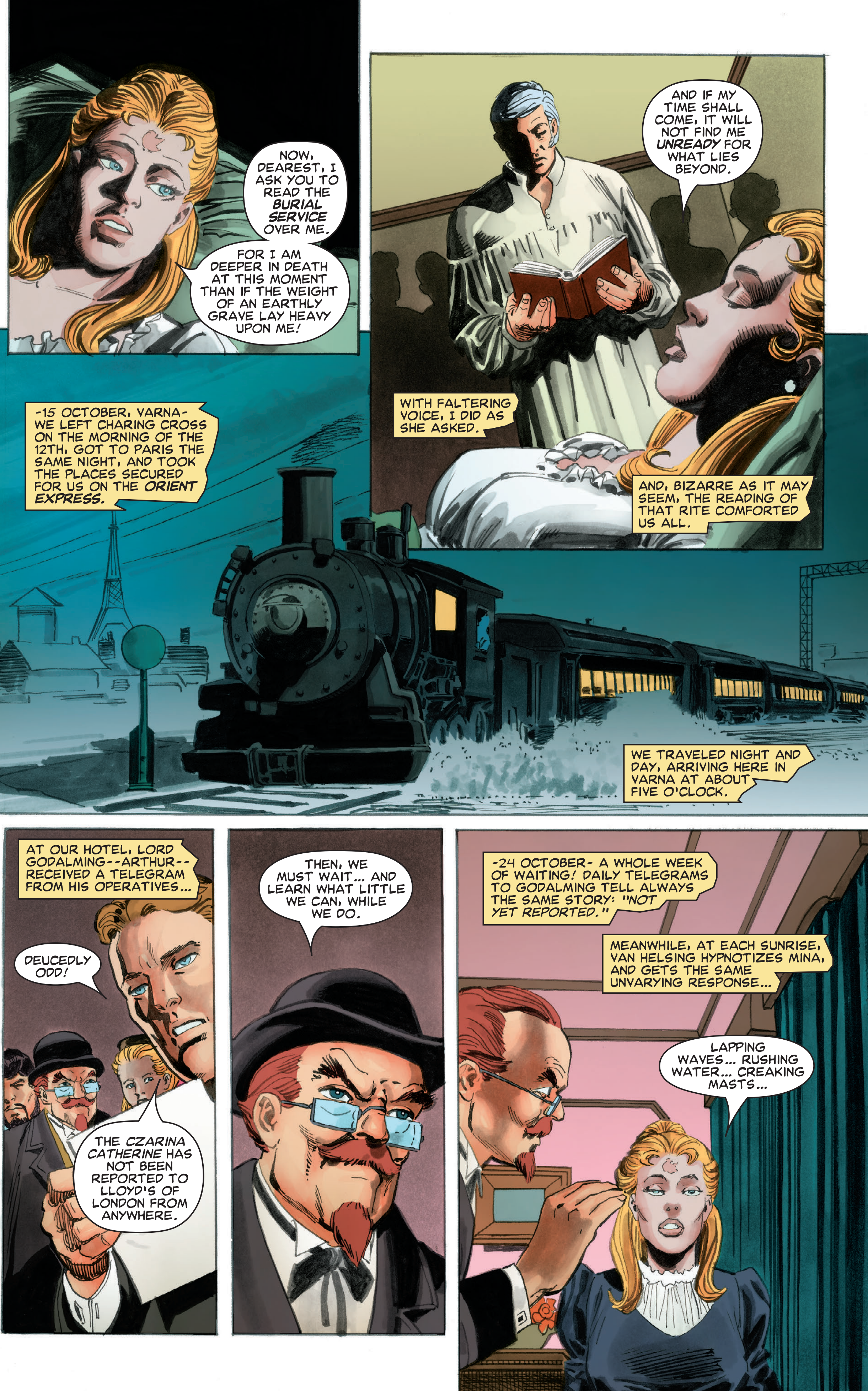

FOR A FEW MINUTES THERE WAS SILENCE, AND WE HARDLY DARED TO BREATHE. THEN...
WHERE ARE YOU *NOW?*
I CAN SEE NOTHING. IT IS ALL DARK.
WHAT DO YOU HEAR?
THE LAPPING OF WATER. IT IS GURGLING BY, AND LITTLE WAVES LEAP. I CAN HEAR THEM ON THE OUTSIDE.
THEN YOU ARE ON A SHIP?
OH, YES!
THE SOUND OF MEN STAMPING OVERHEAD AS THEY RUN ABOUT--
WHAT ELSE DO YOU HEAR?
THE CREAKING OF A CHAIN--THE LOUD TINKLE AS THE CHECK OF THE CAPSTAN FALLS INTO THE RATCHET.
WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*
I AM STILL--OH, SO STILL.
IT IS LIKE *DEATH!*
THE VOICE FADED AWAY.
THE SUN HAD RISEN AS VAN HELSING PLACED HIS HANDS ON HER SHOULDERS...
HAVE I BEEN... TALKING IN MY SLEEP?
SHE SEEMED TO KNOW THE SITUATION WITHOUT BEING TOLD.
THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE! IT MAY NOT BE YET TOO LATE!
STAY, MY FRIENDS! THE SHIP WAS WEIGHING ANCHOR WHILE SHE SPOKE...AND YOU COULD NEVER FIND ONE SHIP IN THE SO-GREAT PORT OF LONDON IN TIME.

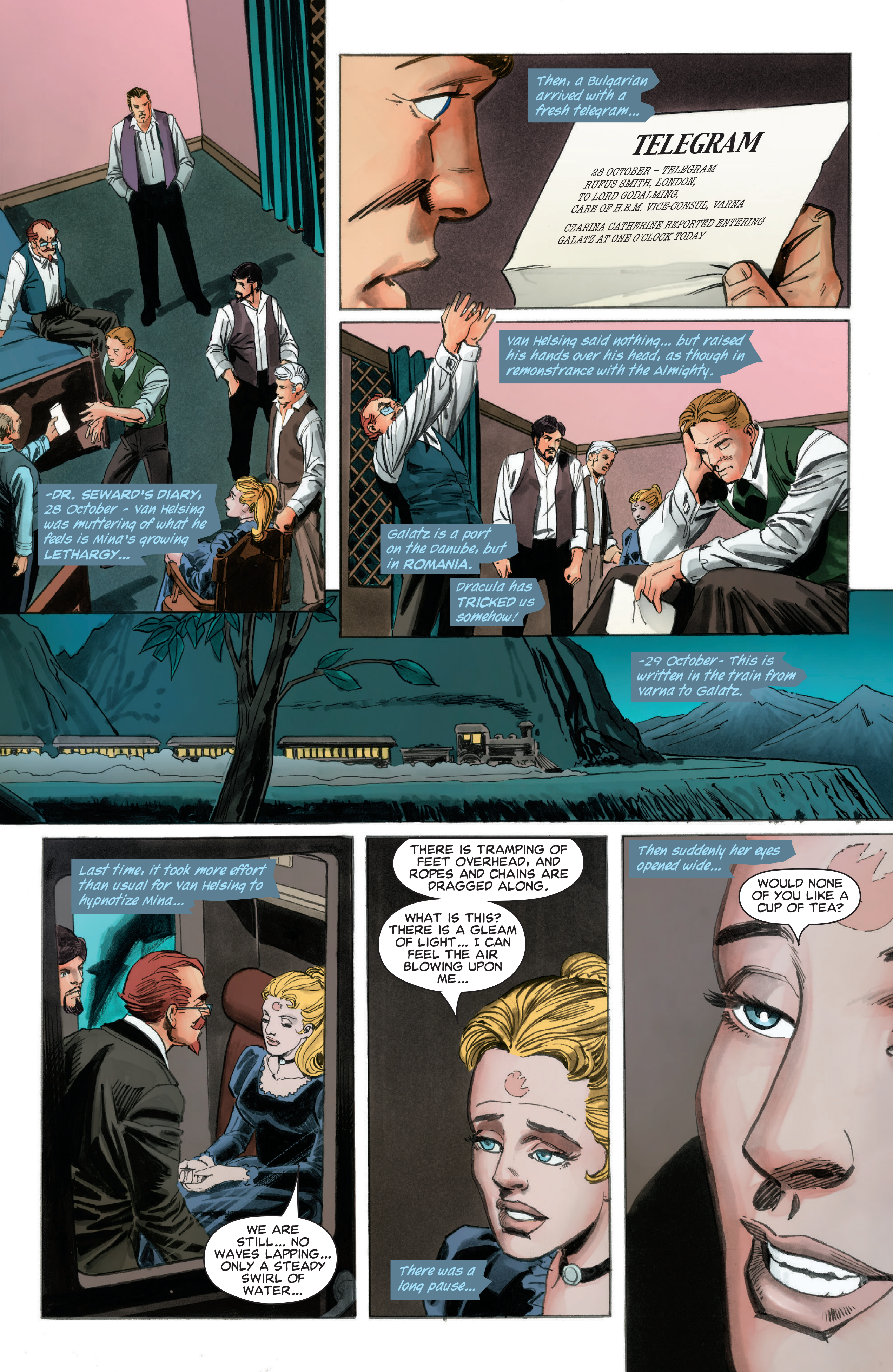

WE HAVE BEEN *BLIND* SOMEWHAT, MY FRIENDS.
THE COUNT SEIZED THAT MONEY SO HE COULD *ESCAPE*--BACK TO HIS OWN LAND--BUT WE WILL *FOLLOW* HIM!
WHY SEEK HIM FURTHER, WHEN HE HAS *GONE AWAY* FROM US?
WE *MUST* FIND HIM--BECAUSE HE CAN LIVE FOR *CENTURIES*--AND YOU ARE BUT MORTAL WOMAN.
TIME IS NOW TO BE *DREADED*--
--SINCE ONCE HE PUT THAT *MARK* UPON YOUR THROAT.
I WAS JUST IN TIME TO CATCH MINA AS SHE FELL FORWARD IN A FAINT.
-3 OCTOBER-- MINA HAD DESCRIBED SAILS BEING SET, BUT WE SOON LEARNED THAT ONLY ONE SHIP BOUND FOR THE *BLACK SEA* HAD GONE OUT WITH THE TIDE...
...AYE, THE *CZARINA CATHERINE,* WHICH SAILED FOR VARNA, AND LATER UP THE DANUBE.
THE SHIPPING-CLERK'S RETICENCE HAD VANISHED BEFORE ARTHUR'S TITLE, AND SOMETHING FROM ARTHUR'S POCKET THAT CRACKLED AS HE ROLLED IT UP.
HE SOON LEARNED FOR US THAT A *MAN ALL IN BLACK* HAD OFFERED THE CZARINA'S CAPTAIN GOOD MONEY TO GAIN PASSAGE THEREON FOR A *"GREAT BOX"...*
ONLY THING IS, MATEY, WE'LL PROBABLY ALREADY HAVE *SAILED* BY THE TIME YOUR BOX CAN BE FETCHED.

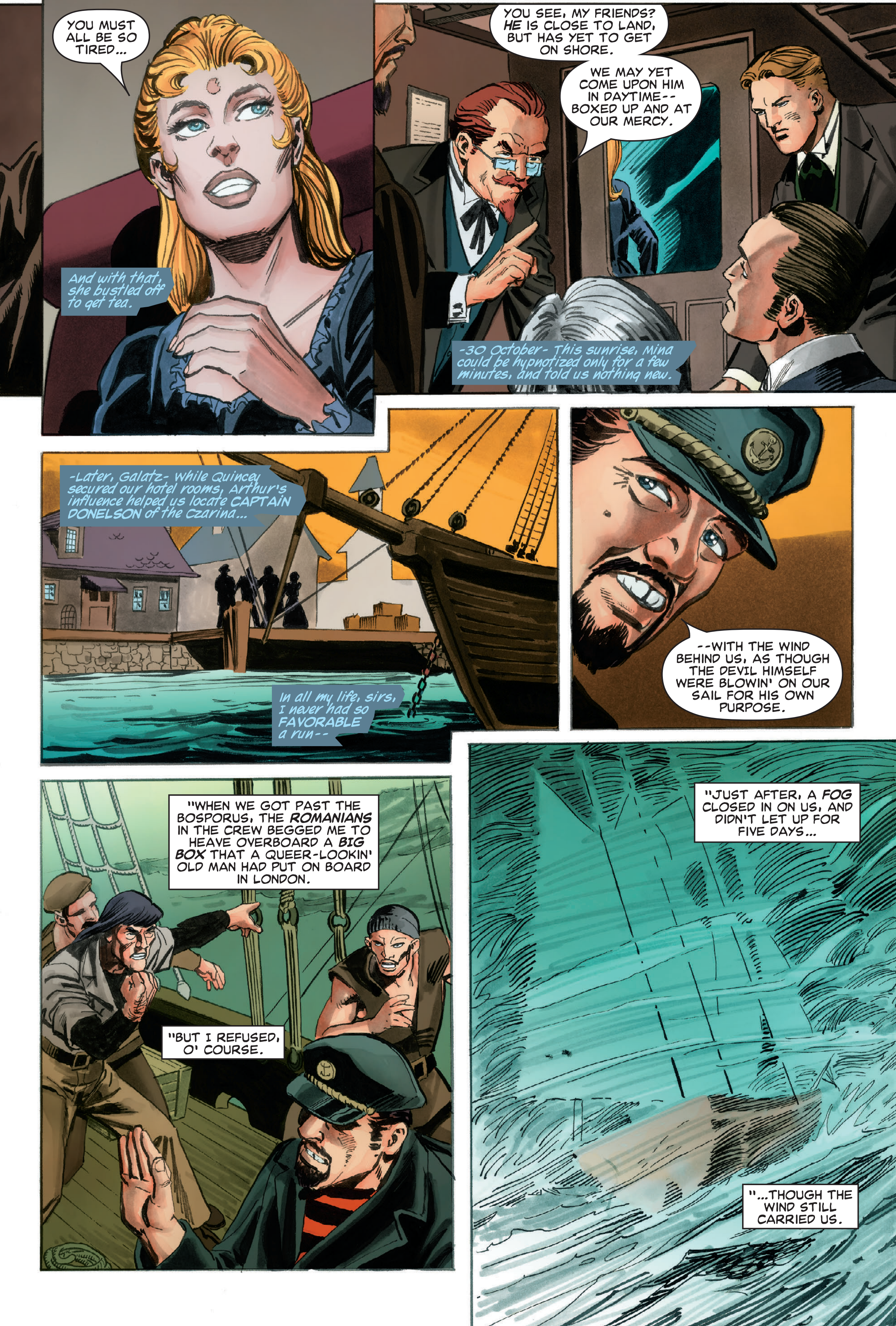

OH, I WILL BE SURPRISED IF YOU LEAVE QUITE ON SCHEDULE, CAPTAIN.
SPEAKING THUS, HE HAD DEPARTED.
BUT IT HAD SOON BECOME APPARENT TO ALL THAT THE *CZARINA CATHERINE* WOULD INDEED NOT SAIL AS EXPECTED.
A THIN ***MIST*** HAD CREPT UP FROM THE RIVER, AND BECOME A DENSE ***FOG.***
ERE LONG, THE MAN IN BLACK HAD RETURNED WITH HIS BOX... AND WITH THE PAPERS NECESSARY FOR IT TO BE TRANSPORTED.
THE SHIP WENT OUT ON THE EBB TIDE...
...THE CAPTAIN SWEARING ALL THE WHILE, FOR HE'D FOUND THAT FEW HAD SEEN ANY FOG, EXCEPT WHERE IT LAY 'ROUND THE WHARF.
...AND WE SHALL GO BY ***LAND,*** MORE QUICK, AND MEET HIM AT VARNA.
OUR BEST HOPE IS TO COME ON HIM WHEN IN THE BOX BETWEEN SUNRISE AND SUNSET, FOR THEN HE CAN MAKE NO STRUGGLE.
BUT HOW CAN WE BE SURE THE COUNT REMAINED ON BOARD THE SHIP?
YOU TOLD US THAT, IN THE HYPNOTIC TRANCE.
HE IS ON THAT SHIP!

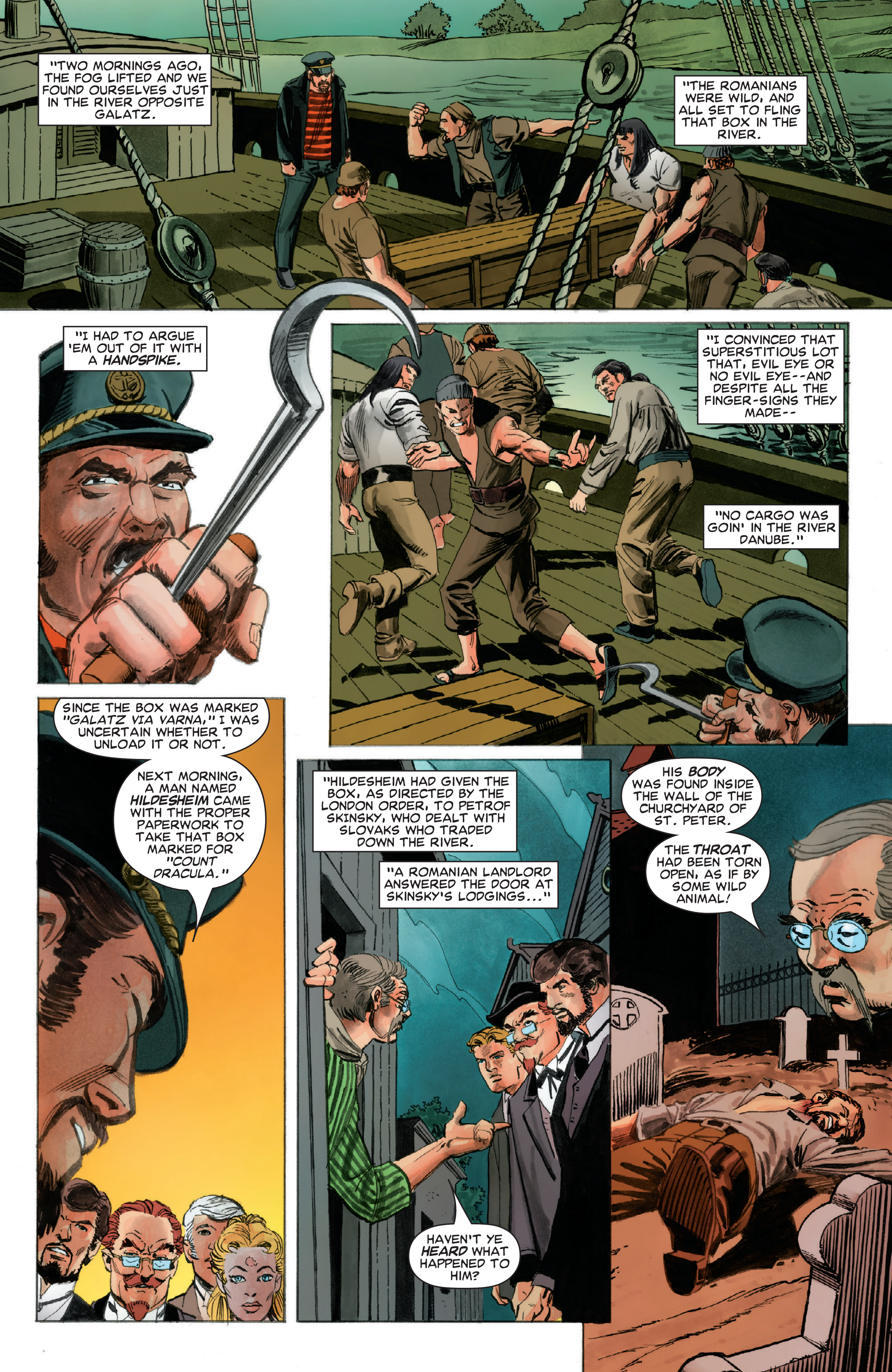

-DR. SEWARD'S DIARY, 3 October- Van Helsing came to me when I was alone...
FRIEND JOHN, I CAN SEE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE *VAMPIRE* COMING INTO OUR POOR DEAR MADAM MINA'S FACE... VERY, VERY SLIGHTLY.
A shudder ran through me, to find my worst fears endorsed.
I FEAR THAT IF SHE CAN, IN HYPNOTIC TRANCE, TELL WHAT THE COUNT SEES AND HEARS--
PERHAPS HE WHO HYPNOTIZED HER *FIRST*--WHO DRANK HER BLOOD, AND MADE HER DRINK OF HIS--
--CAN COMPEL HER MIND TO DISCLOSE TO HIM THAT WHICH SHE KNOWS.
THEN WHAT DO WE DO?
IT IS PAINFUL--BUT SHE MUST *NO MORE* BE IN ON OUR COUNCILS--BUT SIMPLY BE *GUARDED* BY US.
Just then, Jonathan Harker burst in...
DOCTORS--MINA HAS SENT ME TO SAY THAT SHE WILL NOT JOIN US LATER.
SHE THINKS IT BETTER THAT WE DISCUSS OUR MOVEMENTS WITHOUT HER PRESENCE.
Van Helsing and I looked at each other.
Does *SHE*, too, realize the danger of Dracula learning our plans through her?
-JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL, 4 OCTOBER, DAWN-- MINA WOKE ME ABOUT THE SAME TIME AS YESTERDAY...
BRING DR. VAN HELSING--HURRY!
YES, OF COURSE, DEAR.
I THOUGHT IT ANOTHER OCCASION FOR HYPNOTISM, AND RUSHED OFF TO WAKE THE PROFESSOR.

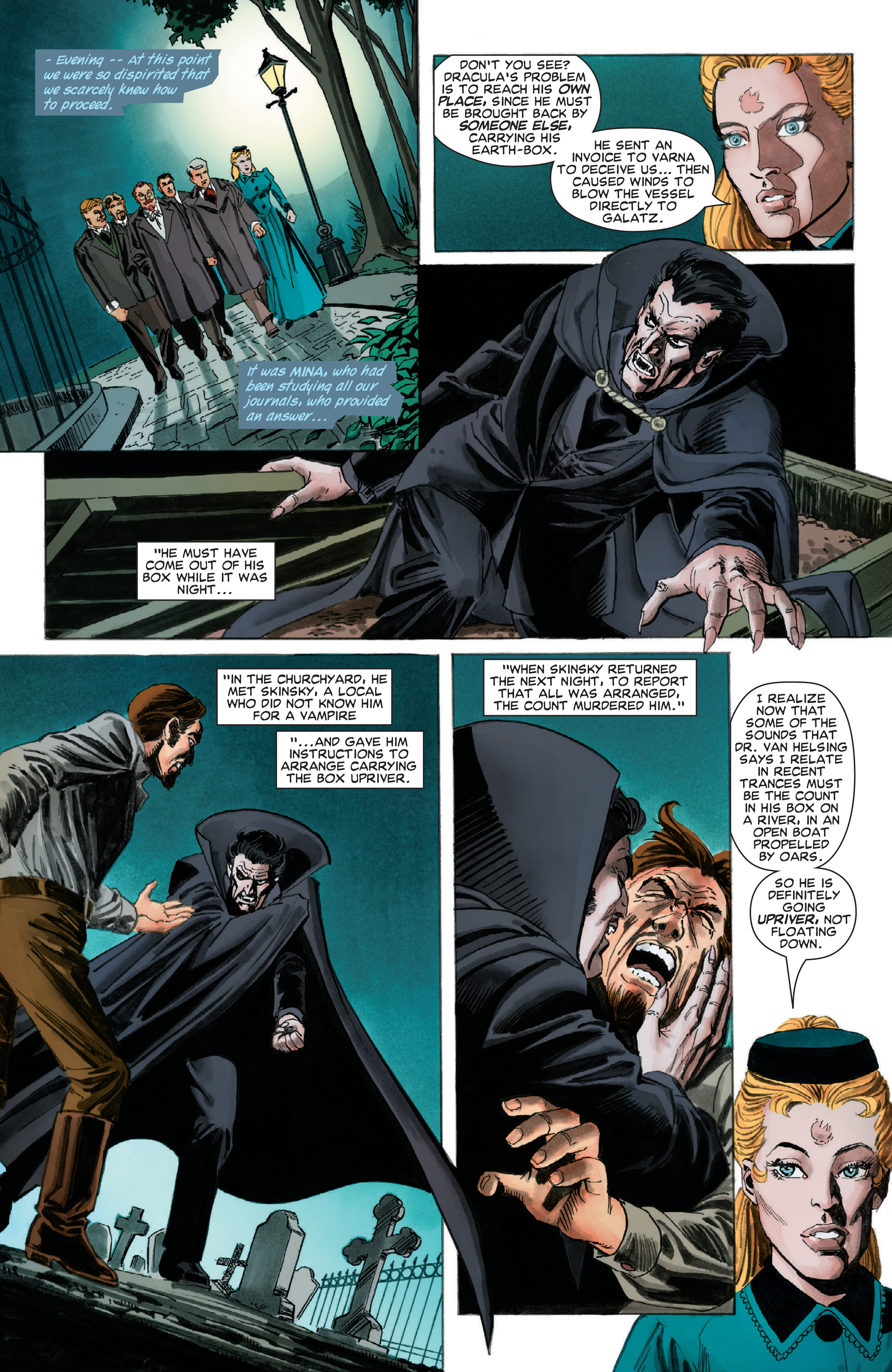

SOON...
DR. VAN HELSING... I MUST GO *WITH* YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY TO TRANSYLVANIA.
BUT WHY? THE *DANGER--!*
I AM *SAFER* WITH YOU... AND *YOU* SHALL BE SAFER, TOO.
I MUST TELL YOU NOW, WHILE THE SUN IS COMING UP, FOR I MAY NOT BE ABLE AGAIN.
I KNOW THAT, WHEN THE COUNT WILLS ME, I MUST GO TO HIM--BY ANY MEANS I CAN.
BUT MEANWHILE, YOU CAN *HYPNOTIZE* ME, AND SO LEARN THAT WHICH EVEN I MYSELF DO NOT KNOW.
BUT I WANT YOU ALL TO *PROMISE--*
--THAT IF YOU ARE EVER CONVINCED I AM SO CHANGED THAT IT IS BETTER THAT I *DIE--*
THEN YOU WILL, WITHOUT A MOMENT'S DELAY, DRIVE A *STAKE* THROUGH ME AND CUT OFF MY HEAD, OR DO WHATEVER ELSE MAY BE WANTING, TO GIVE ME REST!
THE *REST* OF US WERE TOO STUNNED TO RESPOND.
THEN QUINCEY KNELT...
I'M ONLY A ROUGH FELLOW, BUT I SWEAR TO YOU BY ALL THAT I HOLD SACRED THAT, SHOULD THE TIME EVER COME, I SHALL NOT FLINCH FROM THE DUTY YOU HAVE SET US.
MY TRUE FRIEND...
VAN HELSING, DR. SEWARD, AND ARTHUR HOLMWOOD EACH TOOK THE OATH IN TURN, HOWEVER RELUCTANTLY...
MUST I, TOO, MAKE SUCH A PROMISE, OH MY WIFE?
YOU, TOO, MY DEAREST.

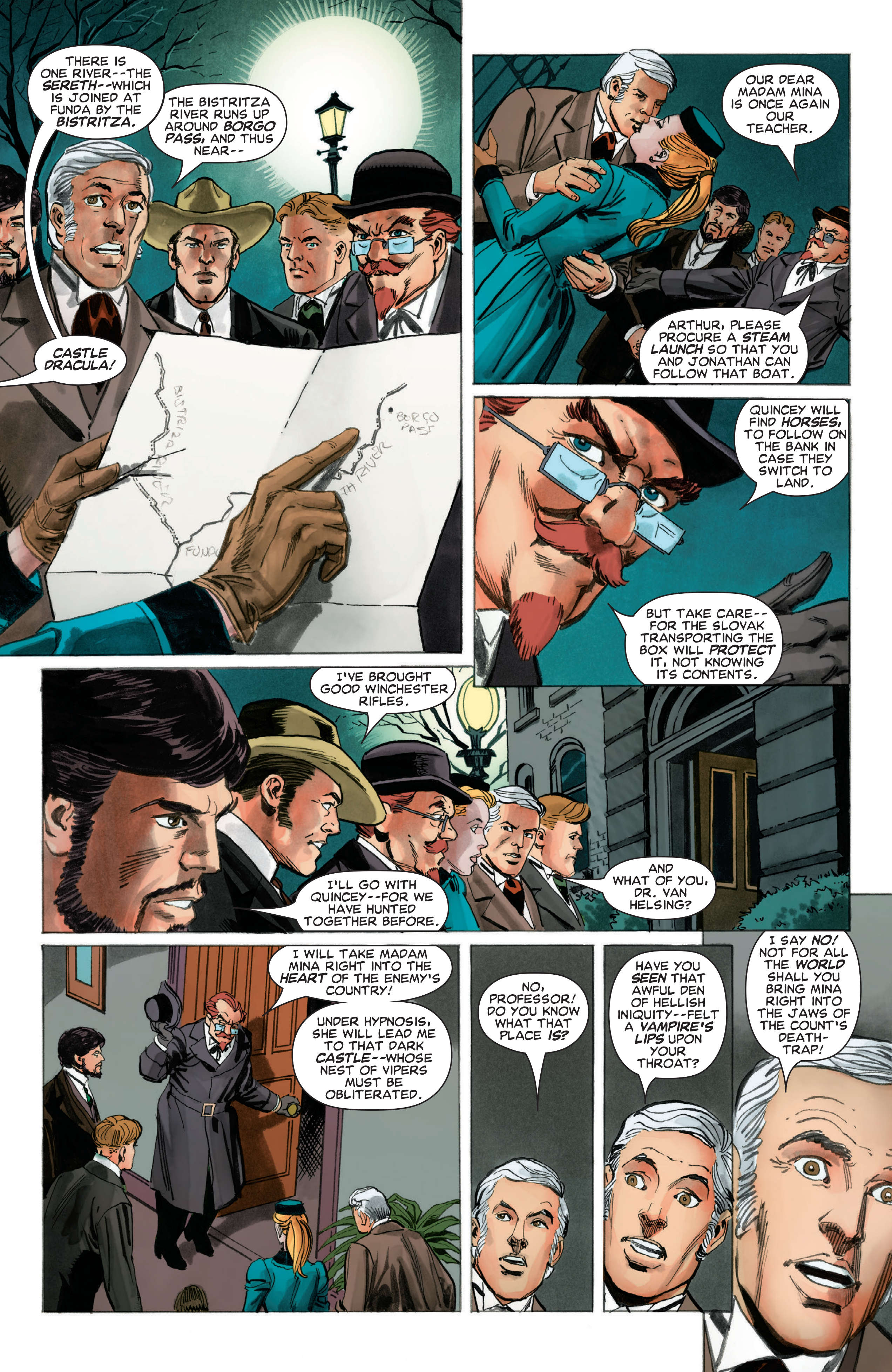

NOW, DEAREST, I ASK YOU TO READ THE ***BURIAL SERVICE*** OVER ME.
FOR I AM DEEPER IN DEATH AT THIS MOMENT THAN IF THE WEIGHT OF AN EARTHLY GRAVE LAY HEAVY UPON ME!
AND IF MY TIME SHALL COME, IT WILL NOT FIND ME ***UNREADY*** FOR WHAT LIES BEYOND.
WITH FALTERING VOICE, I DID AS SHE ASKED.
AND, BIZARRE AS IT MAY SEEM, THE READING OF THAT RITE COMFORTED US ALL.
-15 OCTOBER, VARNA- WE LEFT CHARING CROSS ON THE MORNING OF THE 12TH, GOT TO PARIS THE SAME NIGHT, AND TOOK THE PLACES SECURED FOR US ON THE ***ORIENT EXPRESS.***
WE TRAVELED NIGHT AND DAY, ARRIVING HERE IN VARNA AT ABOUT FIVE O'CLOCK.
AT OUR HOTEL, LORD GODALMING--ARTHUR--RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM HIS OPERATIVES...
DEUCEDLY ODD!
THE *CZARINA CATHERINE* HAS NOT BEEN REPORTED TO LLOYD'S OF LONDON FROM ANYWHERE.
THEN, WE MUST WAIT... AND LEARN WHAT LITTLE WE CAN, WHILE WE DO.
-24 OCTOBER- A WHOLE WEEK OF WAITING! DAILY TELEGRAMS TO GODALMING TELL ALWAYS THE SAME STORY: *"NOT YET REPORTED."*
MEANWHILE, AT EACH SUNRISE, VAN HELSING HYPNOTIZES MINA, AND GETS THE SAME UNVARYING RESPONSE...
LAPPING WAVES... RUSHING WATER... CREAKING MASTS...


-DR. SEWARD'S DIARY, 28 October - Van Helsing was muttering of what he feels is Mina's growing LETHARGY...
Then, a Bulgarian arrived with a fresh telegram...
TELEGRAM
28 OCTOBER – TELEGRAM RUFUS SMITH, LONDON, TO LORD GODALMING, CARE OF H.B.M. VICE-CONSUL, VARNA
CZARINA CATHERINE REPORTED ENTERING GALATZ AT ONE O'CLOCK TODAY
Van Helsing said nothing... but raised his hands over his head, as though in remonstrance with the Almighty.
Galatz is a port on the Danube, but in ROMANIA.
Dracula has TRICKED us somehow!
-29 October- This is written in the train from Varna to Galatz.
Last time, it took more effort than usual for Van Helsing to hypnotize Mina...
WE ARE STILL... NO WAVES LAPPING... ONLY A STEADY SWIRL OF WATER...
THERE IS TRAMPING OF FEET OVERHEAD, AND ROPES AND CHAINS ARE DRAGGED ALONG.
WHAT IS THIS? THERE IS A GLEAM OF LIGHT... I CAN FEEL THE AIR BLOWING UPON ME...
There was a long pause...
Then suddenly her eyes opened wide...
WOULD NONE OF YOU LIKE A CUP OF TEA?


YOU MUST ALL BE SO TIRED...
And with that, she bustled off to get tea.
YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS? **HE** IS CLOSE TO LAND, BUT HAS YET TO GET ON SHORE.
WE MAY YET COME UPON HIM IN DAYTIME--BOXED UP AND AT OUR MERCY.
-30 October- This sunrise, Mina could be hypnotized only for a few minutes, and told us nothing new.
-Later, Galatz- While Quincey secured our hotel rooms, Arthur's influence helped us locate **CAPTAIN DONELSON** of the Czarina...
In all my life, sirs, I never had so **FAVORABLE** a run--
--WITH THE WIND BEHIND US, AS THOUGH THE DEVIL HIMSELF WERE BLOWIN' ON OUR SAIL FOR HIS OWN PURPOSE.
"WHEN WE GOT PAST THE BOSPORUS, THE **ROMANIANS** IN THE CREW BEGGED ME TO HEAVE OVERBOARD A **BIG BOX** THAT A QUEER-LOOKIN' OLD MAN HAD PUT ON BOARD IN LONDON.
"BUT I REFUSED, O' COURSE.
"JUST AFTER, A **FOG** CLOSED IN ON US, AND DIDN'T LET UP FOR FIVE DAYS...
"...THOUGH THE WIND STILL CARRIED US.

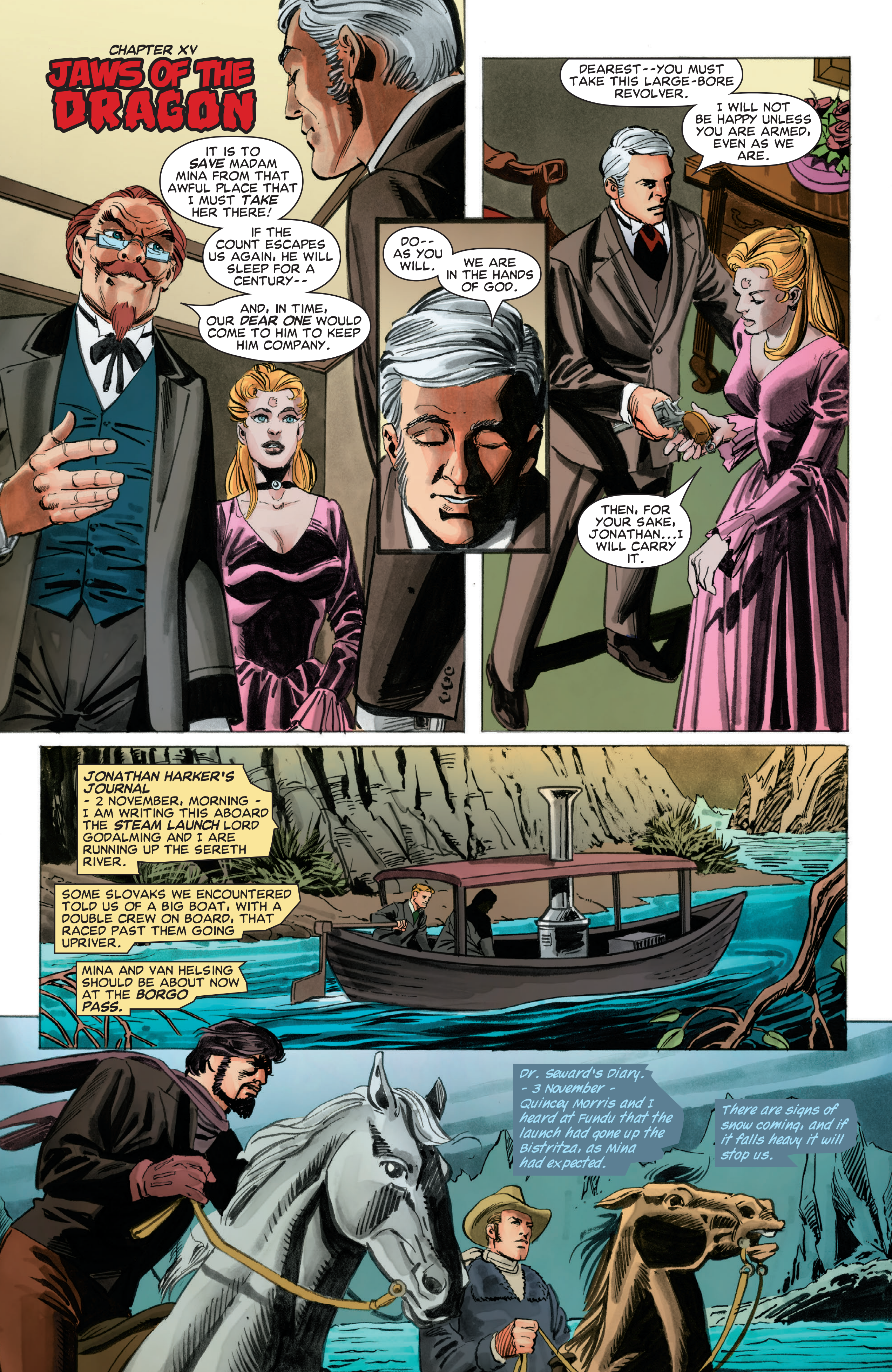

"TWO MORNINGS AGO, THE FOG LIFTED AND WE FOUND OURSELVES JUST IN THE RIVER OPPOSITE GALATZ.
"THE ROMANIANS WERE WILD, AND ALL SET TO FLING THAT BOX IN THE RIVER.
"I HAD TO ARGUE 'EM OUT OF IT WITH A *HANDSPIKE.*
"I CONVINCED THAT SUPERSTITIOUS LOT THAT, EVIL EYE OR NO EVIL EYE--AND DESPITE ALL THE FINGER-SIGNS THEY MADE--
"NO CARGO WAS GOIN' IN THE RIVER DANUBE."
SINCE THE BOX WAS MARKED *"GALATZ VIA VARNA,"* I WAS UNCERTAIN WHETHER TO UNLOAD IT OR NOT.
NEXT MORNING, A MAN NAMED ***HILDESHEIM*** CAME WITH THE PROPER PAPERWORK TO TAKE THAT BOX MARKED FOR *"COUNT DRACULA."*
"HILDESHEIM HAD GIVEN THE BOX, AS DIRECTED BY THE LONDON ORDER, TO PETROF SKINSKY, WHO DEALT WITH SLOVAKS WHO TRADED DOWN THE RIVER.
"A ROMANIAN LANDLORD ANSWERED THE DOOR AT SKINSKY'S LODGINGS..."
HAVEN'T YE ***HEARD*** WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
HIS ***BODY*** WAS FOUND INSIDE THE WALL OF THE CHURCHYARD OF ST. PETER.
THE ***THROAT*** HAD BEEN TORN OPEN, AS IF BY SOME WILD ANIMAL!

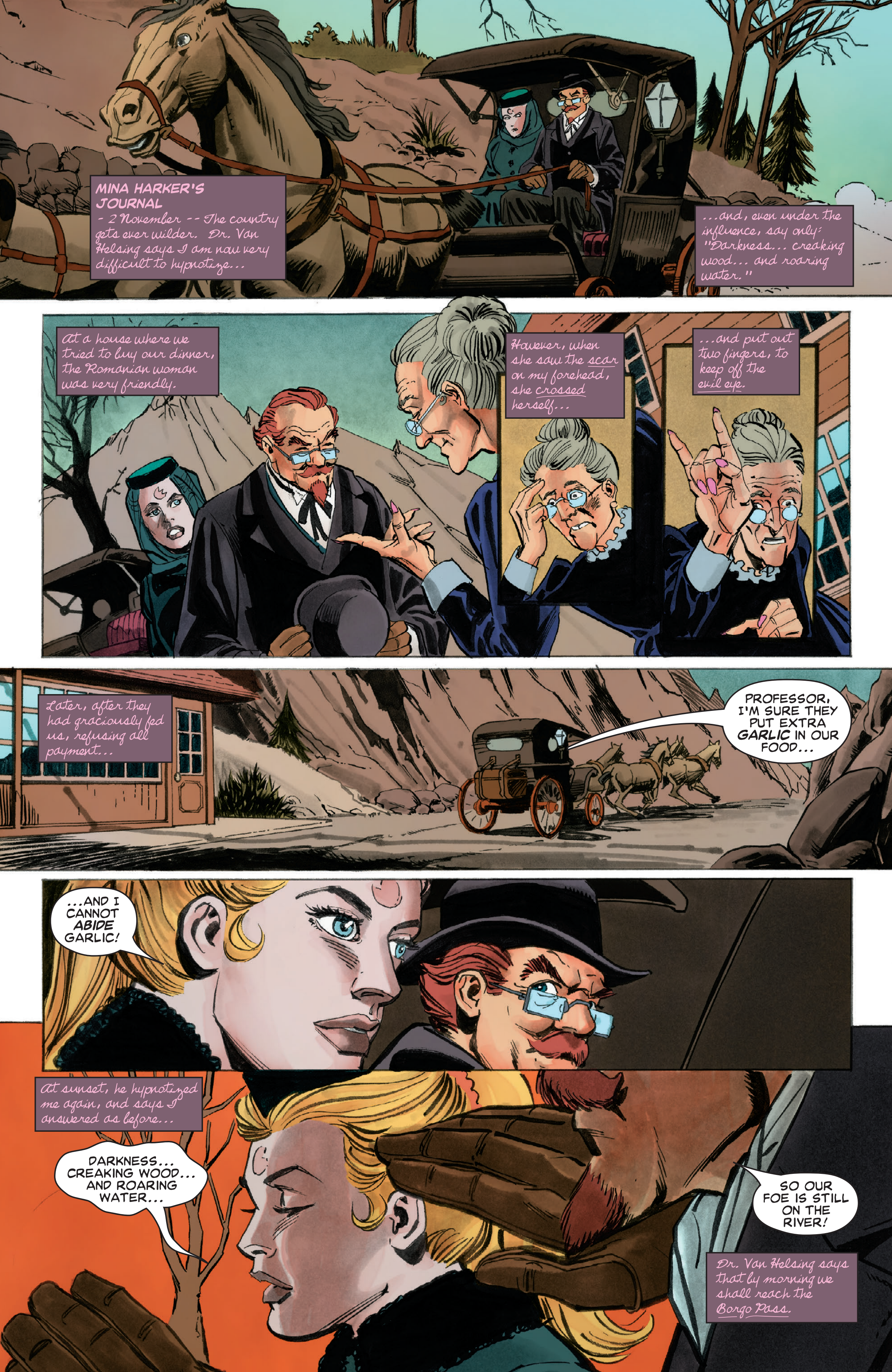

- Evening -- At this point we were so dispirited that we scarcely knew how to proceed.
It was MINA, who had been studying all our journals, who provided an answer...
DON'T YOU SEE? DRACULA'S PROBLEM IS TO REACH HIS OWN PLACE, SINCE HE MUST BE BROUGHT BACK BY SOMEONE ELSE, CARRYING HIS EARTH-BOX.
HE SENT AN INVOICE TO VARNA TO DECEIVE US... THEN CAUSED WINDS TO BLOW THE VESSEL DIRECTLY TO GALATZ.
"HE MUST HAVE COME OUT OF HIS BOX WHILE IT WAS NIGHT...
"IN THE CHURCHYARD, HE MET SKINSKY, A LOCAL WHO DID NOT KNOW HIM FOR A VAMPIRE
"...AND GAVE HIM INSTRUCTIONS TO ARRANGE CARRYING THE BOX UPRIVER.
"WHEN SKINSKY RETURNED THE NEXT NIGHT, TO REPORT THAT ALL WAS ARRANGED, THE COUNT MURDERED HIM."
I REALIZE NOW THAT SOME OF THE SOUNDS THAT DR. VAN HELSING SAYS I RELATE IN RECENT TRANCES MUST BE THE COUNT IN HIS BOX ON A RIVER, IN AN OPEN BOAT PROPELLED BY OARS.
SO HE IS DEFINITELY GOING UPRIVER, NOT FLOATING DOWN.

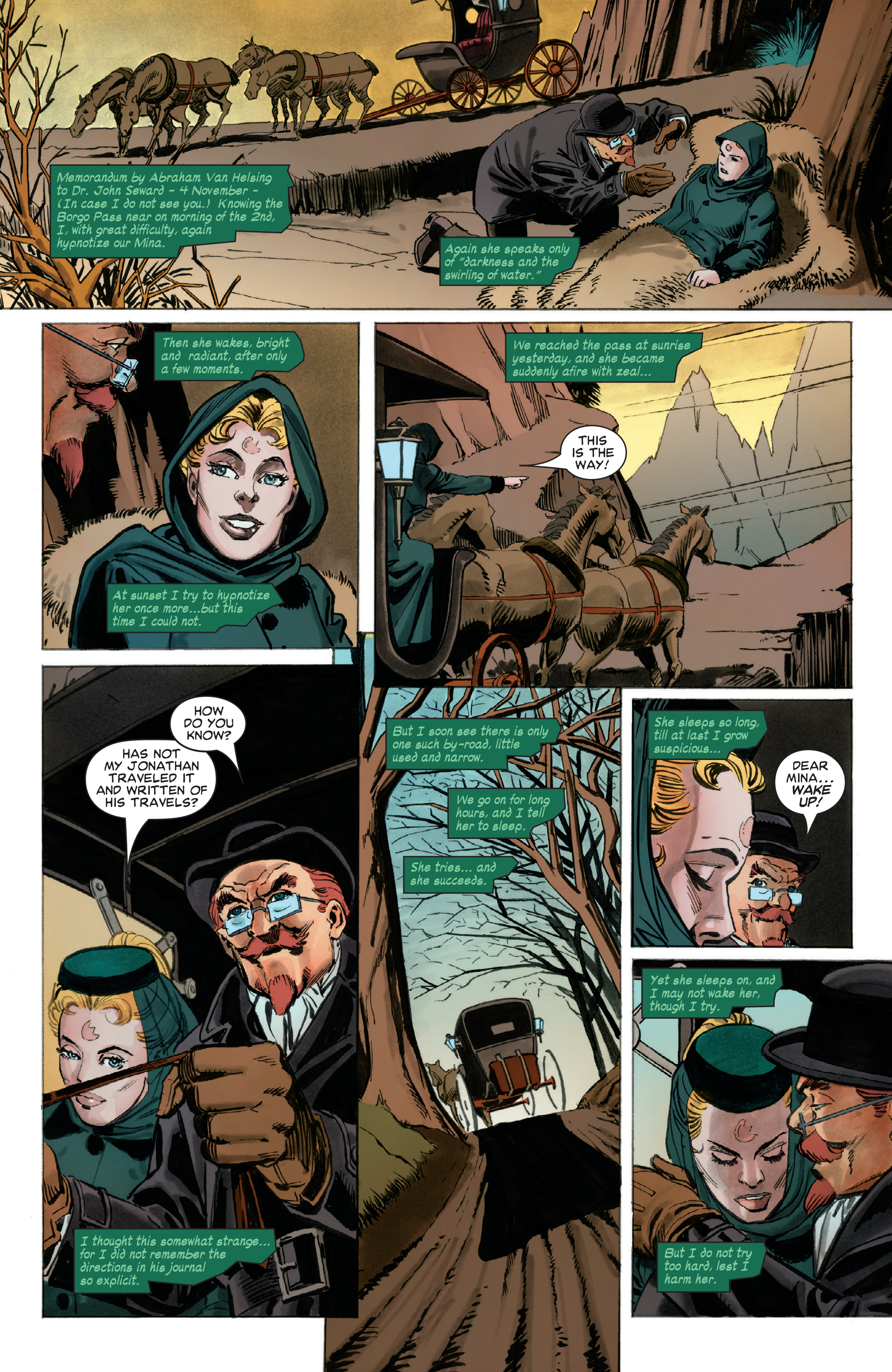

THERE IS ONE RIVER--THE *SERETH*--WHICH IS JOINED AT FUNDA BY THE *BISTRITZA.*
THE BISTRITZA RIVER RUNS UP AROUND *BORGO PASS,* AND THUS NEAR--
CASTLE DRACULA!
BISTRITZA RIVER
BORGO PASS
OUR DEAR MADAM MINA IS ONCE AGAIN OUR TEACHER.
ARTHUR, PLEASE PROCURE A *STEAM LAUNCH* SO THAT YOU AND JONATHAN CAN FOLLOW THAT BOAT.
QUINCEY WILL FIND *HORSES,* TO FOLLOW ON THE BANK IN CASE THEY SWITCH TO LAND.
BUT TAKE CARE--FOR THE SLOVAK TRANSPORTING THE BOX WILL *PROTECT* IT, NOT KNOWING ITS CONTENTS.
I'VE BROUGHT GOOD WINCHESTER RIFLES.
I'LL GO WITH QUINCEY--FOR WE HAVE HUNTED TOGETHER BEFORE.
AND WHAT OF YOU, DR. VAN HELSING?
I WILL TAKE MADAM MINA RIGHT INTO THE *HEART* OF THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY!
UNDER HYPNOSIS, SHE WILL LEAD ME TO THAT DARK *CASTLE*--WHOSE NEST OF VIPERS MUST BE OBLITERATED.
NO, PROFESSOR! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT PLACE *IS?*
HAVE YOU *SEEN* THAT AWFUL DEN OF HELLISH INIQUITY--FELT A *VAMPIRE'S LIPS* UPON YOUR THROAT?
I SAY *NO!* NOT FOR ALL THE *WORLD* SHALL YOU BRING MINA RIGHT INTO THE JAWS OF THE COUNT'S DEATH-TRAP!

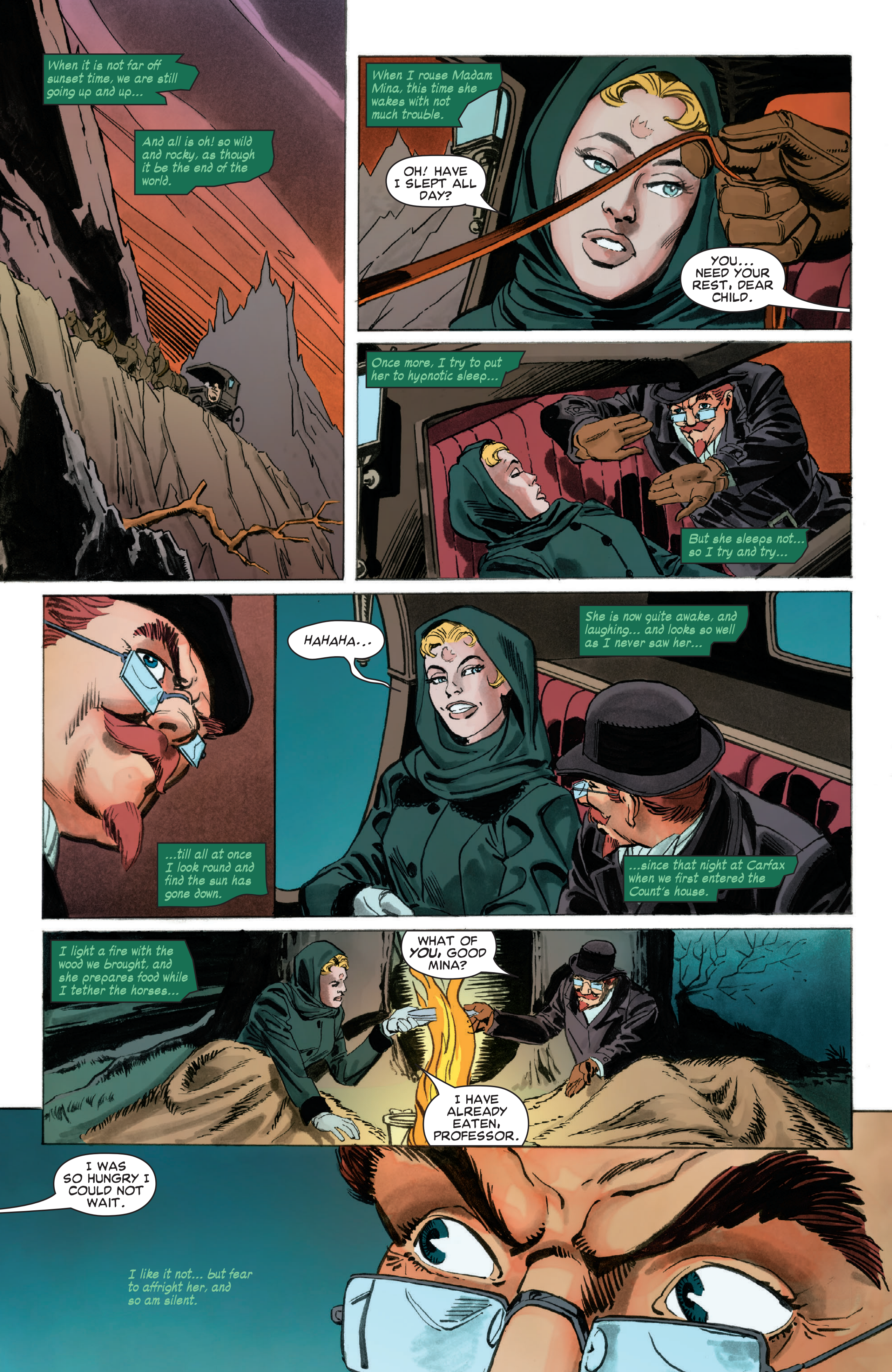
CHAPTER XV

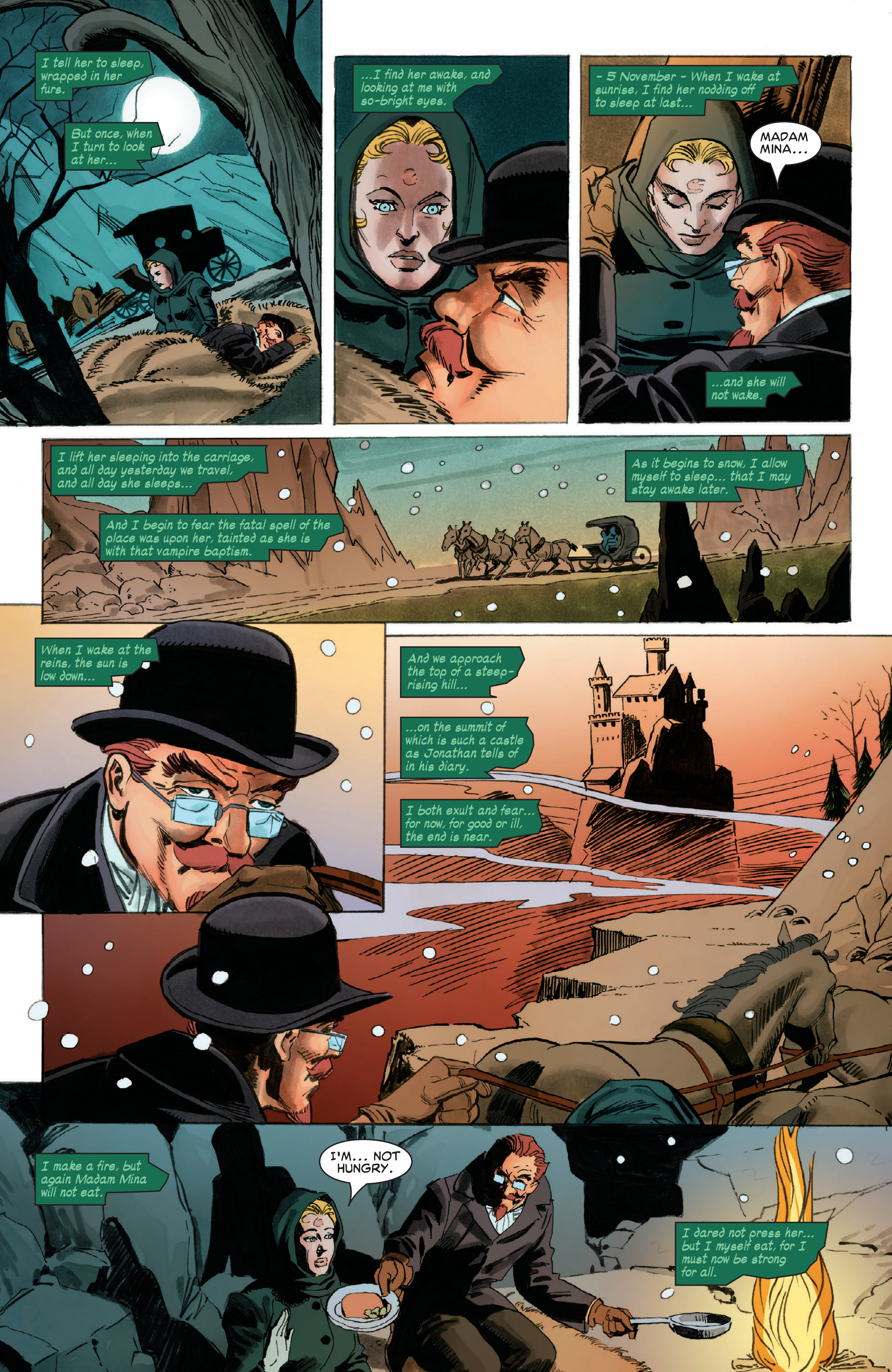
JAWS OF THE DRAGON

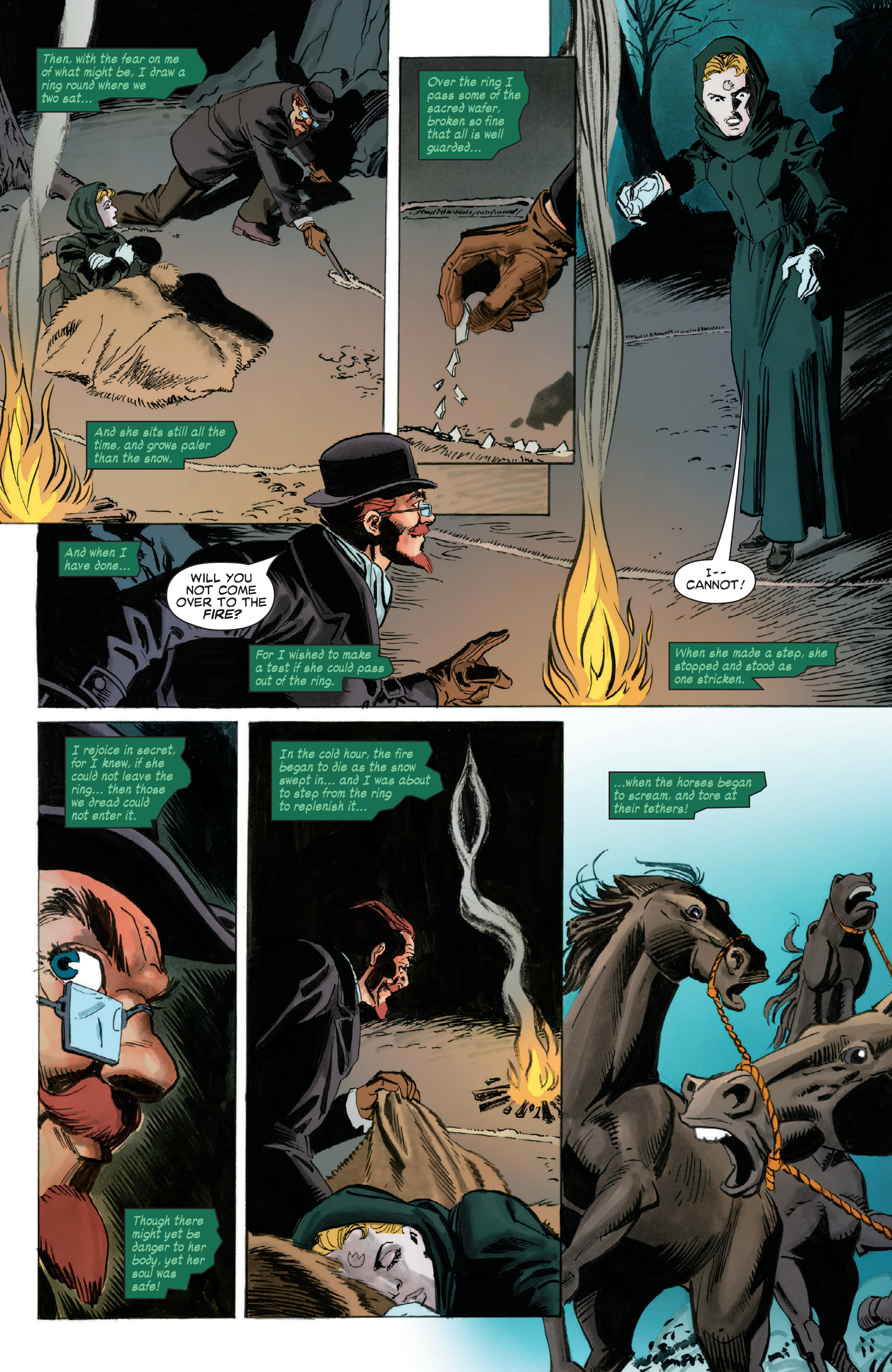

IT IS TO *SAVE* MADAM MINA FROM THAT AWFUL PLACE THAT I MUST *TAKE* HER THERE!
IF THE COUNT ESCAPES US AGAIN, HE WILL SLEEP FOR A CENTURY--
AND, IN TIME, OUR *DEAR ONE* WOULD COME TO HIM TO KEEP HIM COMPANY.
DO-- AS YOU WILL.
WE ARE IN THE HANDS OF GOD.
DEAREST--YOU MUST TAKE THIS LARGE-BORE REVOLVER.
I WILL NOT BE HAPPY UNLESS YOU ARE ARMED, EVEN AS WE ARE.
THEN, FOR YOUR SAKE, JONATHAN...I WILL CARRY IT.
JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL - 2 NOVEMBER, MORNING - I AM WRITING THIS ABOARD THE *STEAM LAUNCH* LORD GODALMING AND I ARE RUNNING UP THE SERETH RIVER.
SOME SLOVAKS WE ENCOUNTERED TOLD US OF A BIG BOAT, WITH A DOUBLE CREW ON BOARD, THAT RACED PAST THEM GOING UPRIVER.
MINA AND VAN HELSING SHOULD BE ABOUT NOW AT THE *BORGO PASS.*
Dr. Seward's Diary. - 3 November - Quincey Morris and I heard at Fundu that the launch had gone up the Bistritza, as Mina had expected.
There are signs of snow coming, and if it falls heavy it will stop us.

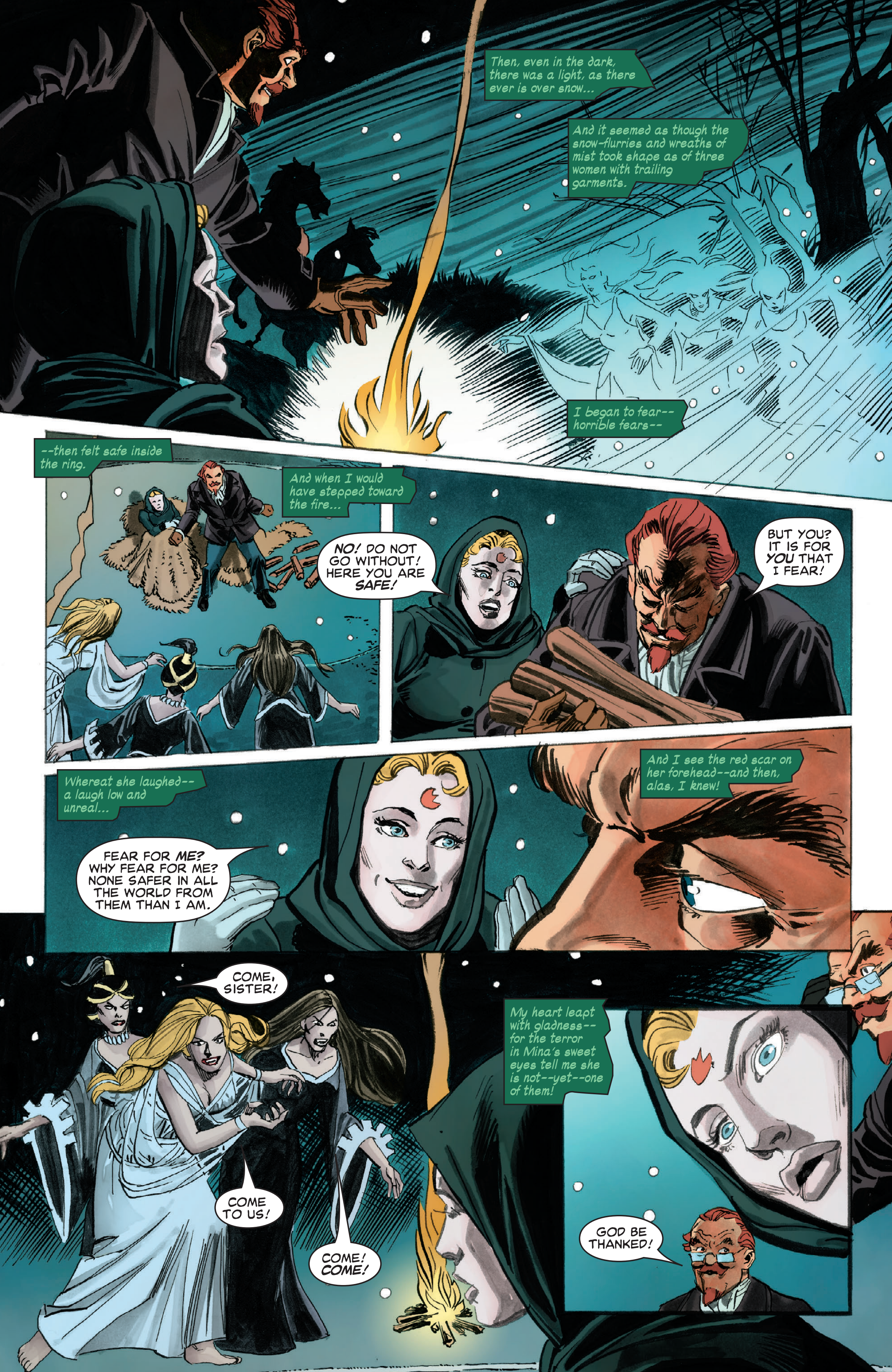

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
- 2 November -- The country gets ever wilder. Dr. Van Helsing says I am now very difficult to hypnotize...
...and, even under the influence, say only: "Darkness... creaking wood... and roaring water."
At a house where we tried to buy our dinner, the Romanian woman was very friendly.
However, when she saw the scar on my forehead, she crossed herself...
...and put out two fingers, to keep off the evil eye.
Later, after they had graciously fed us, refusing all payment...
PROFESSOR, I'M SURE THEY PUT EXTRA GARLIC IN OUR FOOD...
...AND I CANNOT ABIDE GARLIC!
At sunset, he hypnotized me again, and says I answered as before...
DARKNESS... CREAKING WOOD... AND ROARING WATER...
SO OUR FOE IS STILL ON THE RIVER!
Dr. Van Helsing says that by morning we shall reach the Borgo Pass.

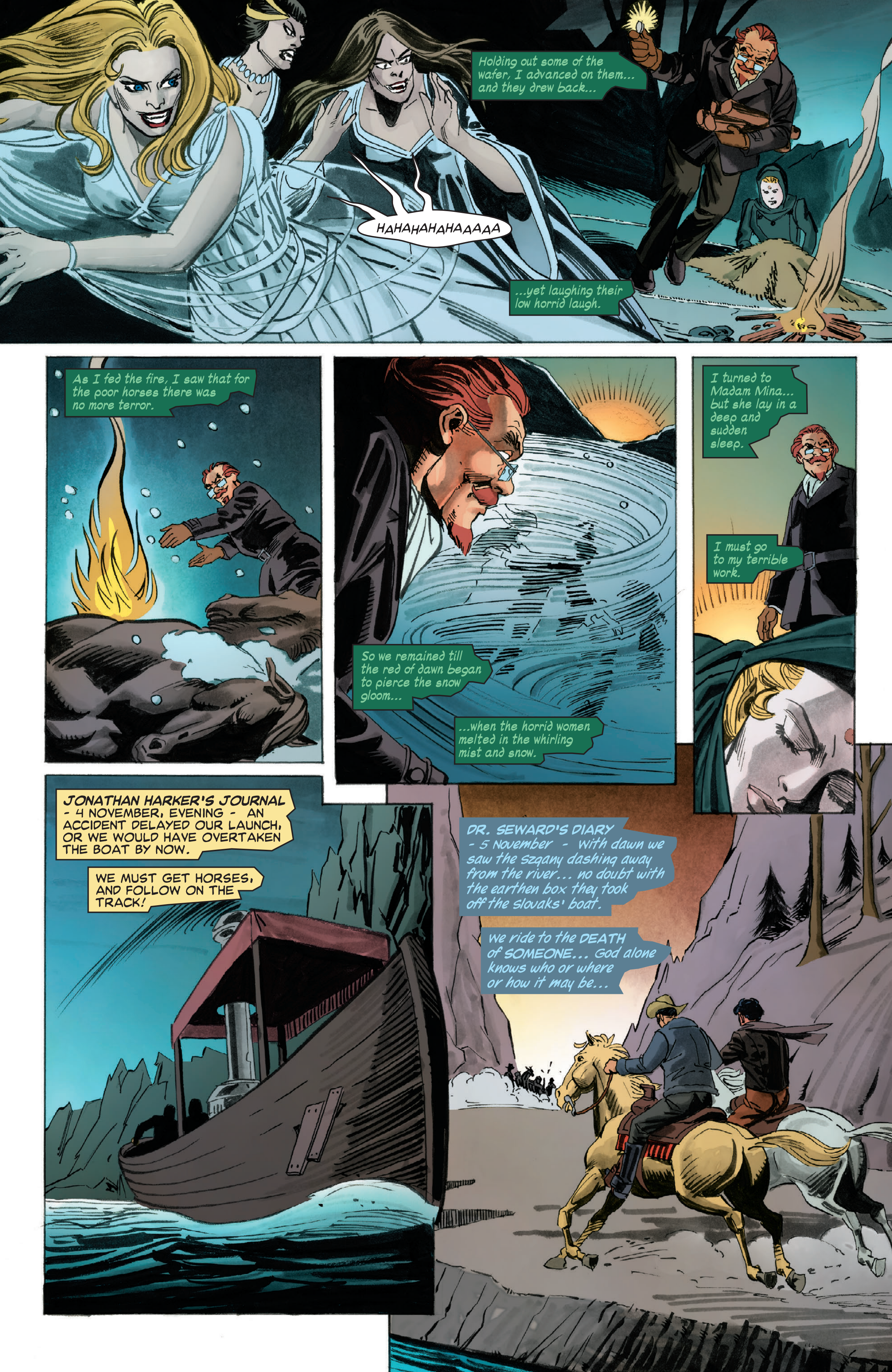

Memorandum by Abraham Van Helsing to Dr. John Seward - 4 November - (In case I do not see you.) Knowing the Borgo Pass near on morning of the 2nd, I, with great difficulty, again hypnotize our Mina.
Again she speaks only of "darkness and the swirling of water."
Then she wakes, bright and radiant, after only a few moments.
At sunset I try to hypnotize her once more...but this time I could not.
We reached the pass at sunrise yesterday, and she became suddenly afire with zeal...
THIS IS THE WAY!
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
HAS NOT MY JONATHAN TRAVELED IT AND WRITTEN OF HIS TRAVELS?
I thought this somewhat strange... for I did not remember the directions in his journal so explicit.
But I soon see there is only one such by-road, little used and narrow.
We go on for long hours, and I tell her to sleep.
She tries... and she succeeds.
She sleeps so long, till at last I grow suspicious...
DEAR MINA... WAKE UP!
Yet she sleeps on, and I may not wake her, though I try.
But I do not try too hard, lest I harm her.

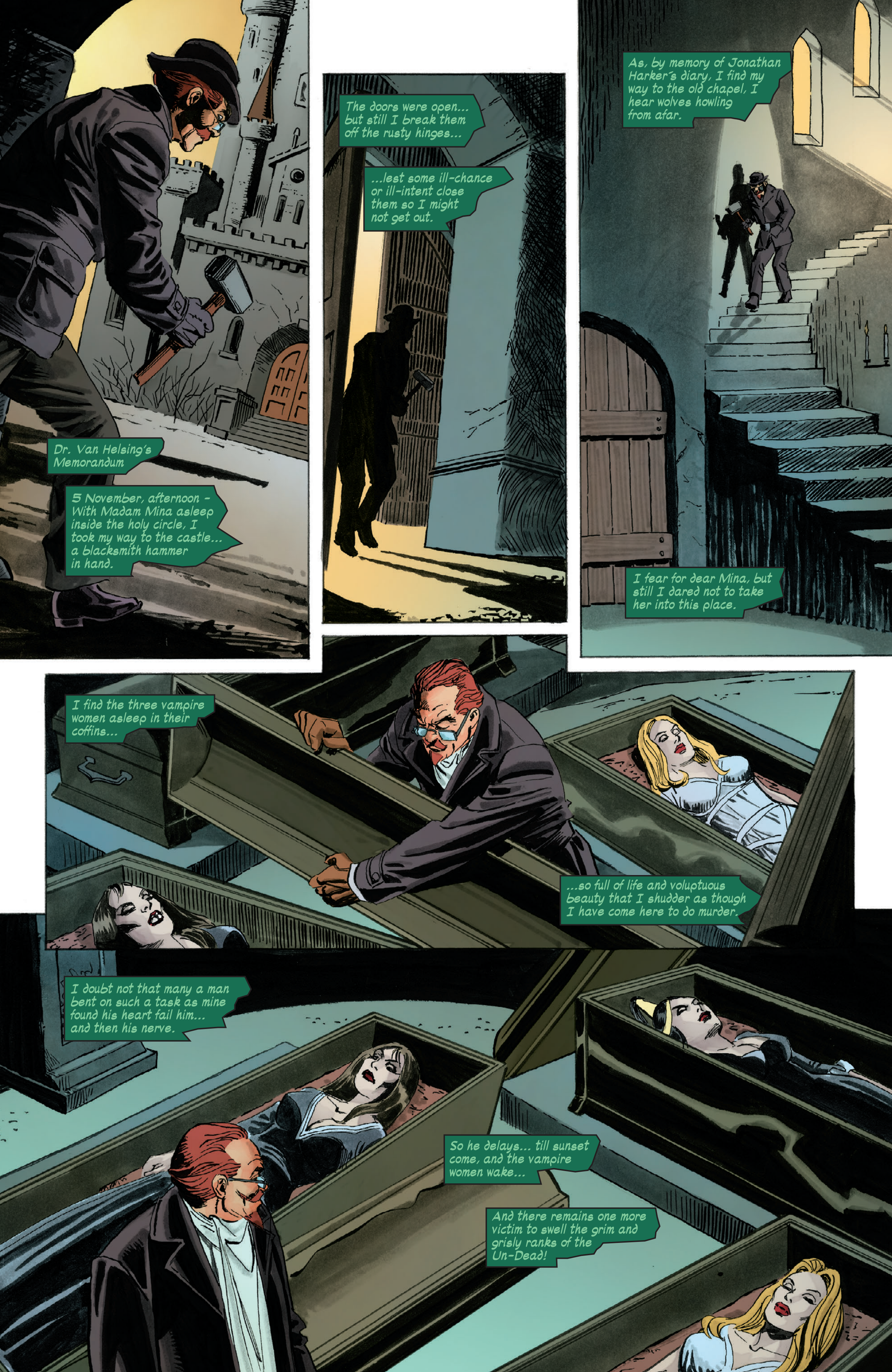

When it is not far off sunset time, we are still going up and up...
And all is oh! so wild and rocky, as though it be the end of the world.
When I rouse Madam Mina, this time she wakes with not much trouble.
OH! HAVE I SLEPT ALL DAY?
YOU... NEED YOUR REST, DEAR CHILD.
Once more, I try to put her to hypnotic sleep...
But she sleeps not... so I try and try...
...till all at once I look round and find the sun has gone down.
HAHAHA...
She is now quite awake, and laughing... and looks so well as I never saw her...
...since that night at Carfax when we first entered the Count's house.
I light a fire with the wood we brought, and she prepares food while I tether the horses...
WHAT OF *YOU*, GOOD MINA?
I HAVE ALREADY EATEN, PROFESSOR.
I WAS SO HUNGRY I COULD NOT WAIT.
I like it not... but fear to affright her, and so am silent.

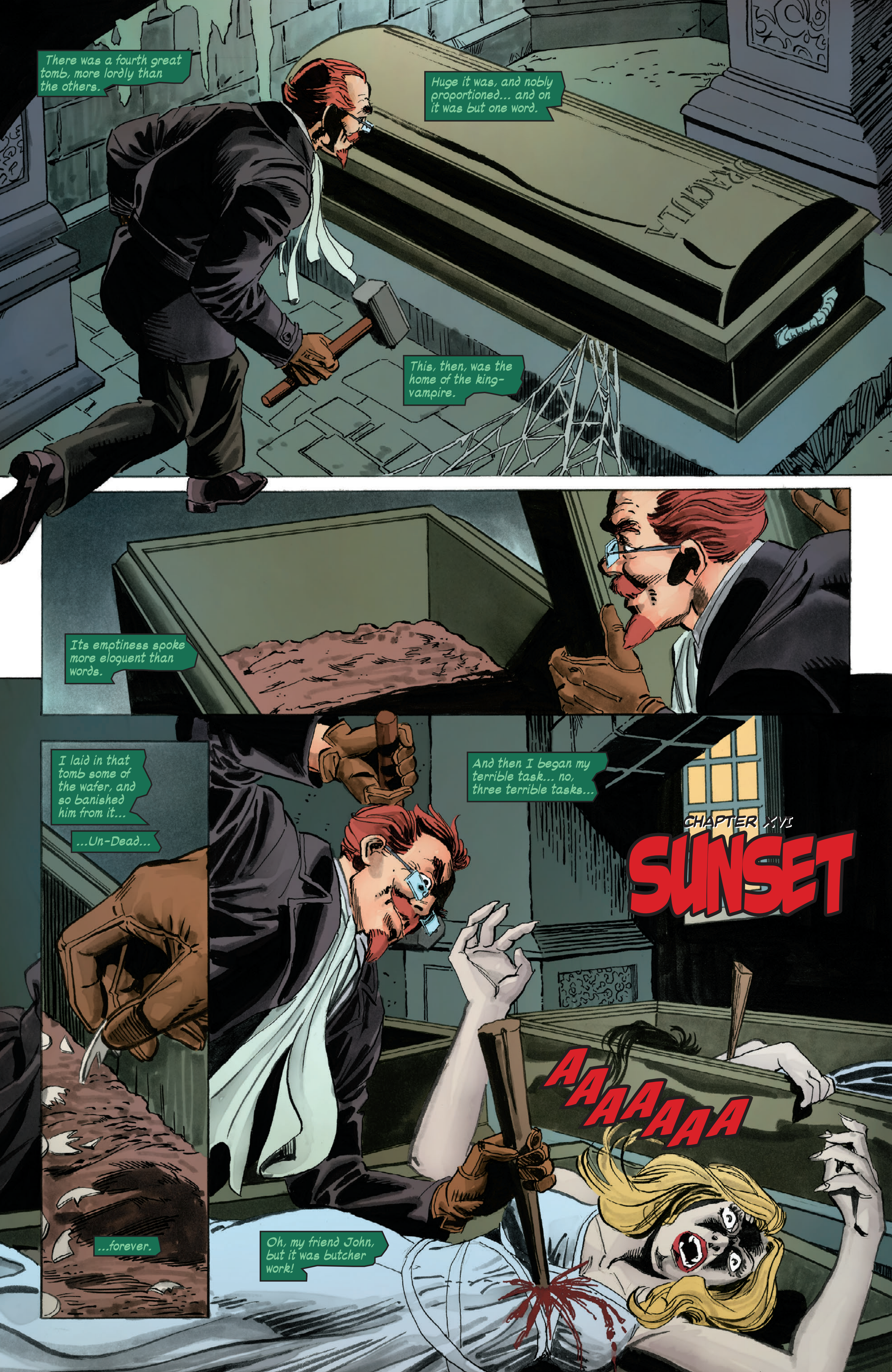

I tell her to sleep, wrapped in her furs.
But once, when I turn to look at her...
...I find her awake, and looking at me with so-bright eyes.
- 5 November - When I wake at sunrise, I find her nodding off to sleep at last...
MADAM MINA...
...and she will not wake.
I lift her sleeping into the carriage, and all day yesterday we travel, and all day she sleeps...
And I begin to fear the fatal spell of the place was upon her, tainted as she is with that vampire baptism.
As it begins to snow, I allow myself to sleep... that I may stay awake later.
When I wake at the reins, the sun is low down...
And we approach the top of a steep-rising hill...
...on the summit of which is such a castle as Jonathan tells of in his diary.
I both exult and fear... for now, for good or ill, the end is near.
I make a fire, but again Madam Mina will not eat.
I'M... NOT HUNGRY.
I dared not press her... but I myself eat, for I must now be strong for all.

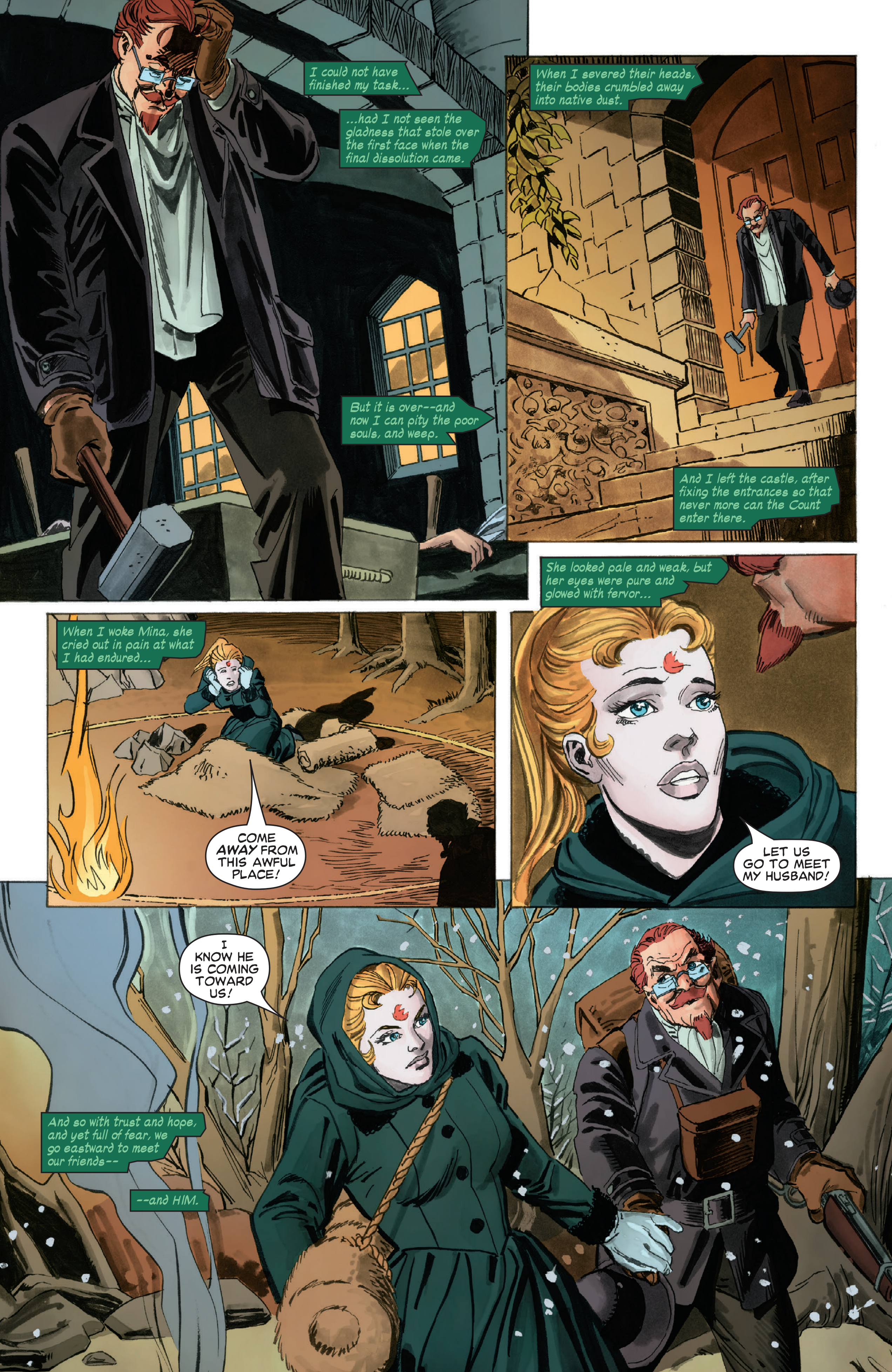

Then, with the fear on me of what might be, I draw a ring round where we two sat...
And she sits still all the time, and grows paler than the snow.
Over the ring I pass some of the sacred wafer, broken so fine that all is well guarded...
And when I have done...
WILL YOU NOT COME OVER TO THE *FIRE?*
For I wished to make a test if she could pass out of the ring.
I-- CANNOT!
When she made a step, she stopped and stood as one stricken.
I rejoice in secret, for I knew, if she could not leave the ring... then those we dread could not enter it.
Though there might yet be danger to her body, yet her soul was safe!
In the cold hour, the fire began to die as the snow swept in... and I was about to step from the ring to replenish it...
...when the horses began to scream, and tore at their tethers!

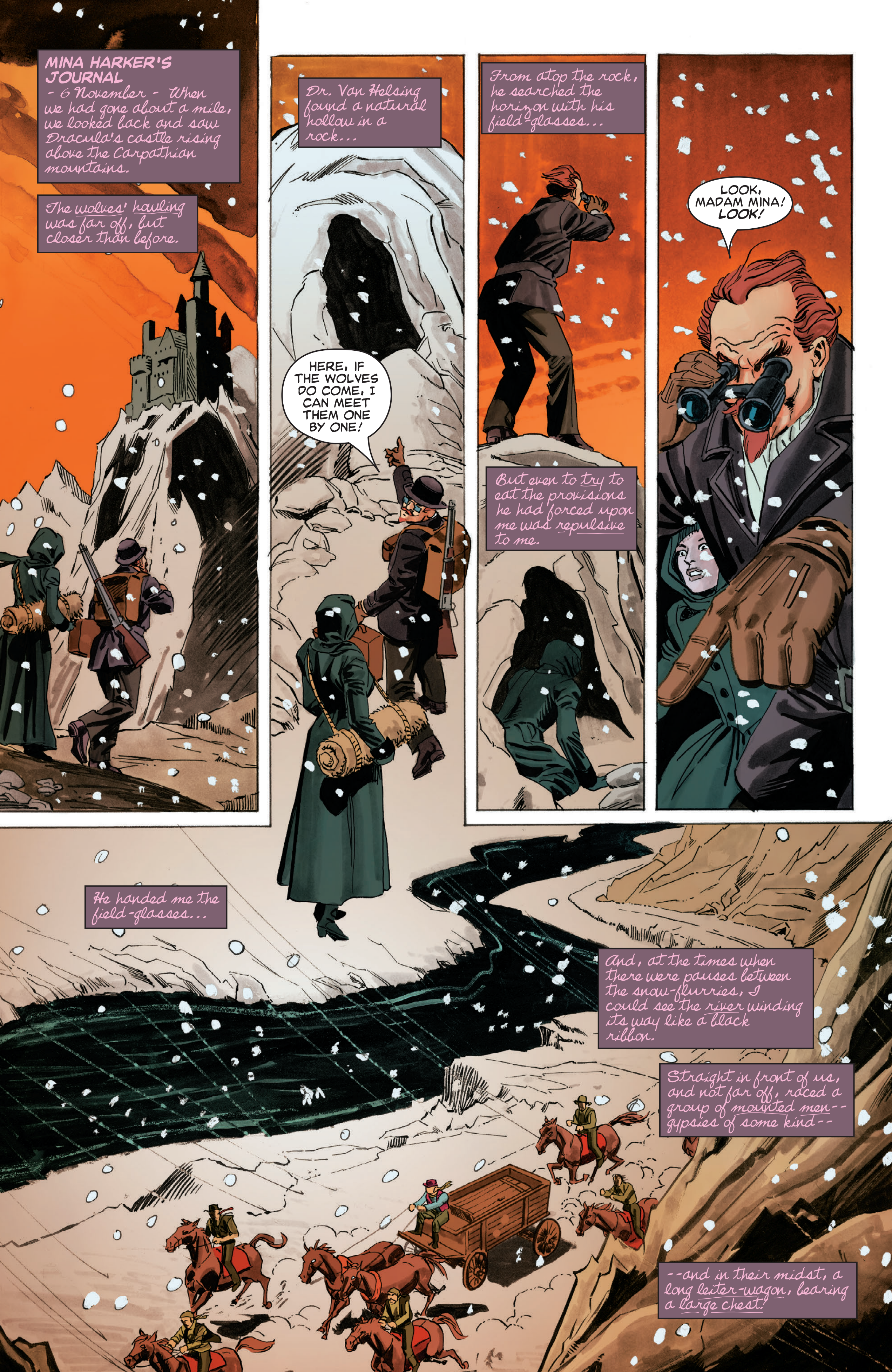

Then, even in the dark, there was a light, as there ever is over snow...
And it seemed as though the snow-flurries and wreaths of mist took shape as of three women with trailing garments.
I began to fear--horrible fears--
--then felt safe inside the ring.
And when I would have stepped toward the fire...
NO! DO NOT GO WITHOUT! HERE YOU ARE SAFE!
BUT YOU? IT IS FOR YOU THAT I FEAR!
Whereat she laughed--a laugh low and unreal...
FEAR FOR ME? WHY FEAR FOR ME? NONE SAFER IN ALL THE WORLD FROM THEM THAN I AM.
And I see the red scar on her forehead--and then, alas, I knew!
COME, SISTER!
COME TO US!
COME! COME!
My heart leapt with gladness--for the terror in Mina's sweet eyes tell me she is not--yet--one of them!
GOD BE THANKED!

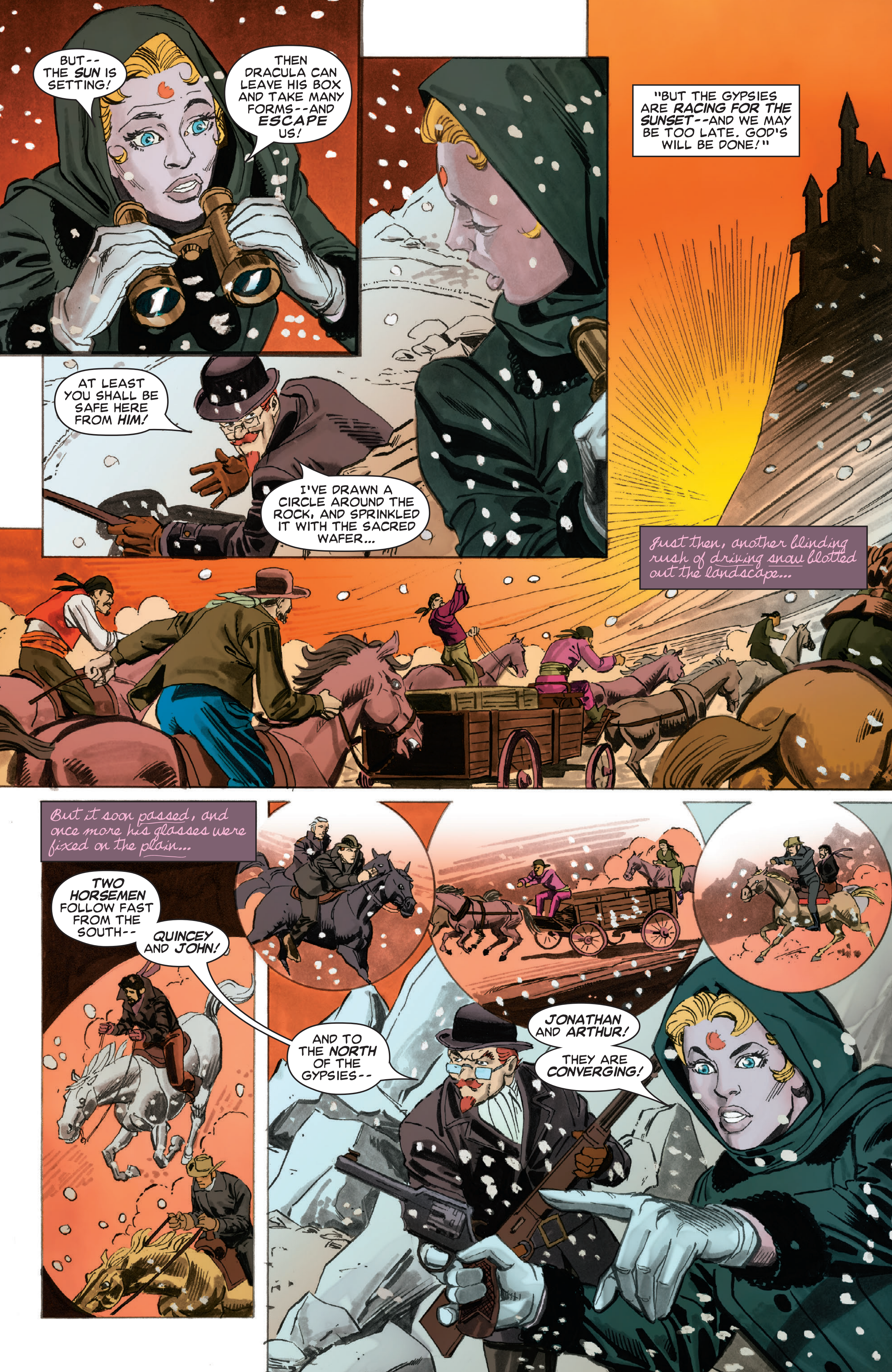

Holding out some of the wafer, I advanced on them... and they drew back...
HAHAHAHAHAAAAA
...yet laughing their low horrid laugh.
As I fed the fire, I saw that for the poor horses there was no more terror.
So we remained till the red of dawn began to pierce the snow gloom...
...when the horrid women melted in the whirling mist and snow.
I turned to Madam Mina... but she lay in a deep and sudden sleep.
I must go to my terrible work.
JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL - 4 NOVEMBER, EVENING - AN ACCIDENT DELAYED OUR LAUNCH, OR WE WOULD HAVE OVERTAKEN THE BOAT BY NOW.
WE MUST GET HORSES, AND FOLLOW ON THE TRACK!
DR. SEWARD'S DIARY - 5 November - with dawn we saw the szgany dashing away from the river... no doubt with the earthen box they took off the slovaks' boat.
We ride to the DEATH of SOMEONE... God alone knows who or where or how it may be...

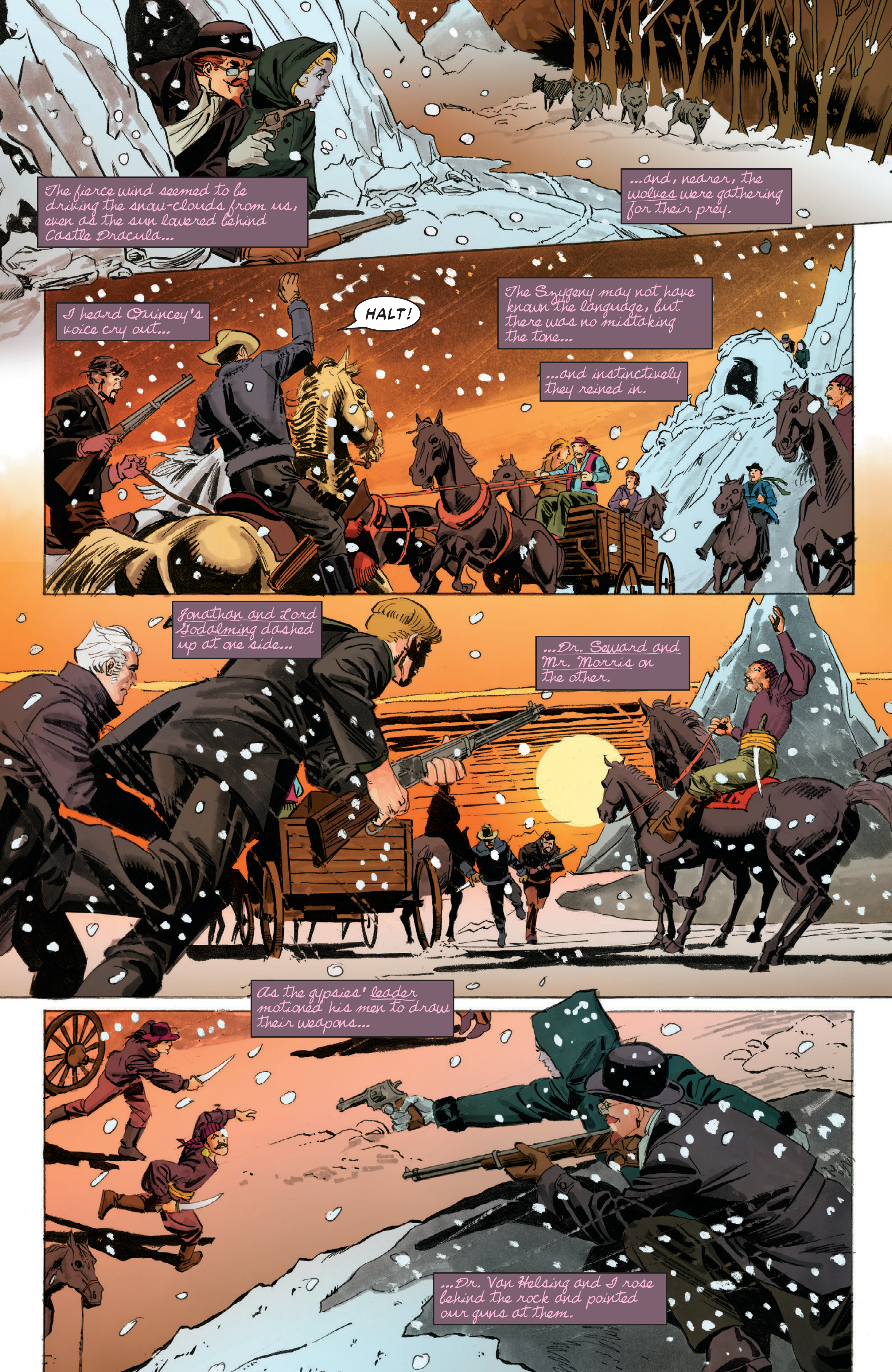

Dr. Van Helsing's Memorandum
5 November, afternoon – With Madam Mina asleep inside the holy circle, I took my way to the castle... a blacksmith hammer in hand.
The doors were open... but still I break them off the rusty hinges...
...lest some ill-chance or ill-intent close them so I might not get out.
As, by memory of Jonathan Harker's diary, I find my way to the old chapel, I hear wolves howling from afar.
I fear for dear Mina, but still I dared not to take her into this place.
I find the three vampire women asleep in their coffins...
...so full of life and voluptuous beauty that I shudder as though I have come here to do murder.
I doubt not that many a man bent on such a task as mine found his heart fail him... and then his nerve.
So he delays... till sunset come, and the vampire women wake...
And there remains one more victim to swell the grim and grisly ranks of the Un-Dead!

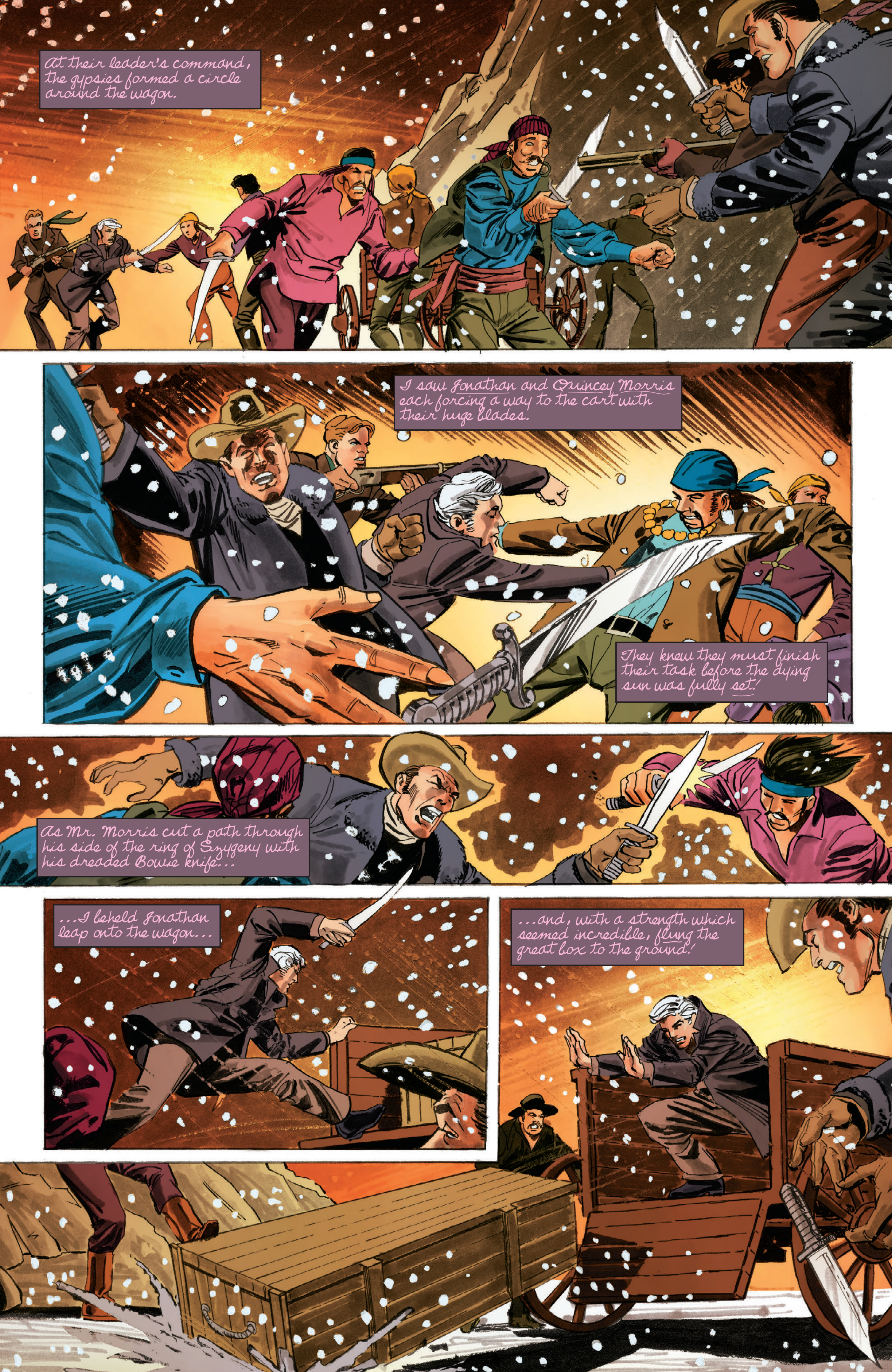

There was a fourth great tomb, more lordly than the others.
Huge it was, and nobly proportioned... and on it was but one word.
DRACULA
This, then, was the home of the king-vampire.
Its emptiness spoke more eloquent than words.
I laid in that tomb some of the wafer, and so banished him from it...
...Un-Dead...
...forever.
And then I began my terrible task... no, three terrible tasks...
CHAPTER XVI
SUNSET
AAAAAAAA
Oh, my friend John, but it was butcher work!

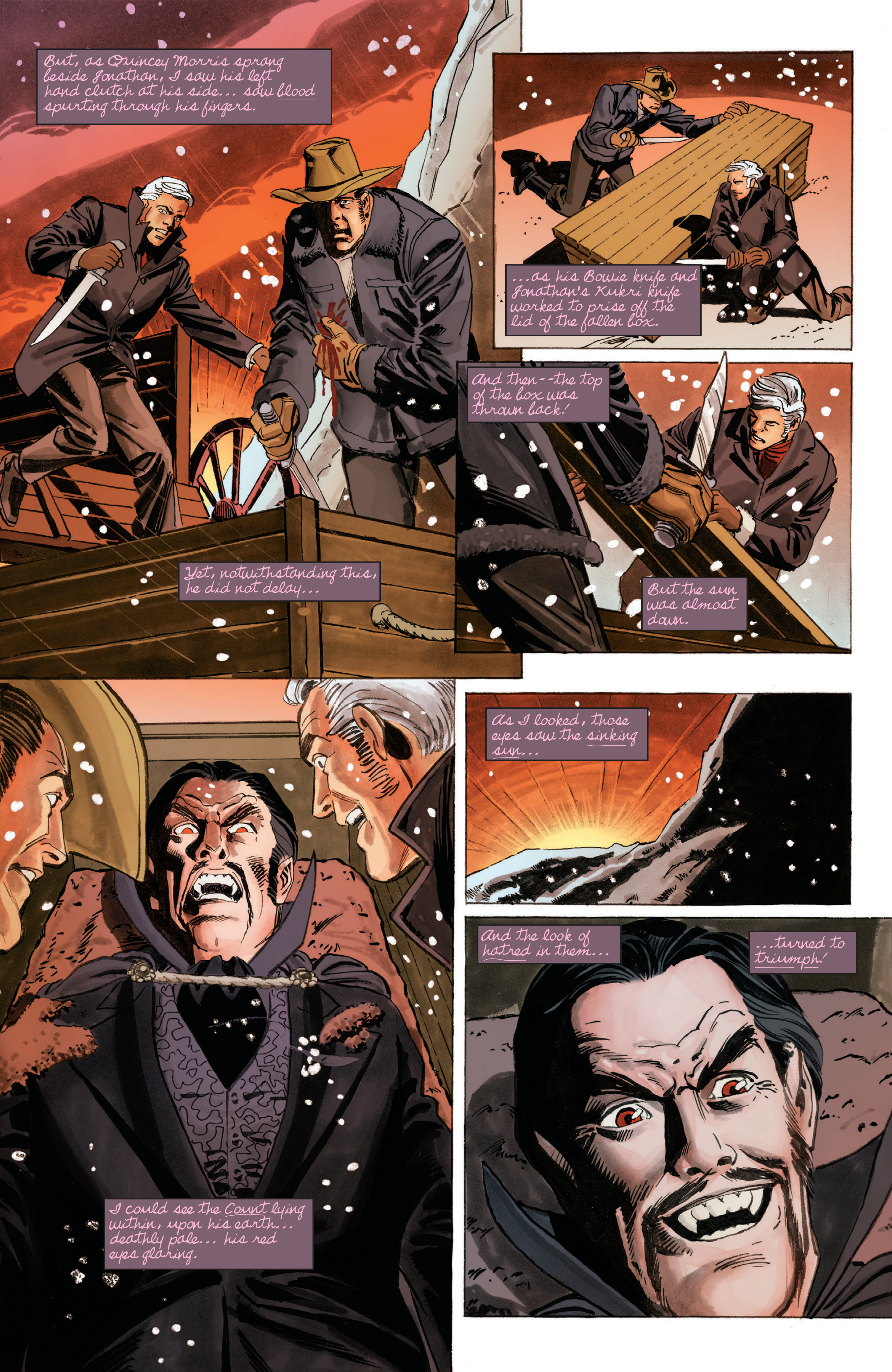

I could not have finished my task...
...had I not seen the gladness that stole over the first face when the final dissolution came.
But it is over--and now I can pity the poor souls, and weep.
When I severed their heads, their bodies crumbled away into native dust.
And I left the castle, after fixing the entrances so that never more can the Count enter there.
When I woke Mina, she cried out in pain at what I had endured...
COME AWAY FROM THIS AWFUL PLACE!
She looked pale and weak, but her eyes were pure and glowed with fervor...
LET US GO TO MEET MY HUSBAND!
I KNOW HE IS COMING TOWARD US!
And so with trust and hope, and yet full of fear, we go eastward to meet our friends--
--and HIM.

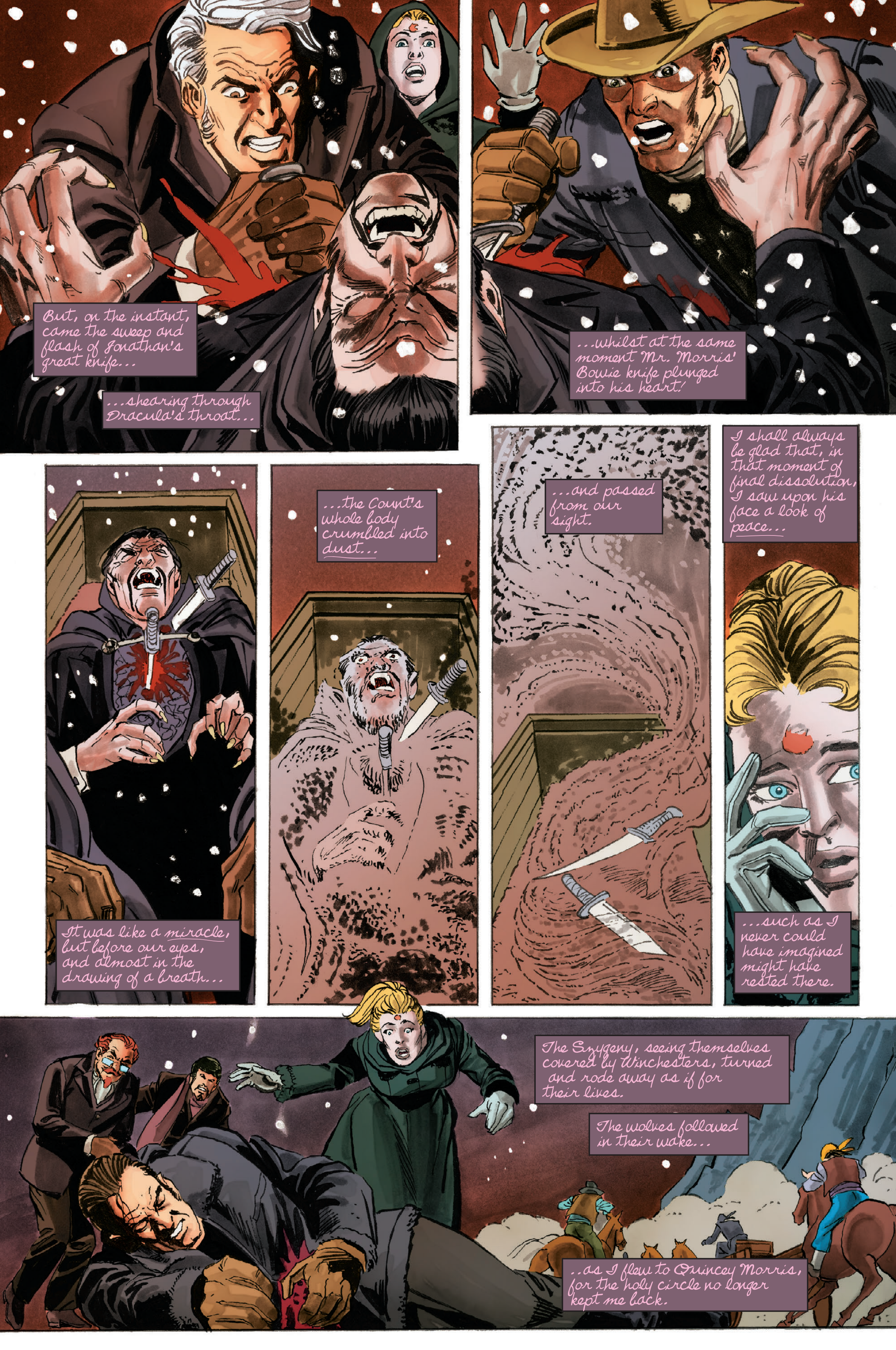

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
- 6 November - When we had gone about a mile, we looked back and saw Dracula's castle rising above the Carpathian mountains.
The wolves' howling was far off, but closer than before.
Dr. Van Helsing found a natural hollow in a rock...
HERE, IF THE WOLVES DO COME, I CAN MEET THEM ONE BY ONE!
From atop the rock, he searched the horizon with his field-glasses...
But even to try to eat the provisions he had forced upon me was repulsive to me.
LOOK, MADAM MINA! LOOK!
He handed me the field-glasses...
And, at the times when there were pauses between the snow-flurries, I could see the river winding its way like a black ribbon.
Straight in front of us, and not far off, raced a group of mounted men--gypsies of some kind--
--and in their midst, a long leiter-wagon, bearing a large chest!

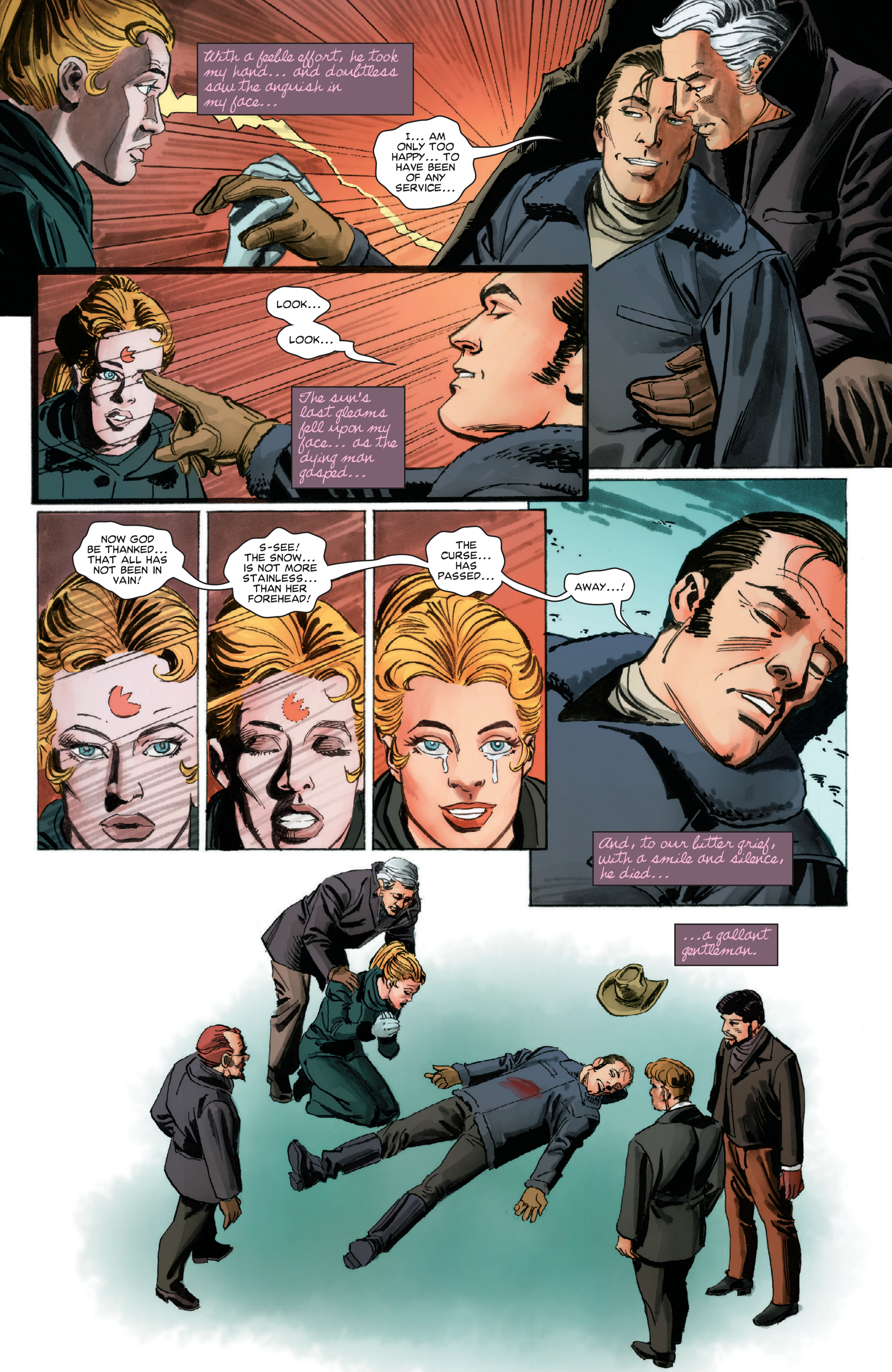

BUT-- THE *SUN* IS SETTING!
THEN DRACULA CAN LEAVE HIS BOX AND TAKE MANY FORMS--AND *ESCAPE* US!
"BUT THE GYPSIES ARE *RACING FOR THE SUNSET*--AND WE MAY BE TOO LATE. GOD'S WILL BE DONE!"
AT LEAST YOU SHALL BE SAFE HERE FROM *HIM!*
I'VE DRAWN A CIRCLE AROUND THE ROCK, AND SPRINKLED IT WITH THE SACRED WAFER...
Just then, another blinding rush of driving snow blotted out the landscape...
But it soon passed, and once more his glasses were fixed on the plain...
TWO HORSEMEN FOLLOW FAST FROM THE SOUTH--
QUINCEY AND *JOHN!*
AND TO THE *NORTH* OF THE GYPSIES--
JONATHAN AND *ARTHUR!*
THEY ARE *CONVERGING!*

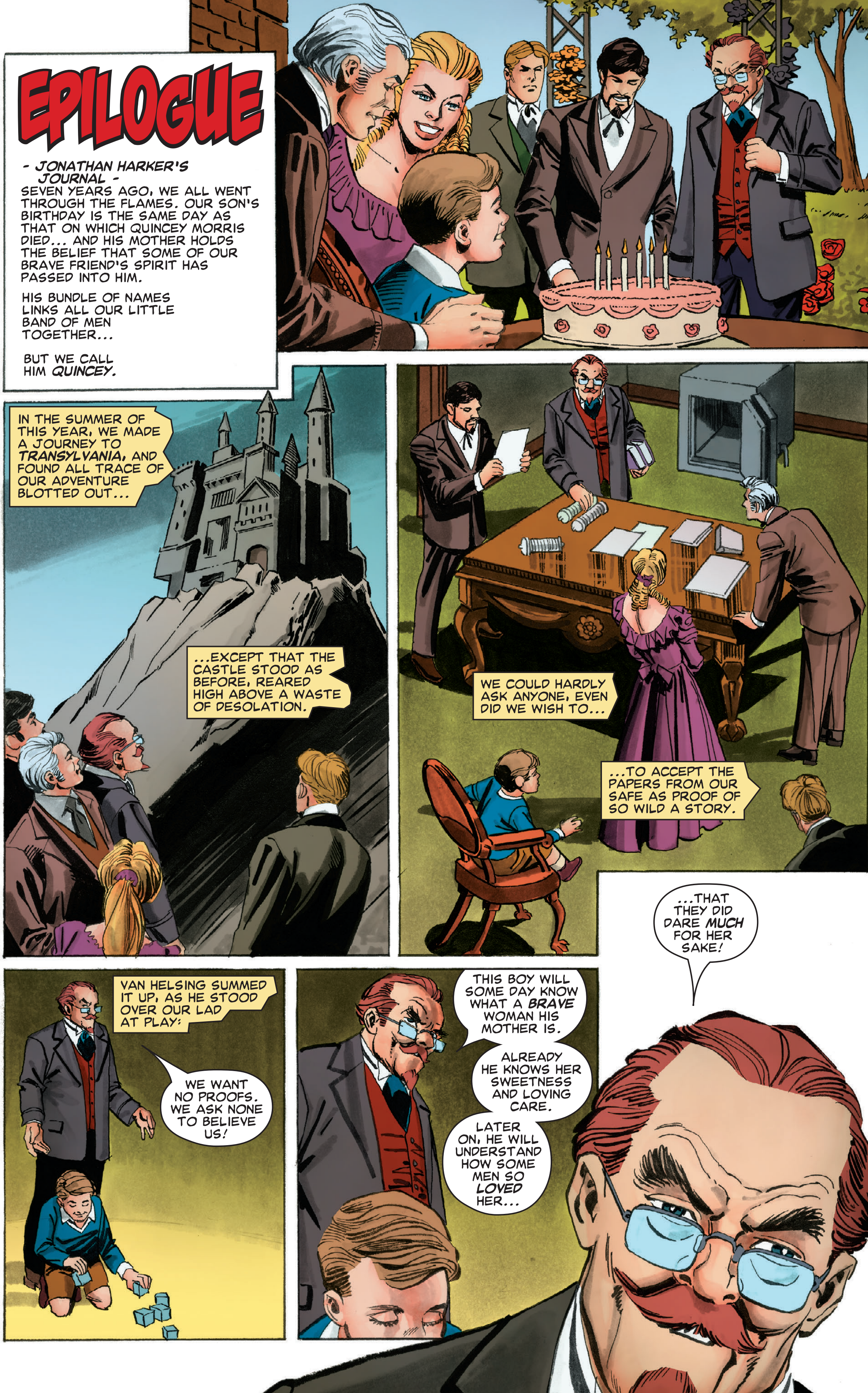

The fierce wind seemed to be driving the snow-clouds from us, even as the sun lowered behind Castle Dracula...
...and, nearer, the wolves were gathering for their prey.
I heard Quincey's voice cry out...
HALT!
The Szygeny may not have known the language, but there was no mistaking the tone...
...and instinctively they reined in.
Jonathan and Lord Godalming dashed up at one side...
...Dr. Seward and Mr. Morris on the other.
As the gypsies' leader motioned his men to draw their weapons...
...Dr. Van Helsing and I rose behind the rock and pointed our guns at them.


At their leader's command, the gypsies formed a circle around the wagon.
I saw Jonathan and Quincey Morris each forcing a way to the cart with their huge blades.
They knew they must finish their task before the dying sun was fully set!
As Mr. Morris cut a path through his side of the ring of Szygeny with his dreaded Bowie knife...
...I beheld Jonathan leap onto the wagon...
...and, with a strength which seemed incredible, flung the great box to the ground!


But, as Quincey Morris sprang beside Jonathan, I saw his left hand clutch at his side... saw blood spurting through his fingers.
Yet, notwithstanding this, he did not delay...
...as his Bowie knife and Jonathan's Kukri knife worked to prise off the lid of the fallen box.
And then--the top of the box was thrown back!
But the sun was almost down.
I could see the Count lying within, upon his earth... deathly pale... his red eyes glaring.
As I looked, those eyes saw the sinking sun...
And the look of hatred in them...
...turned to triumph!


But, on the instant, came the sweep and flash of Jonathan's great knife...
...shearing through Dracula's throat...
...whilst at the same moment Mr. Morris' Bowie knife plunged into his heart!
It was like a miracle, but before our eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath...
...the Count's whole body crumbled into dust...
...and passed from our sight.
I shall always be glad that, in that moment of final dissolution, I saw upon his face a look of peace...
...such as I never could have imagined might have rested there.
The Szgany, seeing themselves covered by Winchesters, turned and rode away as if for their lives.
The wolves followed in their wake...
..as I flew to Quincey Morris, for the holy circle no longer kept me back.


With a feeble effort, he took my hand... and doubtless saw the anguish in my face...
I... AM ONLY TOO HAPPY... TO HAVE BEEN OF ANY SERVICE...
LOOK...
LOOK...
The sun's last gleams fell upon my face... as the dying man gasped...
NOW GOD BE THANKED... THAT ALL HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN!
S-SEE! THE SNOW... IS NOT MORE STAINLESS... THAN HER FOREHEAD!
THE CURSE... HAS PASSED...
AWAY...!
And, to our bitter grief, with a smile and silence, he died...
...a gallant gentleman.


EPILOGUE
- JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL -
SEVEN YEARS AGO, WE ALL WENT THROUGH THE FLAMES. OUR SON'S BIRTHDAY IS THE SAME DAY AS THAT ON WHICH QUINCEY MORRIS DIED... AND HIS MOTHER HOLDS THE BELIEF THAT SOME OF OUR BRAVE FRIEND'S SPIRIT HAS PASSED INTO HIM.
HIS BUNDLE OF NAMES LINKS ALL OUR LITTLE BAND OF MEN TOGETHER...
BUT WE CALL HIM *QUINCEY.*
IN THE SUMMER OF THIS YEAR, WE MADE A JOURNEY TO *TRANSYLVANIA,* AND FOUND ALL TRACE OF OUR ADVENTURE BLOTTED OUT...
...EXCEPT THAT THE CASTLE STOOD AS BEFORE, REARED HIGH ABOVE A WASTE OF DESOLATION.
WE COULD HARDLY ASK ANYONE, EVEN DID WE WISH TO...
...TO ACCEPT THE PAPERS FROM OUR SAFE AS PROOF OF SO WILD A STORY.
VAN HELSING SUMMED IT UP, AS HE STOOD OVER OUR LAD AT PLAY:
WE WANT NO PROOFS. WE ASK NONE TO BELIEVE US!
THIS BOY WILL SOME DAY KNOW WHAT A *BRAVE* WOMAN HIS MOTHER IS.
ALREADY HE KNOWS HER SWEETNESS AND LOVING CARE.
LATER ON, HE WILL UNDERSTAND HOW SOME MEN SO *LOVED* HER...
...THAT THEY DID DARE *MUCH* FOR HER SAKE!

DRACULA

EXTRAS

More than thirty years ago…

ROY THOMAS AND I MET AS WE OFTEN DID. Sometimes for lunch, other times at industry functions. The exact where-and-when of this particular meeting is lost to the passage of time, but at this meeting, Roy who was the Editor-in-Chief at Marvel and the editor of *Dracula Lives!* (a black-and-white magazine-sized comic that featured several different Dracula stories in each issue) asked me if I would be interested in working on an adaptation of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* for *Dracula Lives!*.

WOW! Would I? *Dracula* was the first horror novel I had ever read and my affection for the book had lasted through my life until then. I read a lot of genre fiction as a youngster, the logical next step to reading comics and pulps, I guess. *The Maltese Falcon* was the first hard-boiled private eye novel that I read and I would have jumped at the chance to illustrate that book as well! Of course, I accepted, even though I was, by then, working at Continuity Associates with Neal Adams and we were always busy with advertising, illustration and film work and I didn't know where the time to work on *Dracula* would come from, but that was a bridge I would have to cross when I came to it. I just couldn't pass up the opportunity.

Roy seemed to share my feelings for the material, leading me to believe that we may have talked about *Dracula* before the offer was made. In any case, we started to work out the specific details of how we would produce the pages. We both were busy elsewhere and we needed a plan to work the *Dracula* material into our schedules without giving our other assignments or *Dracula* short shrift. We agreed that we wanted to stay as true to the original material as we possibly could, given time and space restrictions. We therefore decided to serialize the book and each issue would contain a "logical" chapter of a page length to be determined by the material. I think we both agreed that we weren't going to rush chapters because a deadline was looming. If it was worth doing, it was worth doing right.

Then Roy purchased two identical copies of the same paperback edition of *Dracula* that was available at the time and we were both to refer to it when working, to cut down on plotting time for a story that was already plotted. It was common for Roy to write something like, "For this chapter we will show the events that occur on pages 241 thru 275, except let's leave this scene out because it takes up too much space without contributing to the conclusion. Also, let's telescope the events on pages 273 and 274. They are not very graphic and we could cover this point in a caption."

Of course, I'm just blowing smoke here. I no longer still have any plot pages to get this from but I distinctly remember us working that way. I would pace (in pencil) an entire chapter directly from a section of Stoker's book, with Roy's instructions added in. This was possible because Roy was the editor and the writer and did not have to show the "plot" to anyone so we could get right to it. We kind of did it as we went along and had fun doing it. I used a considerable amount of photo reference on those pages and worked very hard on the half-tones to attain a certain level of photo-realism. My commitment to Neal and Continuity dictated that I do a great deal of the *Dracula* work at home but I was enjoying the work so much that I didn't mind the extra hours.

I took occasional days off from Continuity when things were slow or my presence in the office was not absolutely necessary. Roy came up with the idea of different lettering styles to convey changes in the narrative. Bram Stoker tells his tale through the eyes of the characters in the story. Each of them records the events he or she has witnessed in a different manner: a log kept by Jonathon Harker, phonograph recordings by Dr. Seward, typed notes by Mina, etc. Roy ordered a different lettering style for the captions as each character took their turns to help the reader through the transitions. We proceeded this way for six issues. And then *Dracula Lives!* was cancelled and Bram Stoker's *Dracula* adapted by Roy Thomas and Dick Giordano lost its place to exist.

Oh, sure. The chapter that was in the works at the time of the cancellation was eventually published in *The Legion of Monsters*, a one-shot magazine, edited by Archie Goodwin. But then it was gone for good. *Legion of Monsters #1*, Sept. 1975 was our swan song.

Roy and I were much too busy to cry for very long. Sudden cancellations were business as usual in 1975 and there was always something else to do to keep the wolf from the door. I believe that Roy was no longer Editor-in-Chief by that time and I was either on the verge of leaving Continuity or had already left, so we had new situations to get into...

Years later...I can't place it exactly in time... I began to feel that our *Dracula* adaptation was unfinished business that should be finished. Roy and I weren't often in the same place at the same time by then but we did get to speak...somehow, somewhere... and I discovered that Roy felt the same way about finishing *Dracula*.

Problem was that by that time the comic industry was super heroes. Period. Publishers weren't particularly interested in science-fiction, westerns, romance, war, crime...or horror! DC's Vertigo line opened the door a crack for horror, mysticism and the like. And to them falls the distinction of being the first to turn us down. We went to Marvel to try to buy the rights to use the original material (*Dracula* was in the public domain...Marvel couldn't stop us from doing it but we needed their permission to use the original material). Roy and I met with the new publisher at Marvel (at that time, Marvel was having financial problems caused by the previous administration) and personnel turnover was sudden and quick. This gentleman, whose name I've forgotten, said of our request that he was a Roy Thomas fan and wanted to finish *Dracula* at Marvel! We couldn't have been happier! We discussed the project in general terms and agreed to get together soon to iron out details and set a schedule.

By the time we got back to him, he was no longer the guy in charge and had left the company.

Roy and my hopes were revived a couple of years later when my partner in Future Comics, Bob Layton, felt that we could finish *Dracula* and publish it in a new imprint that would start up in our second year of operation and would be marketed to bookstores.

Nope. Future Comics didn't get to their second year of operation...

So, we gave up.

And then the phone rang (about a year later) and it was Marvel Editor Mark Beazley asking if we wanted to finish *Dracula*! I was almost too stunned to say, "Of course...when do we start?" Mark hadn't yet had the project green-lighted. He wanted to make sure we were ready to go before he pitched to his superiors. Before he could do that he had to know how many new pages we thought would be needed to finish the book. Mark, using a mathematical equation, came up with a figure over 100 pages, Roy thought 75 or 80 and I hoped for a number between their two estimates. Which is eventually where we ended up...at 100 new pages. After that decision was in the bag, the next question was how to schedule it. Mark initially wanted to release it to have a collection of the whole story in time for Halloween 2004. That would not have been a problem if Roy and I had clear desks, but that was not the case. We were both too knee-deep in projects to commit to a schedule to get the material done that quickly. Mark sharpened his pencil and came up with a new schedule that we could make and went off to pitch to his bosses. A bit later, not having heard anything, I wrote Mark an e-mail, sounding discouraged about not having heard from them. Mark cautioned me not to be discouraged or give up—we were almost there! And true to his word, a short time later, *Stoker's Dracula* was ready to go!

Now the time to fit 100 pages of pencil, ink and halftones (the graded gray effects) into my schedule was at hand. Roy got the plots out between issues of *Alter Ego*, a monthly magazine he edits covering the history of comics, and I did my usual number breaking the 100 pages down into monthly and then daily portions so that the pages would be finished on the deadline dates. Roy and I both faltered from time to time, but in the end it was finished more or less on deadline (I was three days late, Roy maybe a bit more because of a continuity goof that we had built into the story that needed correcting).

How did I feel drawing a project that I had started 30 years ago? Well, it was a tad harder than I thought it would be. The characters were pretty easy to pick up on. But I was saddened by the fact that if I were to design the *Dracula* characters today, I would have drawn them entirely different...and there was nothing I could do about it. Additionally, my priorities as an artist had changed a bit and I was now more concerned with storytelling than I was with illustrative qualities. A bit of luck helped me here. The story line shifted from the gloom of musty, dark places and settled into the relatively civilized environs of England and the six people who have sworn to chase the vampire monster back to his lair and destroy him, and the material, being somewhat tamer, needed clear storytelling to make subtle events clear to the reader. I tried to maintain some illustrative qualities in the use of the halftones, retaining the photo-realism touch. I won't know for a few months how successful I've been in doing this. I'm always unsure of my work until the heat of battle has passed and my connection with the material is less emotional and more objective. For the moment, I am content that *Dracula* is no longer unfinished business, it is done and done...

— *THIRTY YEARS LATER!*

DICK GIORDANO

Dick Giordano
February 2005

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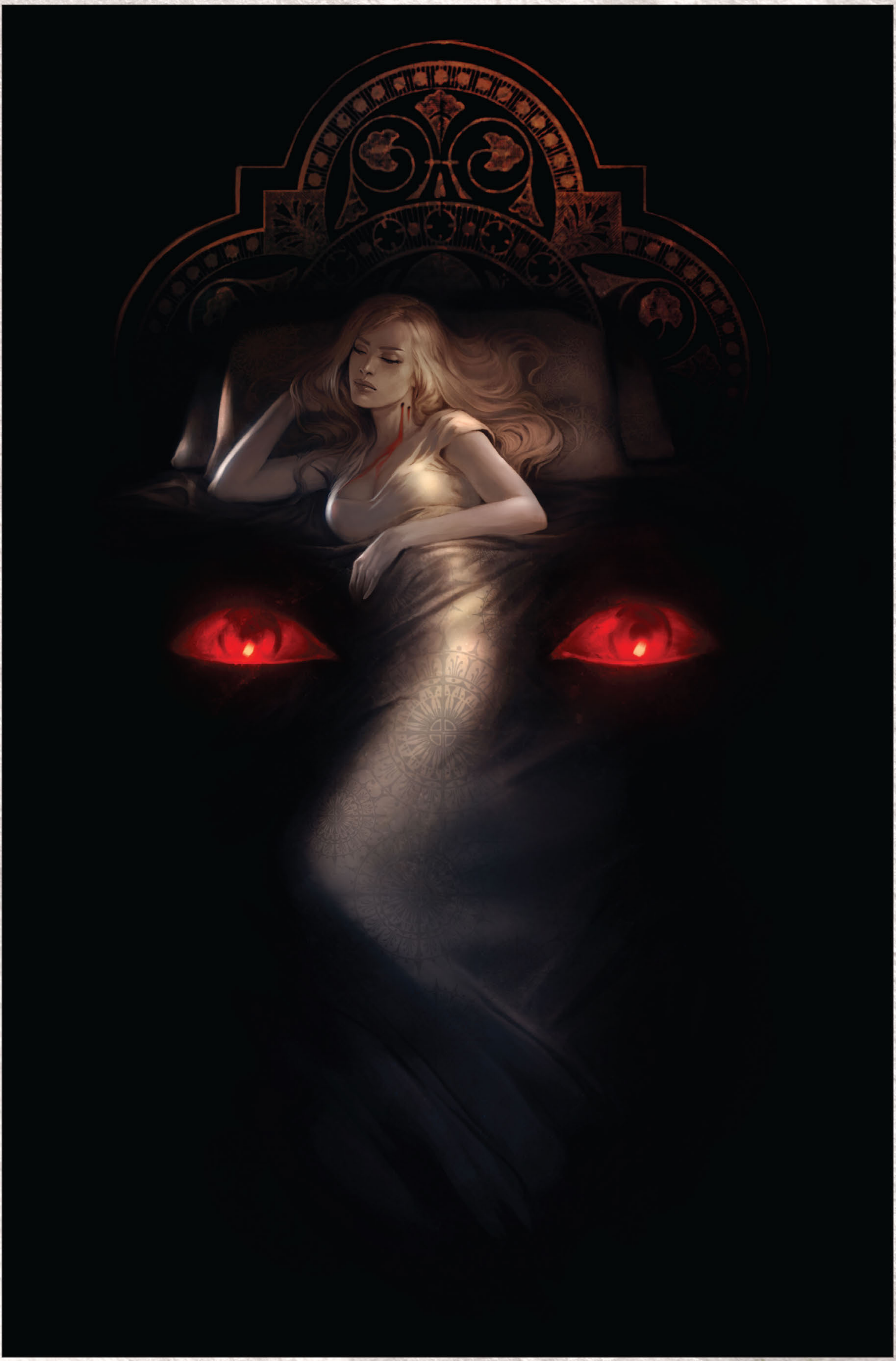
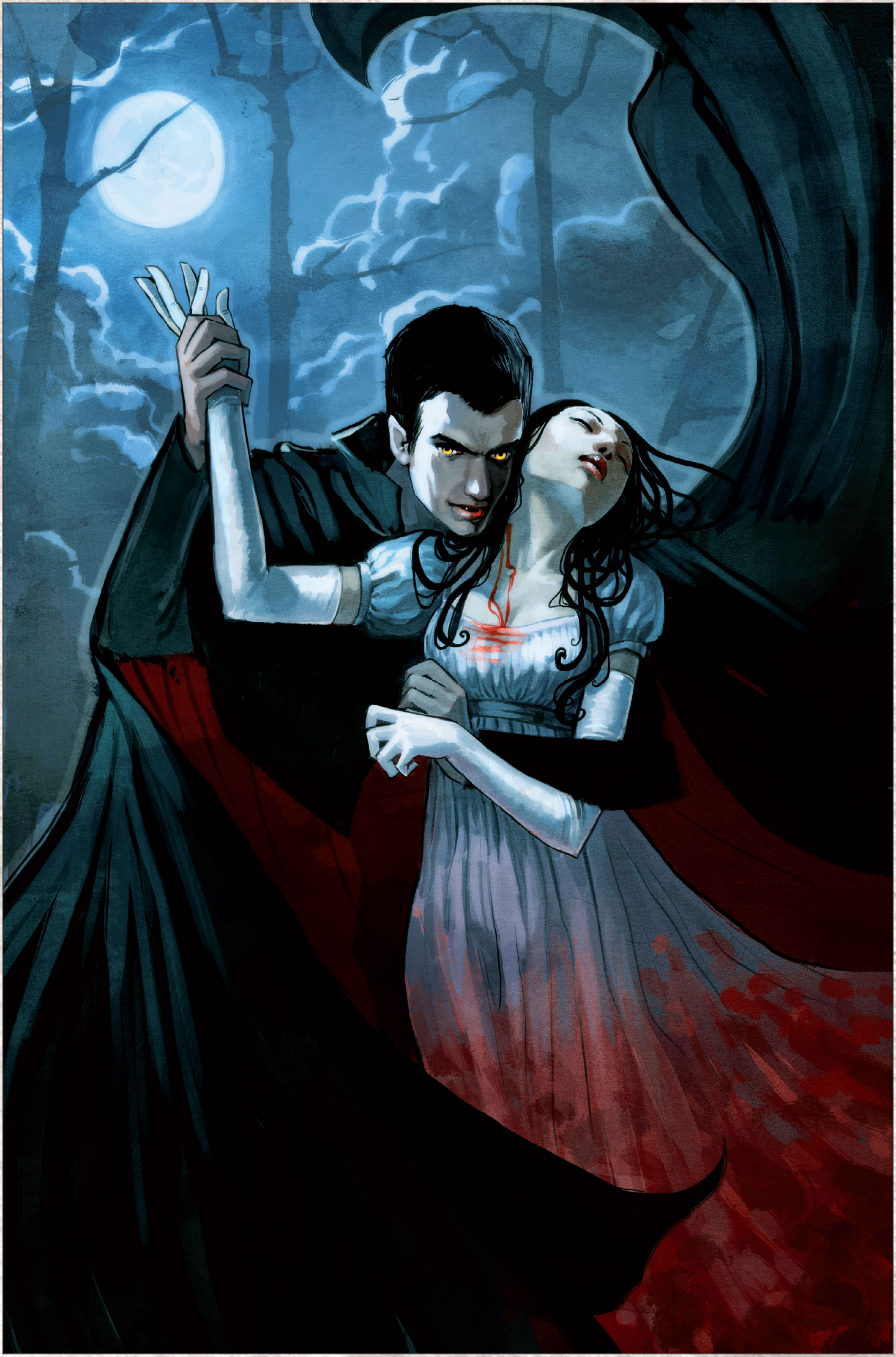
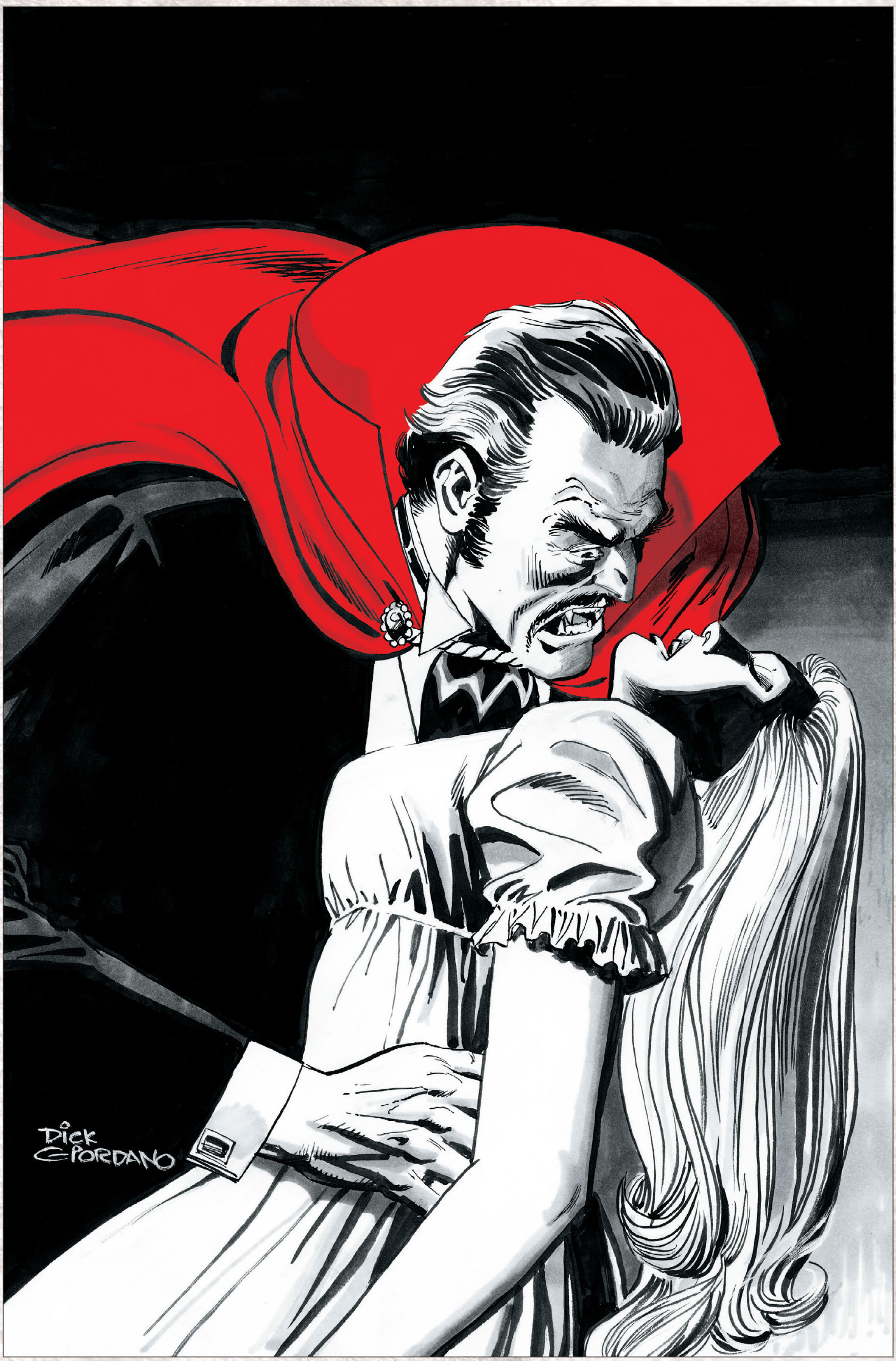


Dracula 1 unused variant cover by Stephanie Hans

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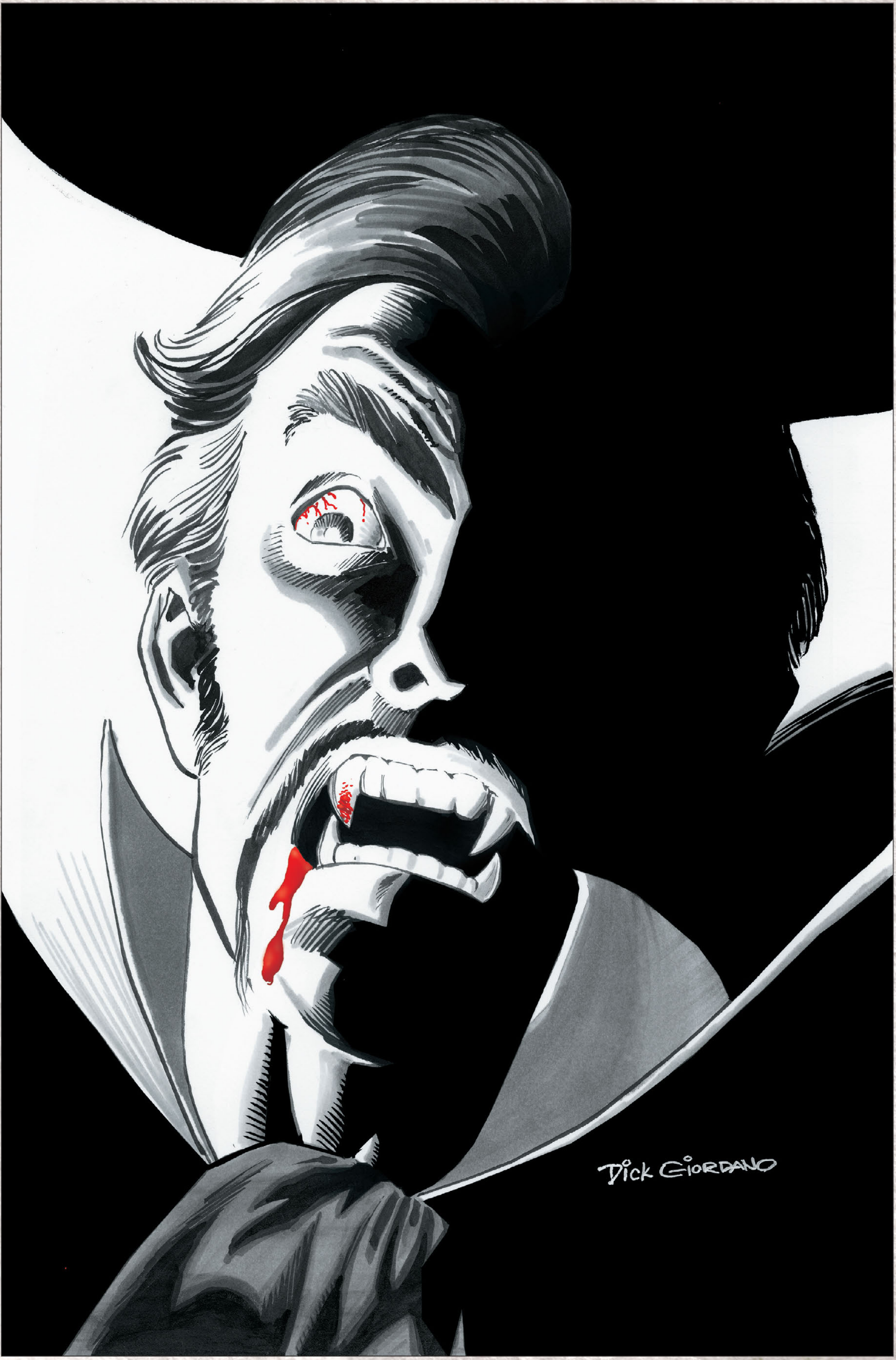
Stoker's Dracula 4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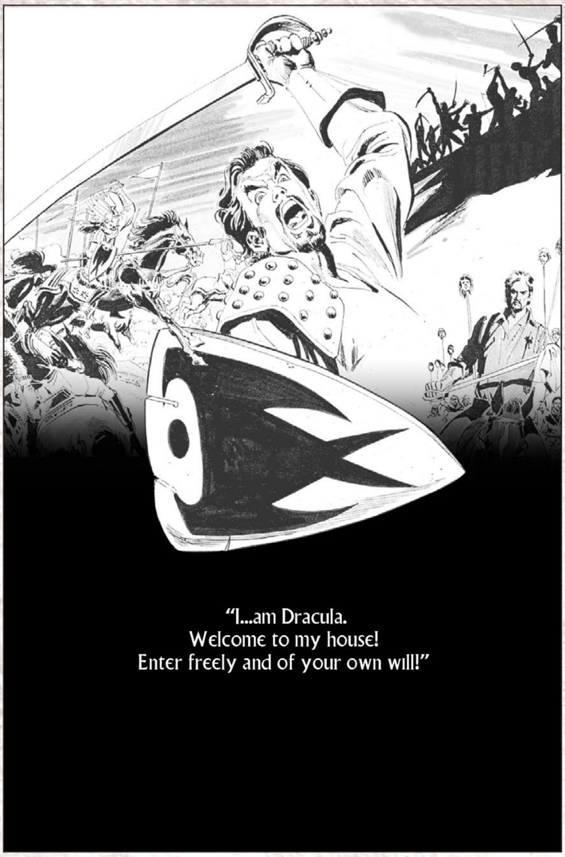
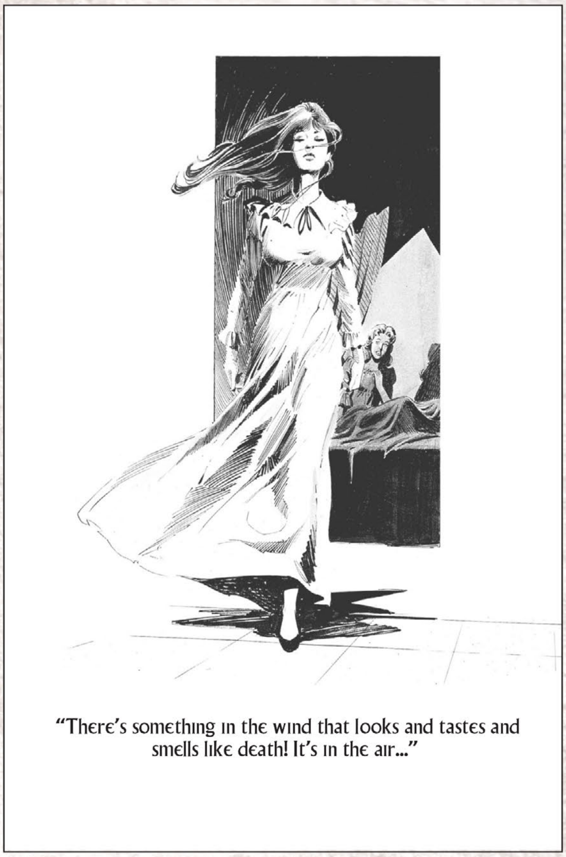
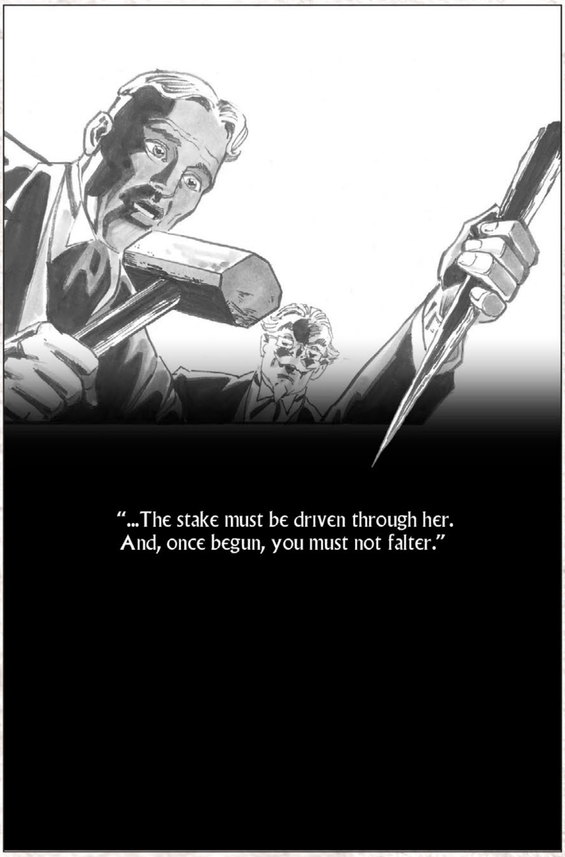
Back Covers to *Stoker's Dracula* #1–4



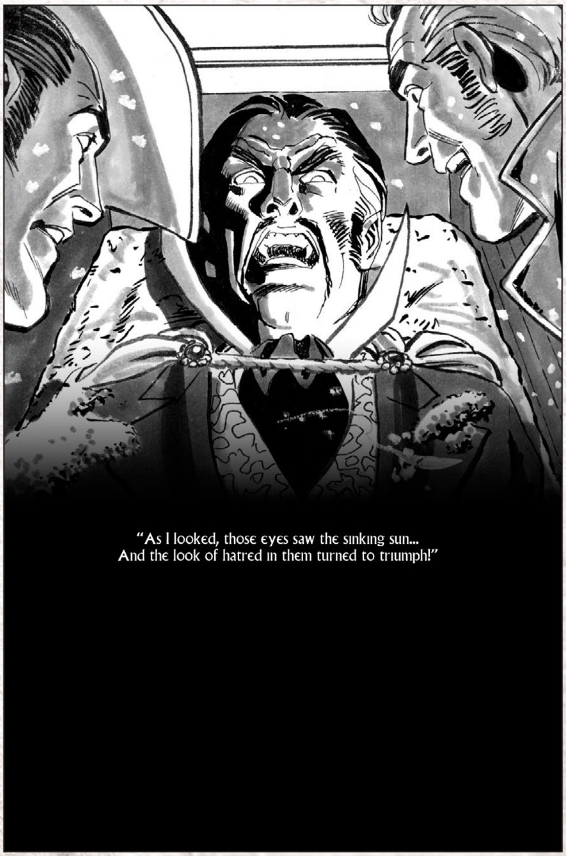
"I...am Dracula.
Welcome to my house!
Enter freely and of your own will!"



"There's something in the wind that looks and tastes and smells like death! It's in the air..."

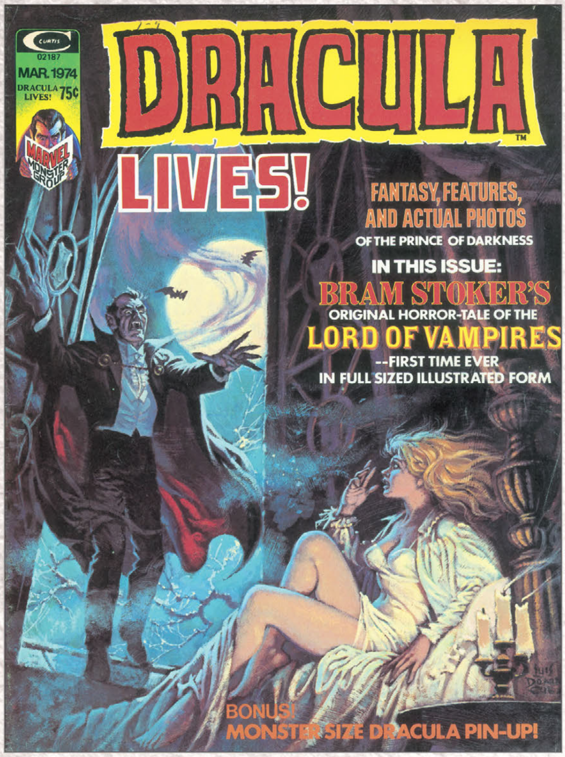


"...The stake must be driven through her.
And, once begun, you must not falter."



"As I looked, those eyes saw the sinking sun...
And the look of hatred in them turned to triumph!"

Dracula Lives! #5 & 6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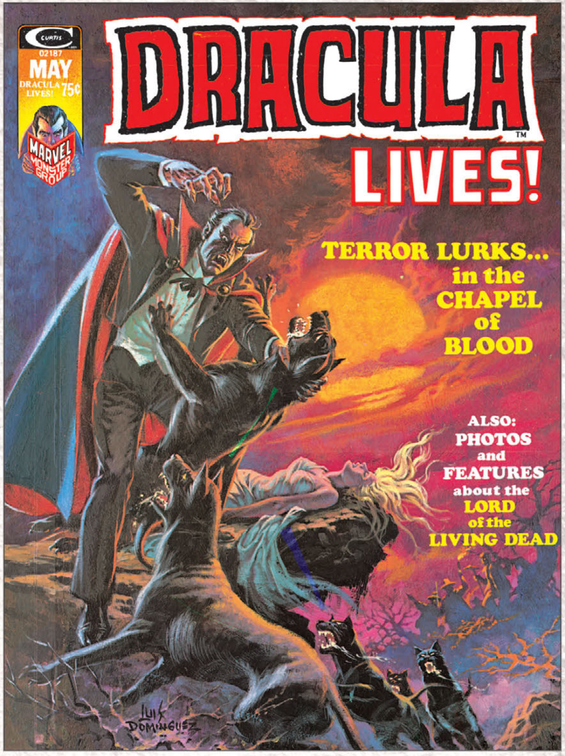
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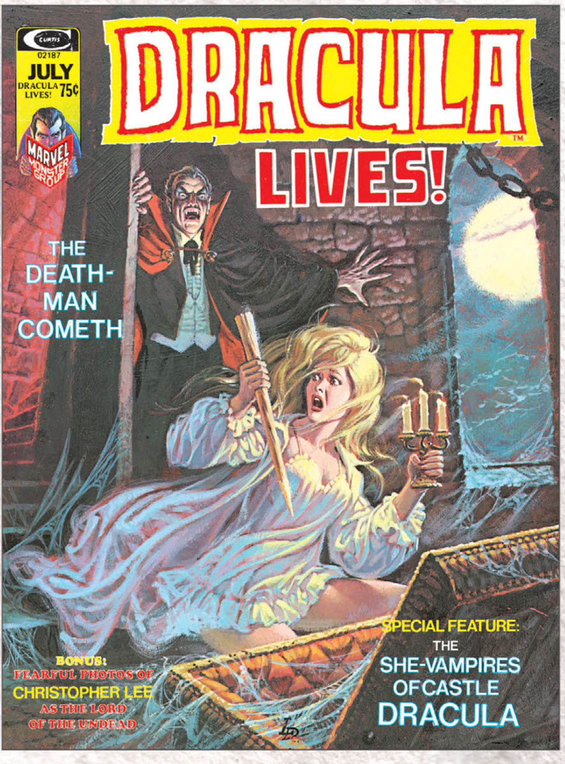
ALSO: PHOTOS and FEATURES about the LORD of the LIVING DEAD
LUIS DOMINGUEZ

Dracula Lives! #7 & 8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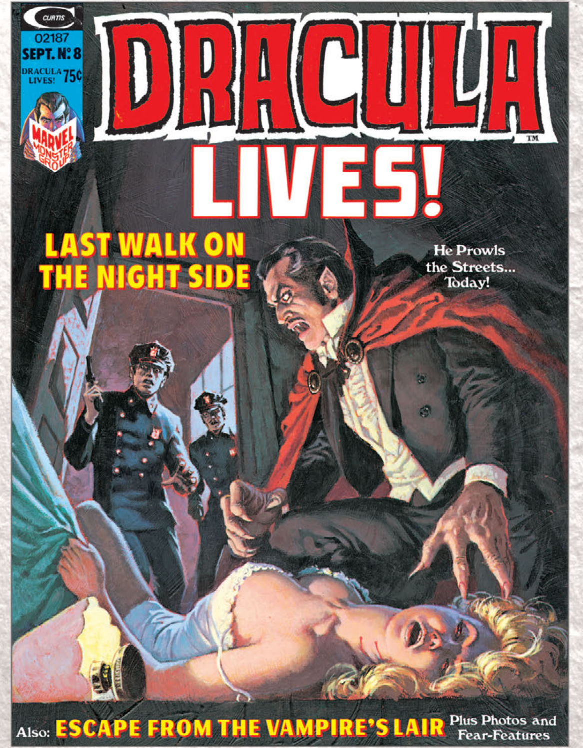
SPECIAL FEATURE: THE SHE-VAMPIRES OF CASTLE DRACULA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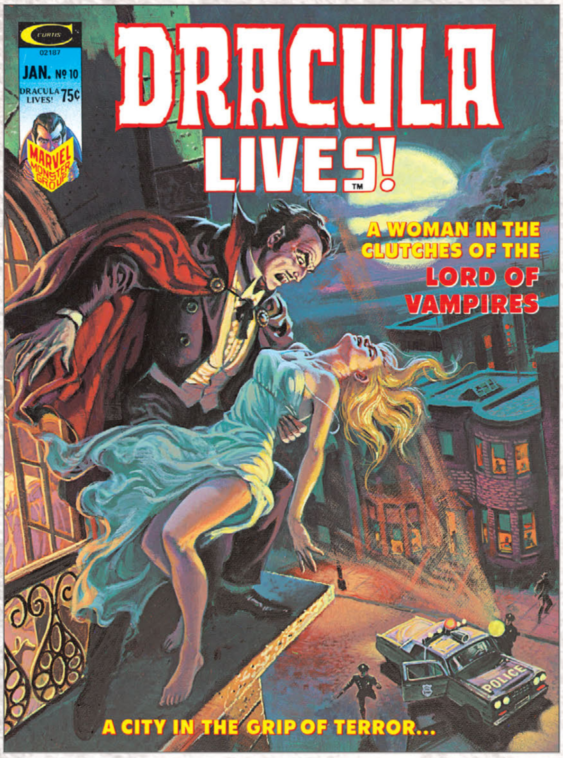
He Prowls the Streets... Today!
Also: ESCAPE FROM THE VAMPIRE'S LAIR
Plus Photos and Fear-Features

Dracula Lives! #10 & 11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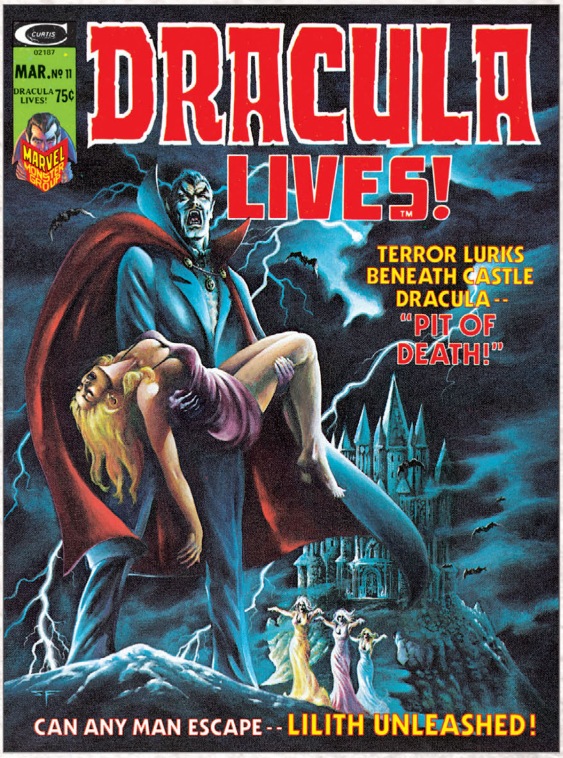
POLICE
A CITY IN THE GRIP OF TERROR...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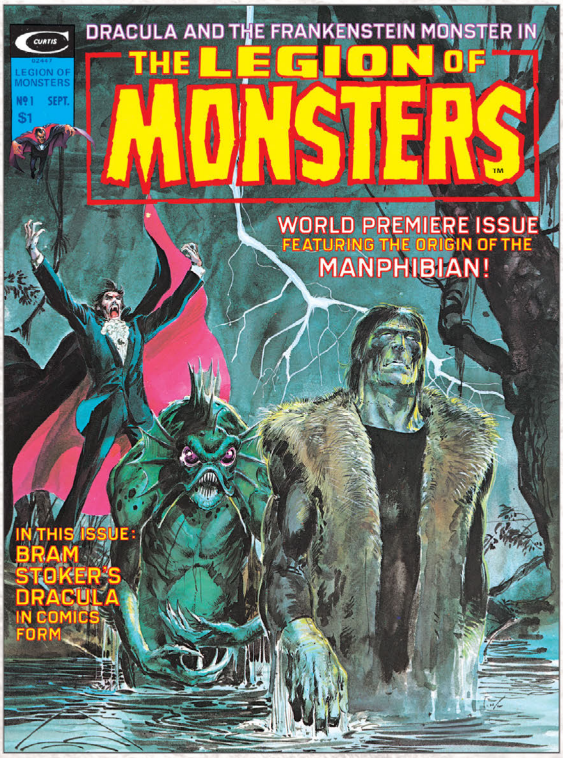
CAN ANY MAN ESCAPE -- LILITH UNLEASHED!

Legion of Monsters #1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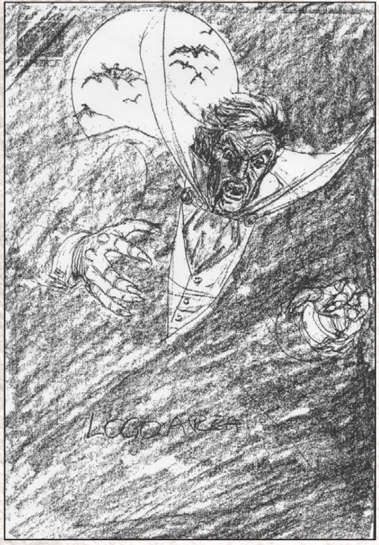
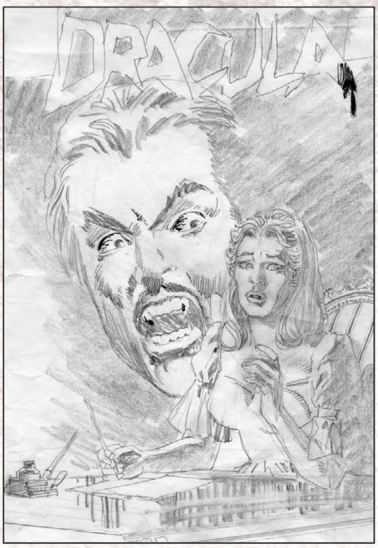
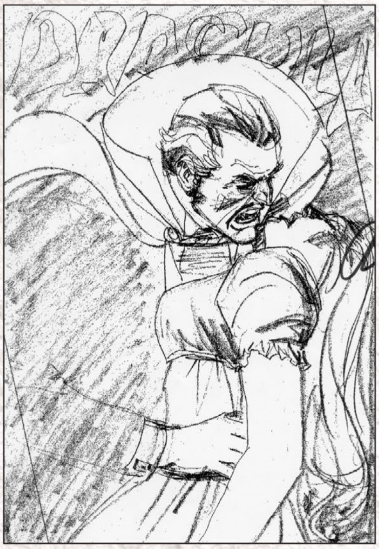
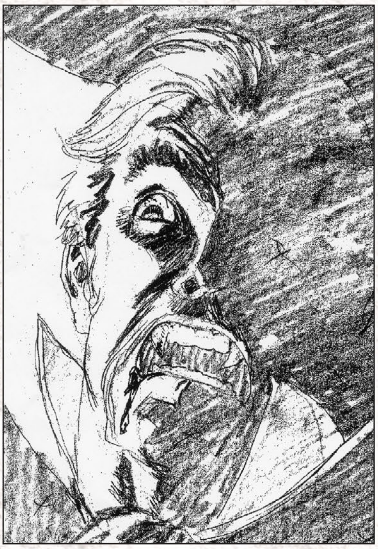
WORLD PREMIERE ISSUE FEATURING THE ORIGIN OF THE MANPHIBIAN!
IN THIS ISSUE: BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA IN COMICS FORM

Stoker's Dracula Cover Sketches by Dick Giordano

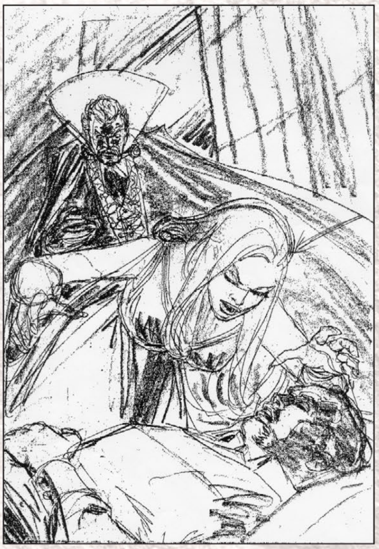


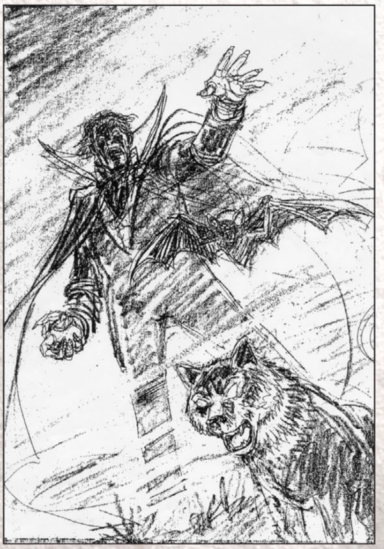






Unused Cover Sketches





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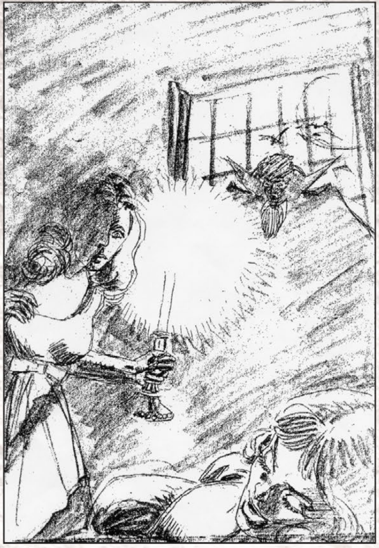
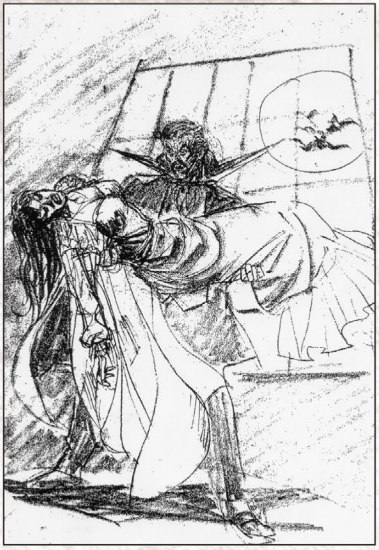
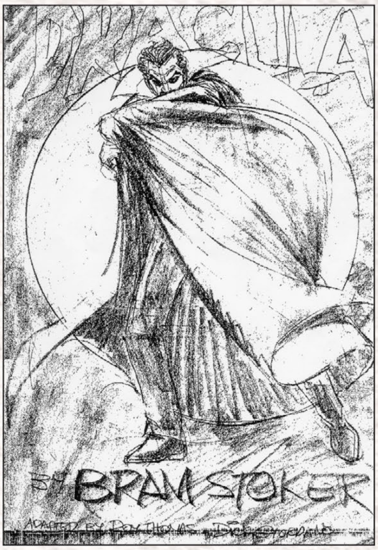
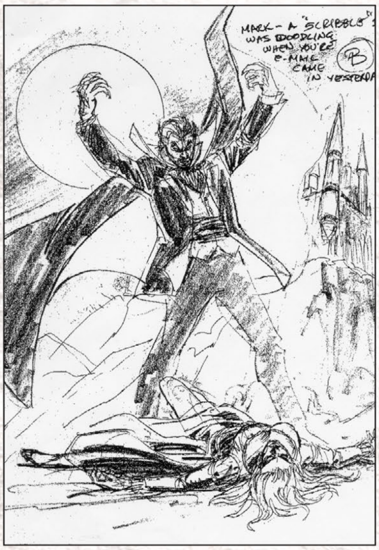





BY BRAM STOKER
ADAPTED BY ROY THOMAS DICK GIORDANO


MARK – A "SCRIBBLE" I
WAS DOODLING
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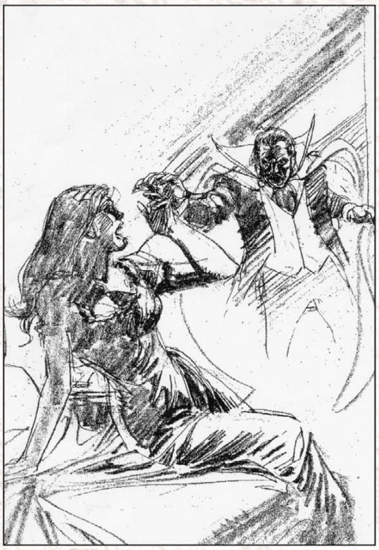
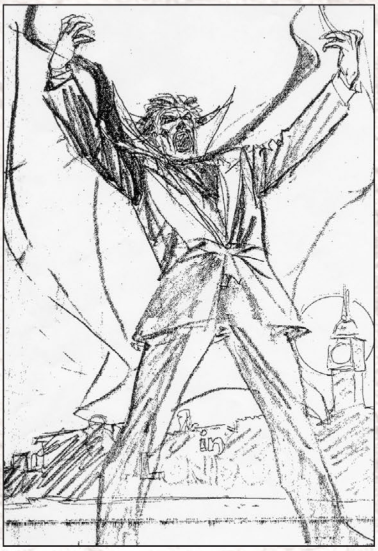
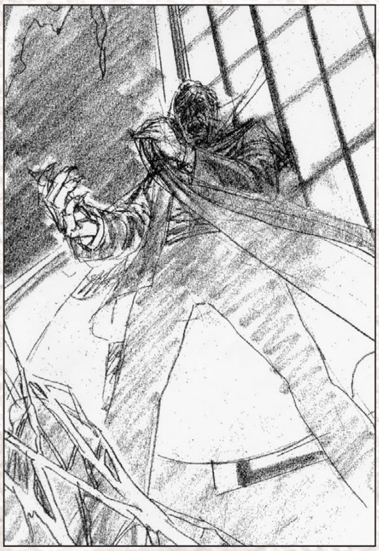
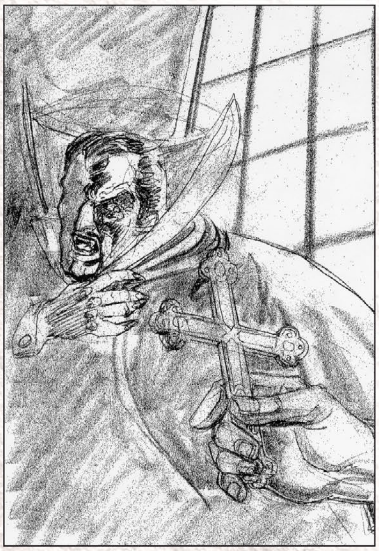
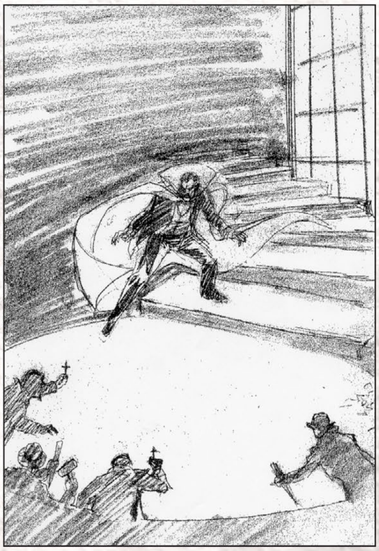


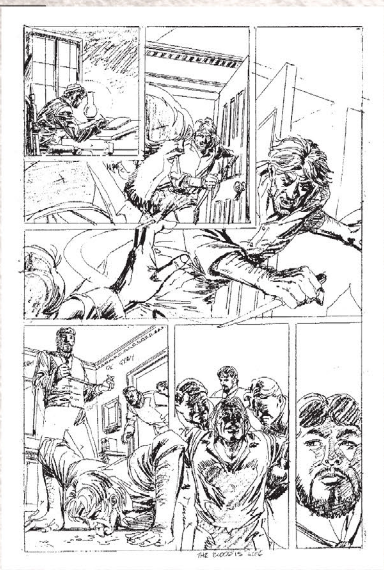


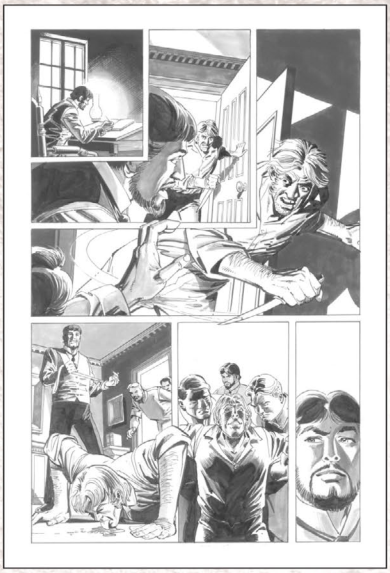


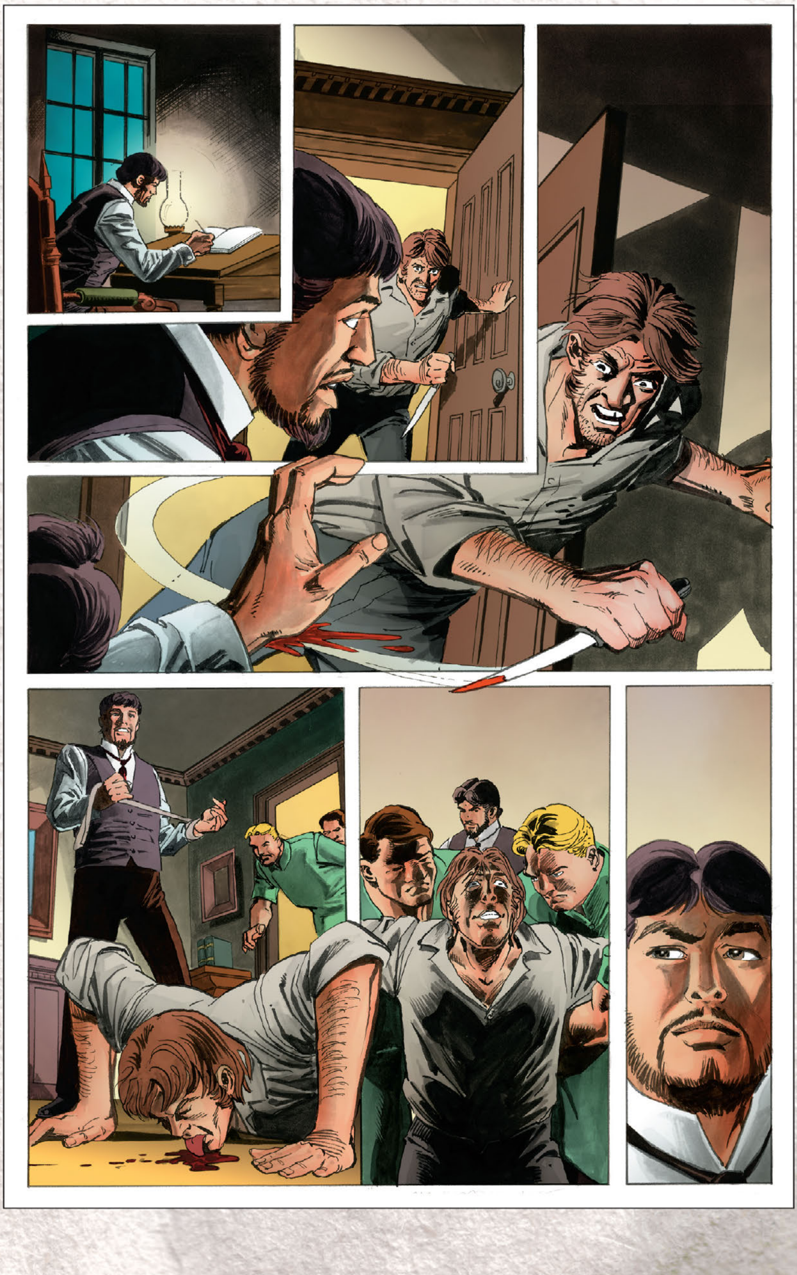




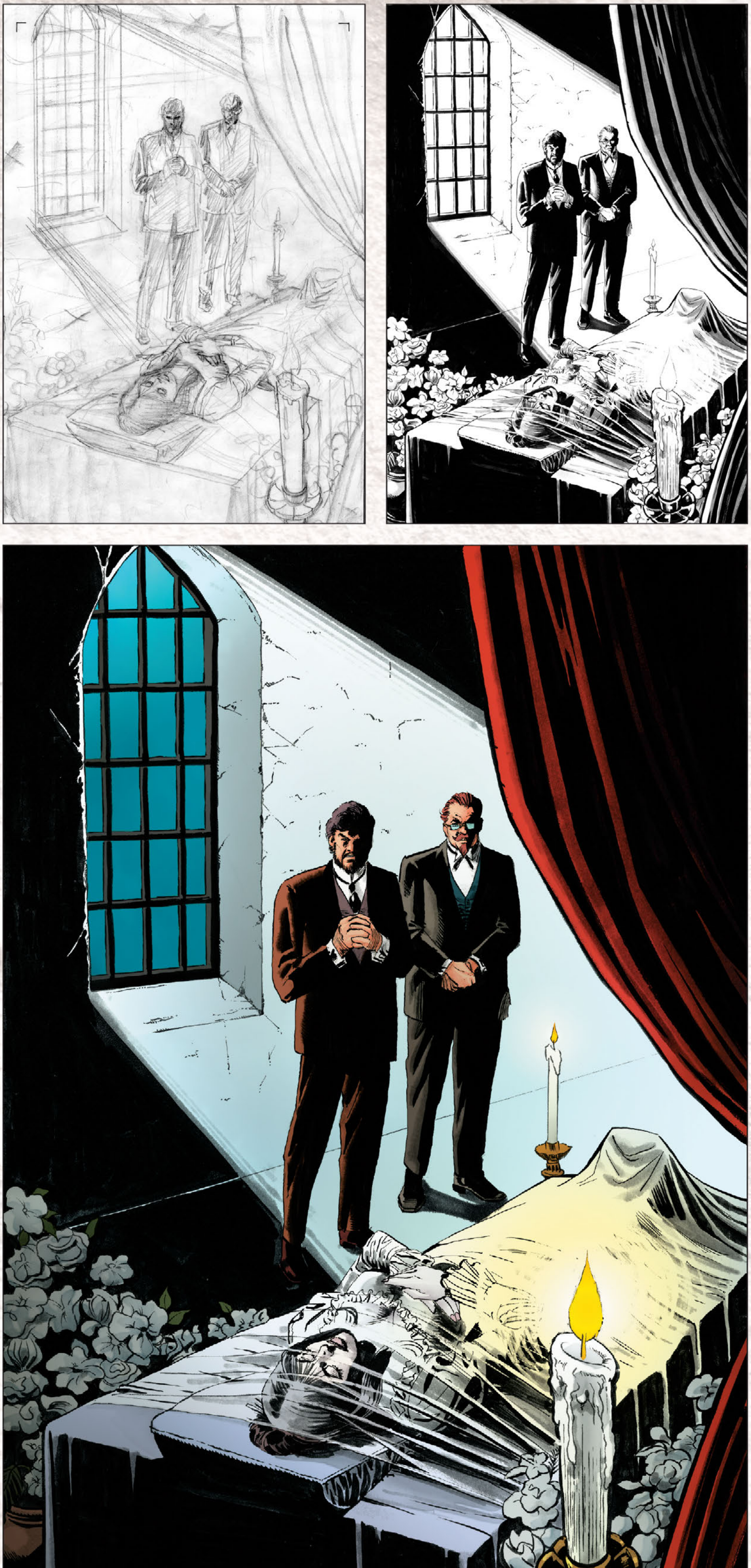
Layouts to color


THE BLOOD IS "LIFE

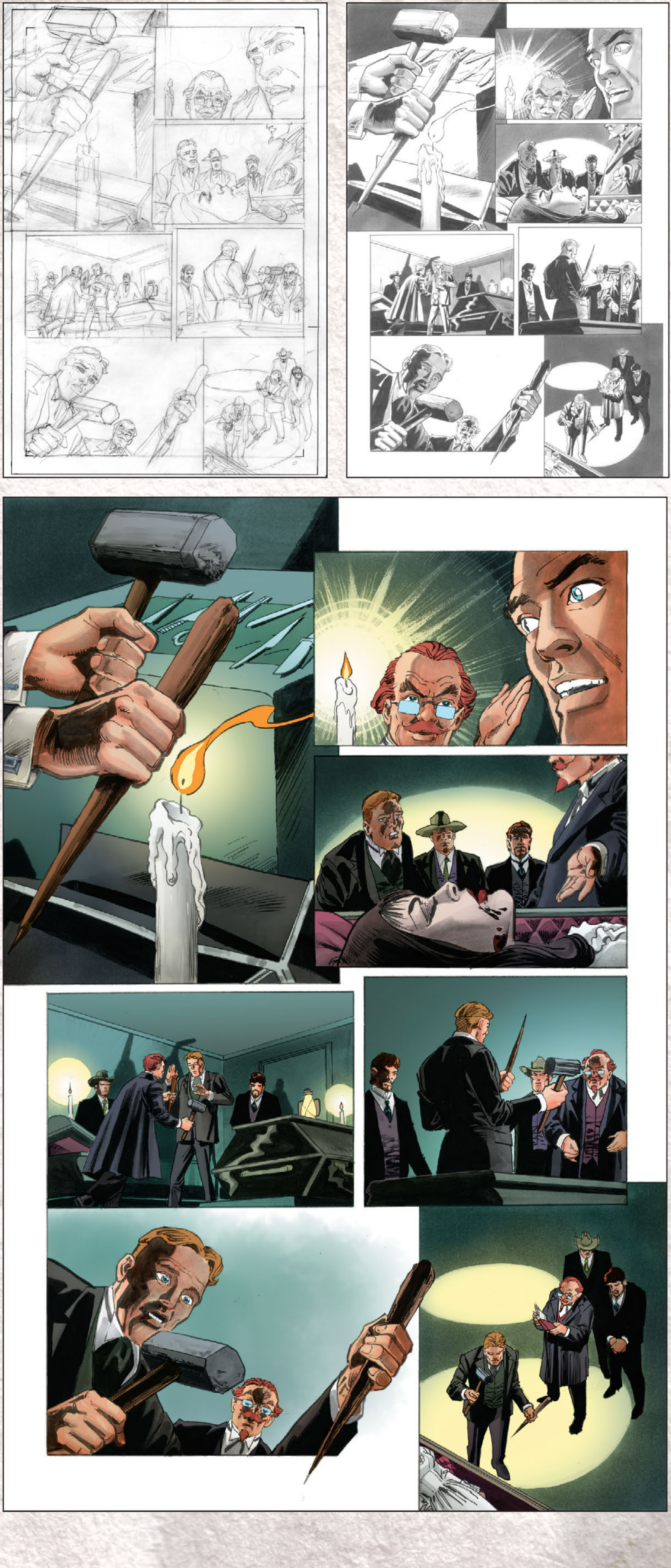




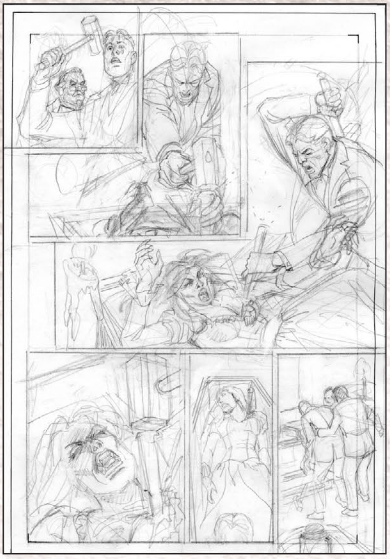
Dracula #2; page 36

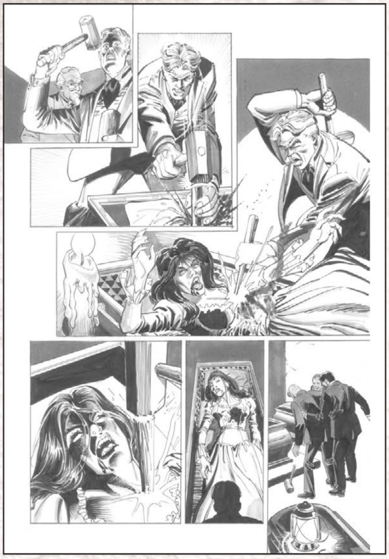


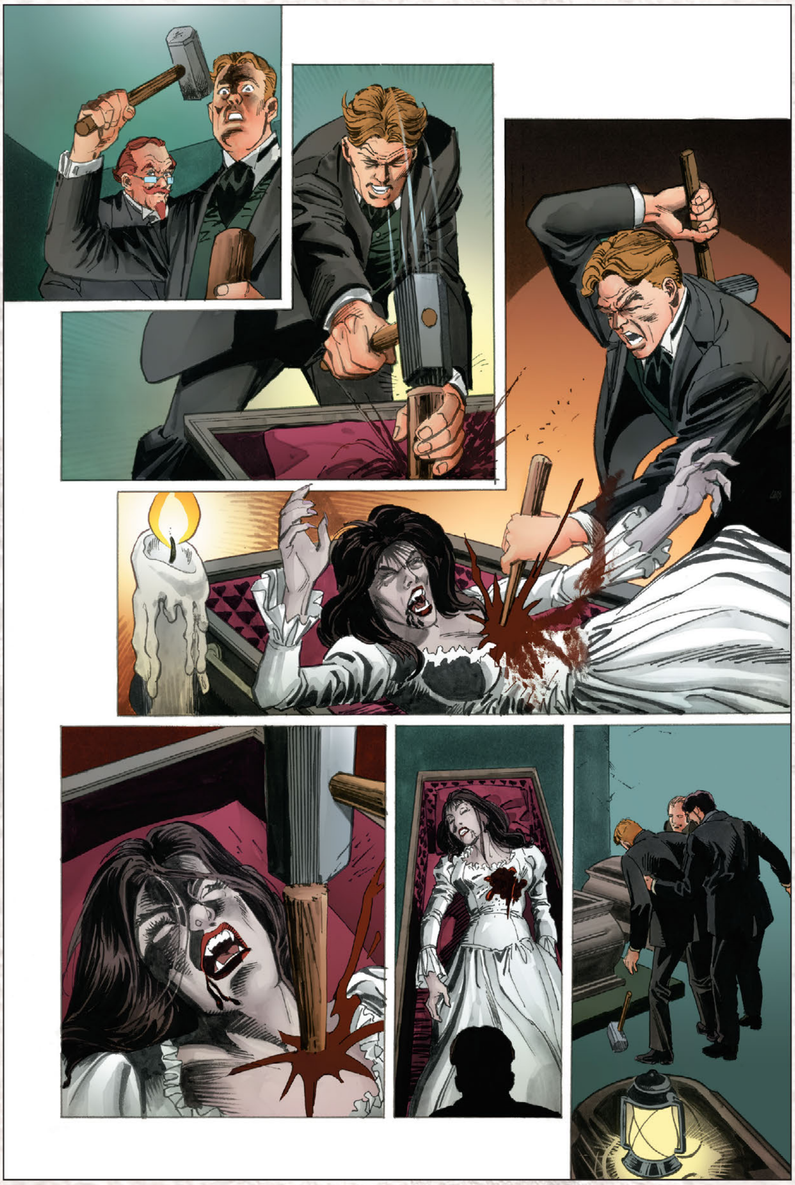
Dracula #3; page 1



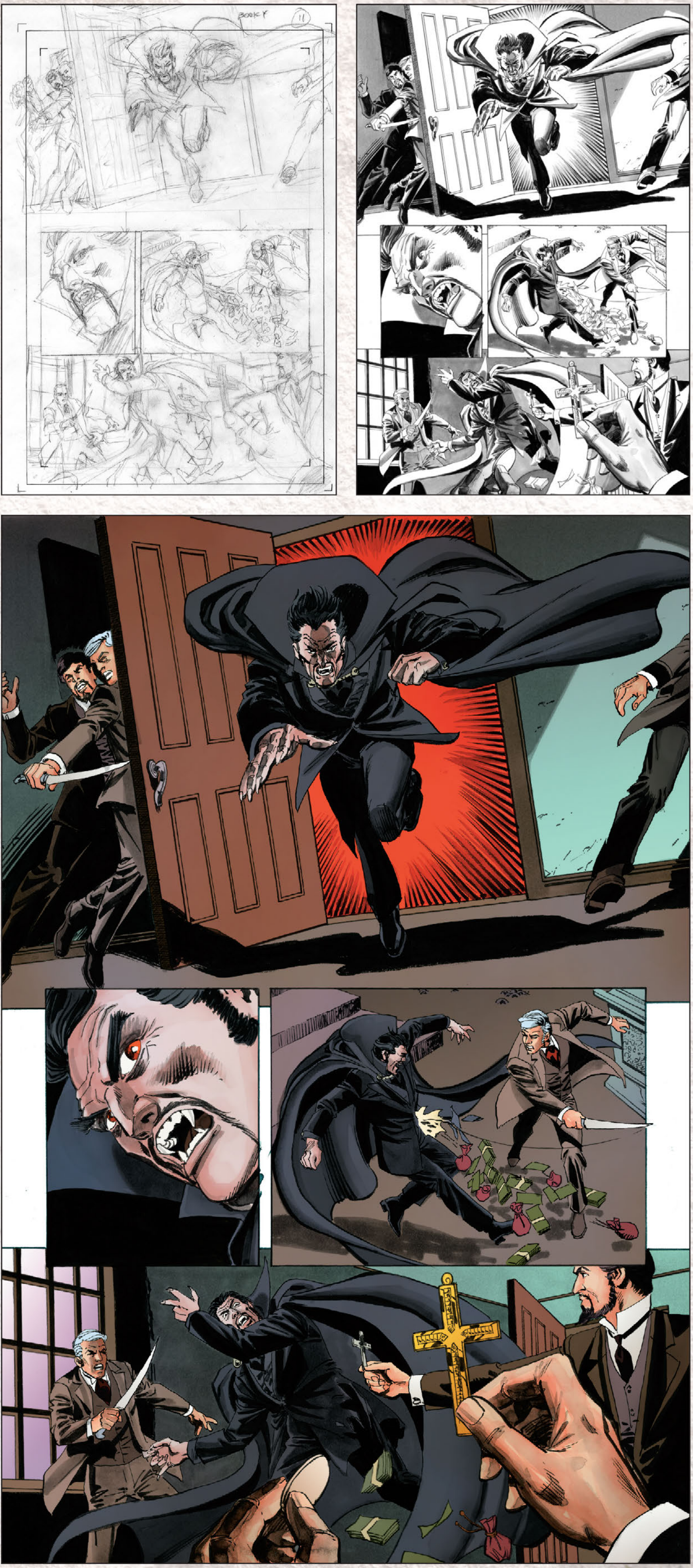
Dracula #3; page 22



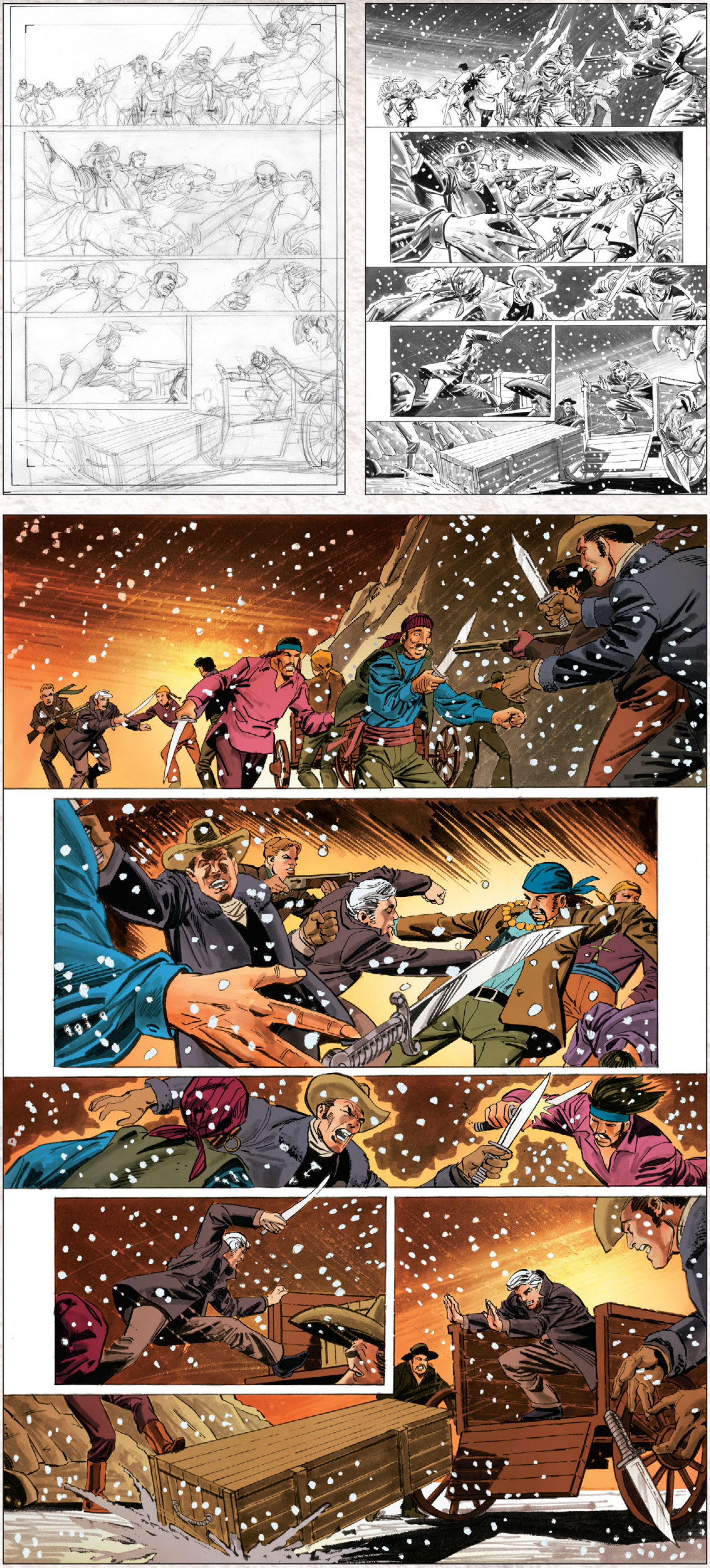




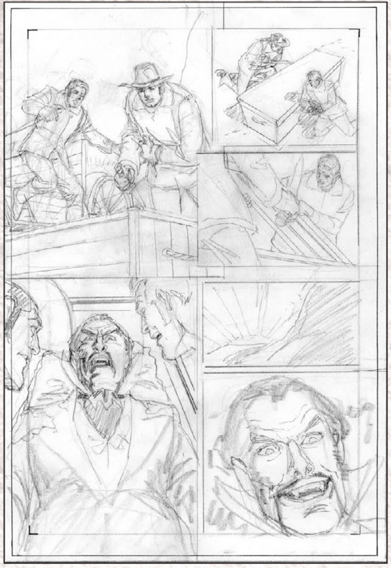
Dracula #3; page 23

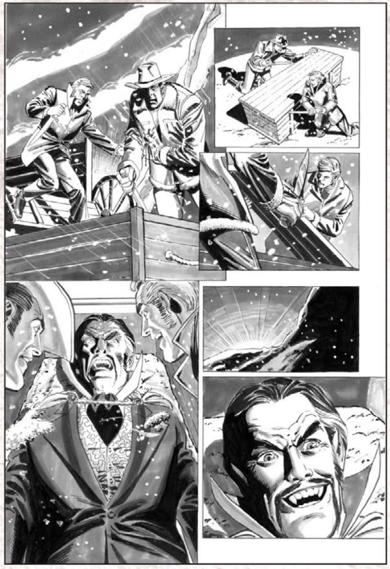


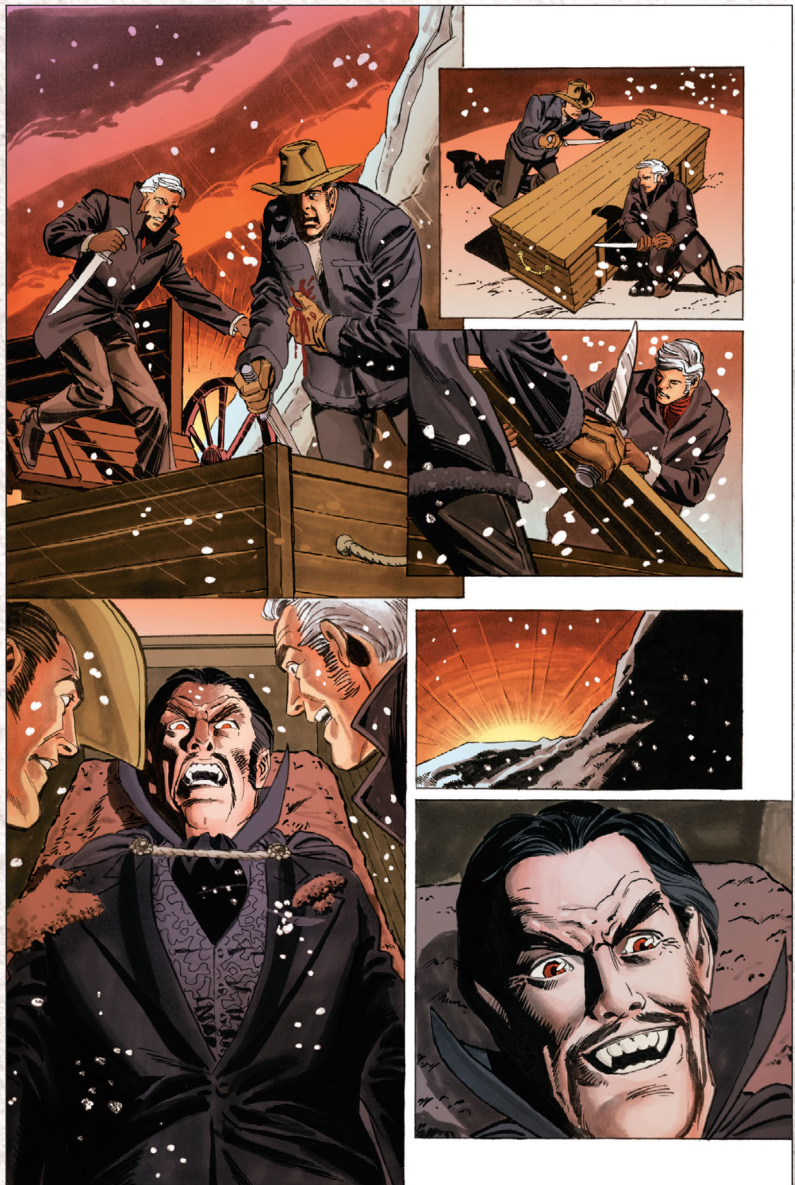
Dracula #4; page 11



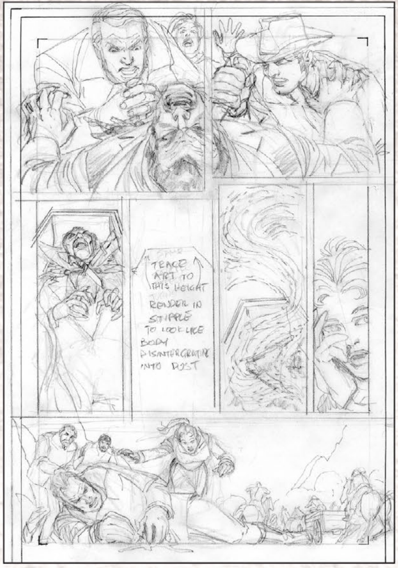
Dracula #4; page 40







Dracula #4; page 41


TRACE
ART TO
THIS HEIGHT
RENDER IN
STIPPLE
TO LOOK LIKE
BODY
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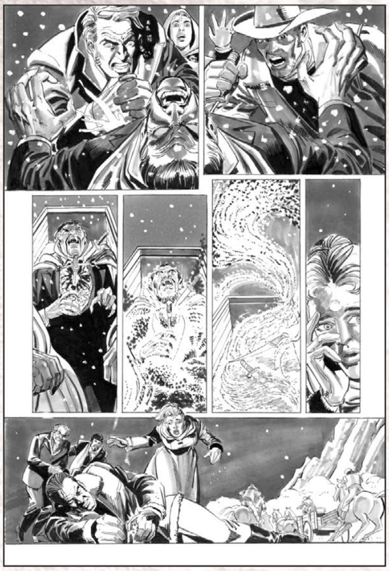

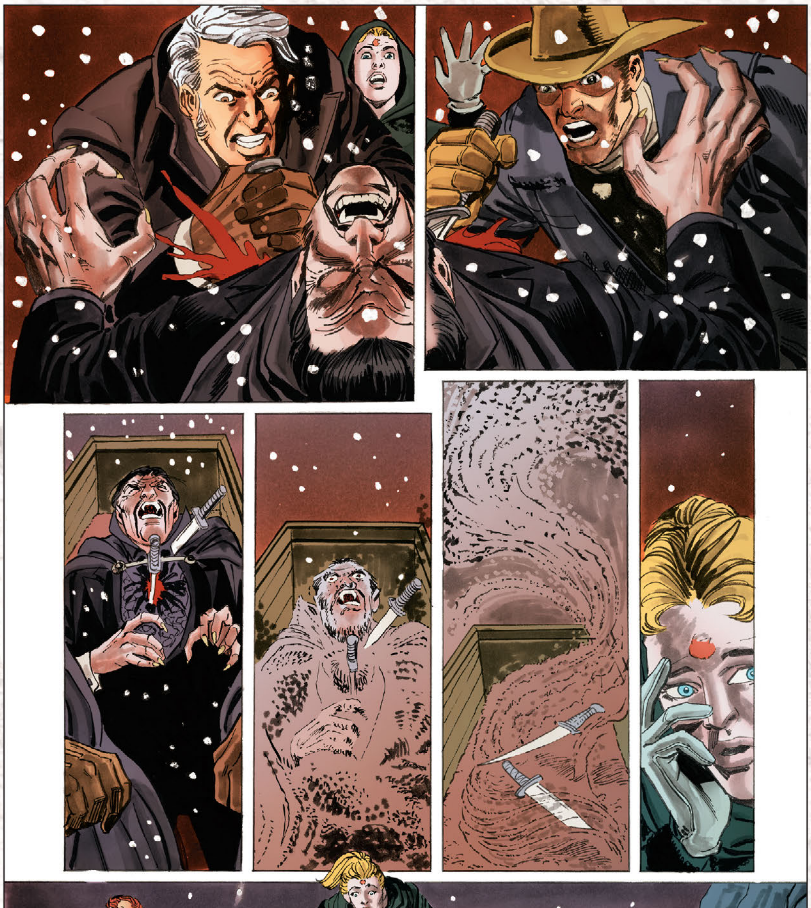

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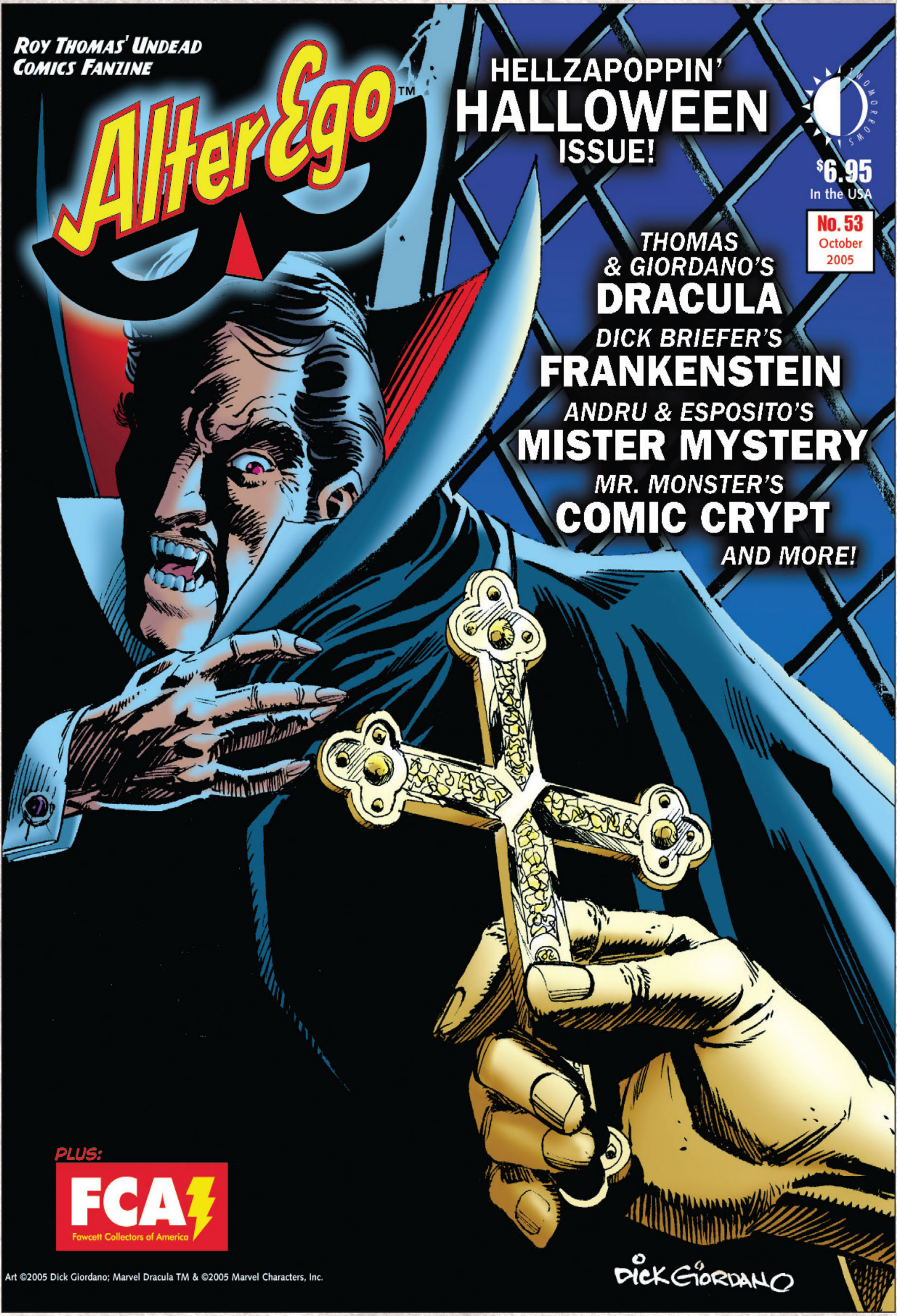
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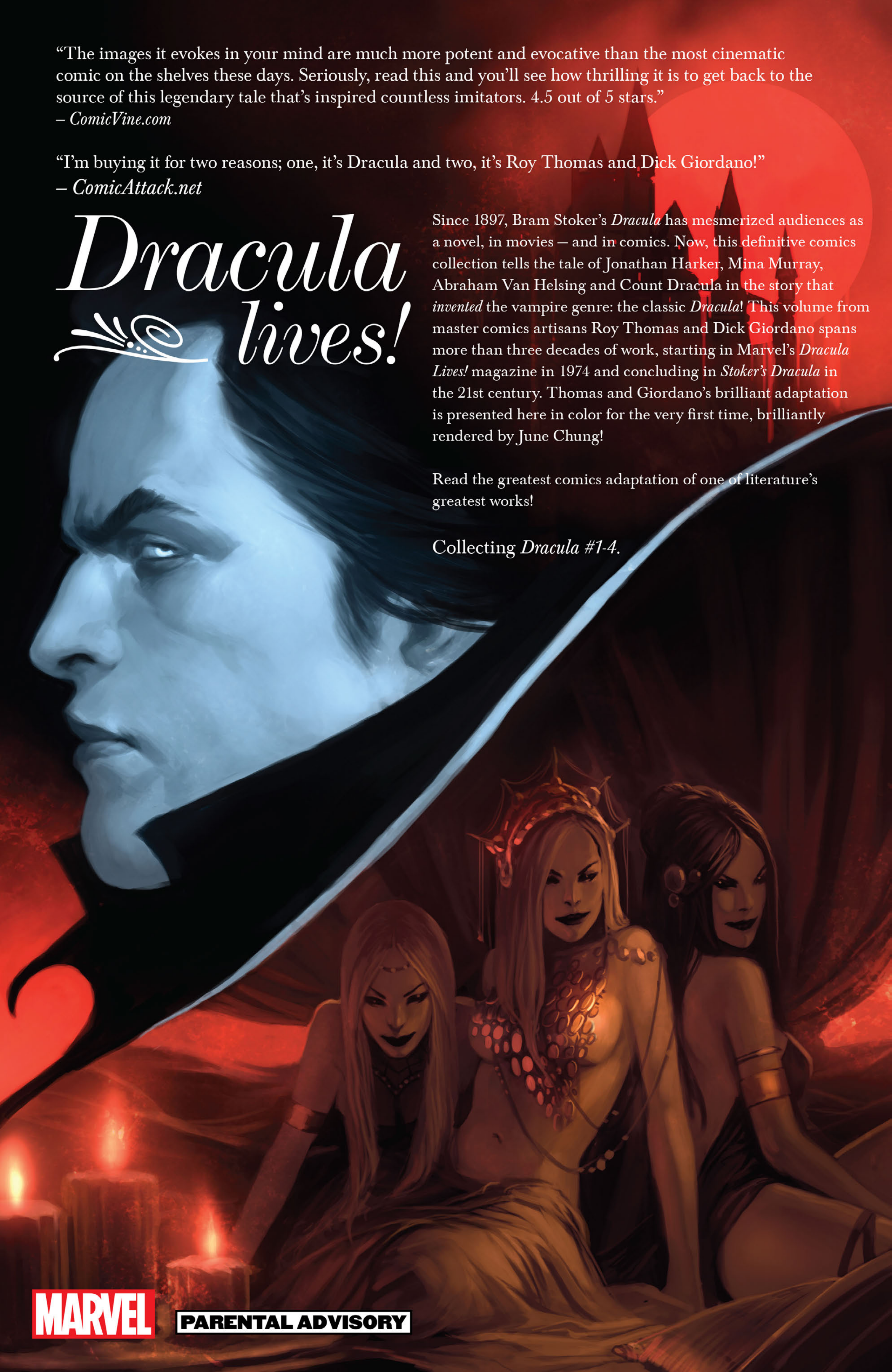

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